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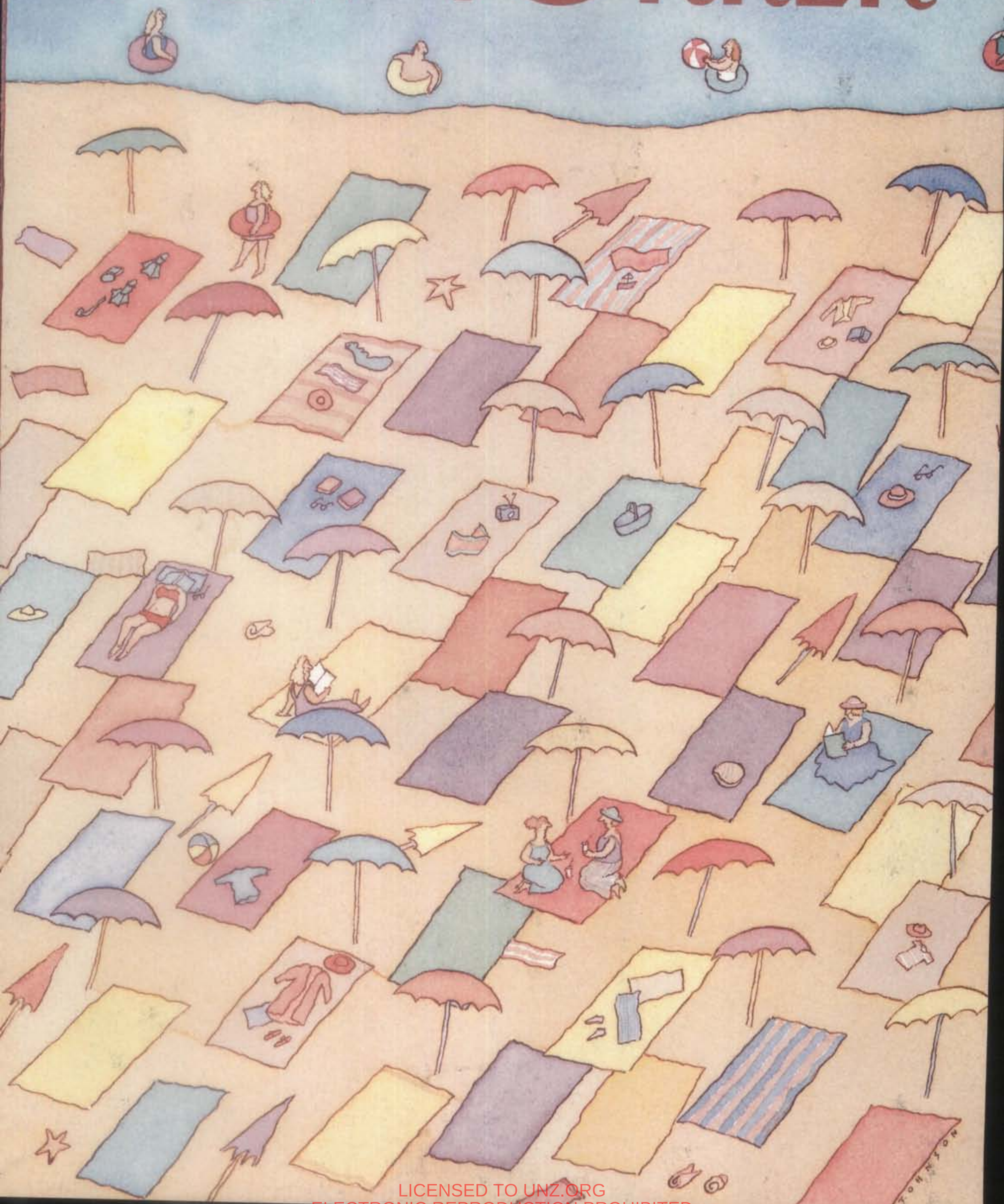

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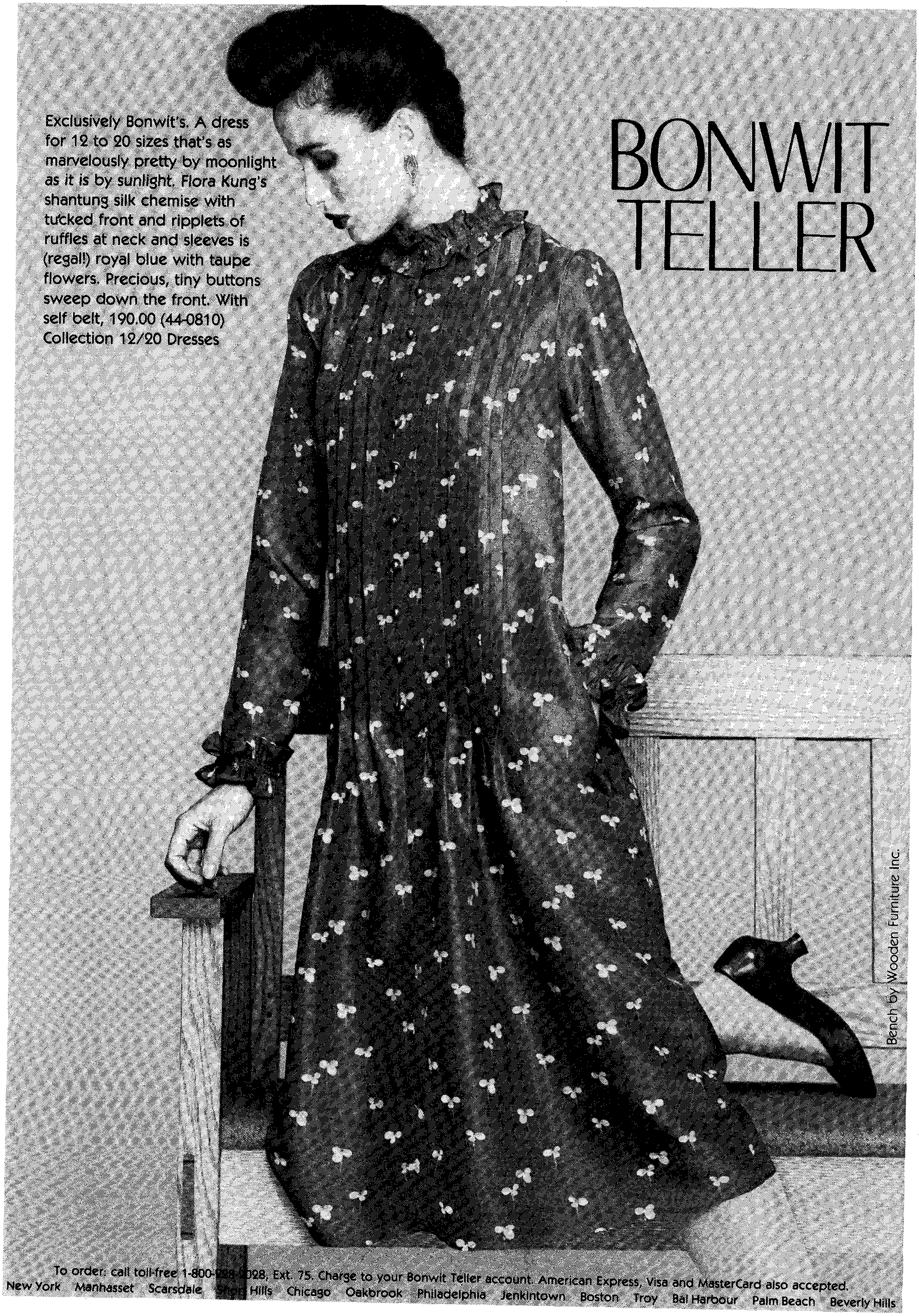

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Agnes of God—John Pielmeier has written a three-sided conversation of mounting asperity conducted among a Mother Superior, a psychiatrist, and a nun who has given birth to (and perhaps murdered) a child. The superlative cast consists of Elizabeth Ashley, Geraldine Page, and Amanda Plummer. Michael Lindsay-Hogg is the director. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/12/82.) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Browning Version and **The Twelve Pound Look**—A satisfactory revival of Sir Terence Rattigan's play, with Lee Richardson as the unpopular, beleaguered English schoolmaster who is undone by a single act of kindness—the gift of a book—on the day of his resignation. In Sir James Barrie's sharp and frothy "The Twelve Pound Look," which serves as a curtain-raiser, Mr. Richardson is a pompous Englishman who learns that his ex-wife left him fourteen years before not for another man but for a typewriter. (5/3/82) (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Charlotte Sweet—A musical by Gerald Jay Markoe (music) and Michael Colby (lyrics), with a cast of eight. Preview Wednesday, Aug. 11. Opens officially on Thursday, Aug. 12, at 7. (Westside Arts Center, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Circle Repertory Company—Presenting **JOHNNY GOT HIS GUN**, an adaptation by Bradley Rand Smith of Dalton Trumbo's novel of the same title. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Square. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Wednesday, Aug. 11, at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays, except Aug. 11, at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Aug. 29.)

The Death of Von Richthofen as Witnessed from Earth—A musical with a book, music and lyrics by Des McAnuff. The cast includes John Vickery, Bob Gunton, Mark Linn-Baker, and Marek Norman. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Dining Room—The action of A. R. Gurney, Jr.,'s delightful play takes place in a formal dining room somewhere in New England, and this action is a matter of brief scenes about a large assortment of characters over the past fifty years or so. All the characters are portrayed by six nimble, accomplished actors—John Getz, Janet Maylie, Debra Mooney, Ann McDonough, W. H. Macy, and Charles Kimbrough. David Trainer was the good director. (3/1/82) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Dreamgirls—Michael Bennett's whiz-bang and totally synthetic musical about show biz. The breeze is terrific. (1/4/82) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Geniuses—Jonathan Reynolds, a gifted playwright, has written an annoying, campy comedy about some movie people on location near Manila during a typhoon. (5/24/82) (Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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Herringbone—David Rounds impersonates ten characters in this murky, grotesque (talented), and intensely disagreeable musical. Book by Tom Cone; score by Skip Kennon, who doubles as pianist. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, Aug. 22: Johann Strauss's **A NIGHT IN VENICE.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Little Shop of Horrors—A musical spoof of the 1960 Roger Corman film of the same title. The book and lyrics are by Howard Ashman, and the music is by Alan Menken. Originally presented at the WPA Theatre earlier this year. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Livingstone and Sechele—David Pownall's intermittently interesting play, which is based on an actual episode, tells of the efforts of Dr. David Livingstone, the nineteenth-century Scottish missionary, to convert to Christianity a proud and crafty African chief. Afemo is impressive in the impressive role of Sechele, and Esther Ryvlin is good, too, as one of his several wives. (6/21/82) (Quaigh, Hotel Diplomat, 108 W. 43rd St. 221-9088. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Master Harold . . . and the Boys—Athol Fugard's short and impassioned version of a teen-age schoolboy's literally spitting into the face of the world and the unhealable harm he does and suffers. Superbly acted under the author's direction. (5/17/82) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Music Keeper—A play by Elliot Tiber and André Ernotte, starring Jan Miner. (South Street Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Nine—A musical version of Fellini's "8½," with charming music and lyrics by Maury Yeston, a stunning set by Lawrence Miller, and sensationally attractive costumes by William Ivey Long, but the book (credited to Arthur Kopit) is an embarrassing anti-feminist tract. Raul Julia is the star—one man surrounded by an army of hard-breathing women. (5/24/82) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Present Laughter—Noël Coward's somewhat

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THE NEW YORKER (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman; George J. Green, president, J. Kennard Bosee, vice-president & treasurer; Milton Greenstein, Sam R. Spoto, vice-presidents; Elaine M. Matteo, secretary; Robert F. Young, advertising director Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; Suite 2360, 5900 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90036; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30361; 67½ Chestnut St., Boston, Mass. 02108; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W1X 0ED. Vol. LVIII, No. 26, August 16, 1982. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, *Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash.* © 1982 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $28.00; two years, $46.00. In Canada, one year, $34.00. Other foreign, $40.00. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, 25 W. 43rd St., New York. N.Y. 10036.

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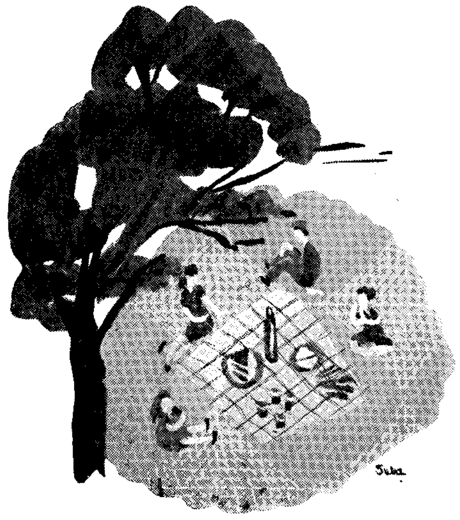
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

autobiographical comedy stands up very well after almost forty years, though the production, directed by and starred in by George C. Scott, takes gross liberties with the spirit of the play. (7/26/82) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE REGARD OF FLIGHT—Bill Irwin, the beguiling clown, acrobat, pantomimist, and dancer, has added words—funny words—to his repertoire in an on-and-off parody of avant-garde theatre. He is ably assisted by his partners, Doug Skinner (composer and pianist) and Michael O'Connor. (5/31/82) (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

TORCH SONG TRILOGY—Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by and starring Harvey Fierstein, as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. The four-and-a-half-hour running time goes by quickly. Richard DeFabees substitutes for Mr. Fierstein at the matinée performances. (2/1/82) (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

LONG RUNS—**AMADEUS:** Peter Shaffer's method as a dramatist is to devise an intricate puzzle and then resolve it, displaying much wit and erudition along the way. The puzzle in this instance is whether Mozart was poisoned by his contemporary, the composer Antonio Salieri, or no less wickedly, reduced by him to professional failure and poverty. Frank Langella plays the villainous Salieri and Dennis Boutsikaris plays Mozart. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ANNIE:** An old-fashioned musical, based on the once popular comic strip "Little Orphan Annie." The agreeable book is by Thomas Meehan, and the so-so songs are by Charles Strouse and Martin Charnin. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays and Sundays at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CLOUD 9:** Caryl Churchill's comedy about the "confusion" of sexuality—first in a British outpost in Africa in 1880 and then in a park in London in 1980—is a clever and original work that adds a measure of confusion all its own. It is very well performed under Tommy Tune's brilliant direction. (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **CRIMES OF THE HEART:** Beth Henley's Pulitzer Prize-winning comedy about three young women in a small town in Mississippi and their trials and tribulations, nearly all of which prove to be very funny indeed. The cast consists of Holly Hunter, Lizbeth Mackay, J. Smith Cameron, Tim Choate, Tom Stechschulte, and Sharon Ullrick. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **EVITA:** A blithe and calculatedly slapdash rewriting of Argentine history. The songs are easy to listen to, the cast is able, and the staging, by Hal Prince, is up to his usual high standard. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 9,272 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **JOSEPH AND THE AMAZING TECHNICOLOR DREAMCOAT:** Allen Fawcett heads the cast of a musical derived from the Old Testament story. Andrew Lloyd Webber composed the score and Tim Rice wrote the lyrics. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.) . . . **ONE MO' TIME:** A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE:** A hellzapoppin version of the Gilbert and Sullivan warhorse. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **PUMP BOYS AND DINETTES:** A thoroughly engaging and spirited little cabaret musical, set in a gas station with diner attached, somewhere in the South. Most of the appealing songs were written by Jim Wann (lead singer, guitarist, and pump boy) or by his wife, Cass Morgan (singer, percussionist, and counter girl). (Princess, Broadway at 48th St. 586-3903. Mondays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.) . . . **SISTER MARY IGNATIUS EXPLAINS IT ALL FOR YOU** and **THE ACTOR'S NIGHTMARE:** "Sister Ignatius," the second of Christopher Durang's brace of one-acters, is a scathing satire on Catholic education: a crazy nun verbally molests her small pupils until she is given her comeuppance by four visiting alumni. In the curtain-raiser, "The Actor's Nightmare," a businessman dreams that he is on a stage and forced to perform, giving rise to a cluster of shrewd parodies of respected playwrights. Everyone in the company does very well; Elizabeth Franz is splendid as the nun, and Jeff Brooks is fine as the actor-in-spite-of-himself. (Westside Arts Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **A SOLDIER'S PLAY:** The Negro Ensemble Company production of Charles Fuller's gripping drama about an investigation into the shooting of a black sergeant at an Army camp in Louisiana in 1944. The performances by all members of the company are excellent, under Douglas Turner Ward's direction. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30.). . . **SOPHISTICATED LADIES:** Song and dance, song and dance, song and dance, and since the music is by Duke Ellington and the cast is an exceptionally lively and gifted one, the show is both elegant and entertaining. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SUGAR BABIES:** This mock tribute to old-time burlesque embraces Mickey Rooney, Ann Miller, Michael Davis (a comedy juggler who is actually comic), and some buxom chorus girls, and they all perform splendidly. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, Aug. 28.) . . . **WOMAN OF THE YEAR:** Raquel Welch heads the cast. Admirable music and lyrics by John Kander and Fred Ebb, and a mildly amusing book by Peter Stone. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



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MISCELLANY

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL—Presenting "Encore," a great big show celebrating the Music Hall's fiftieth birthday. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Daily, except Thursdays, at 2:30 and 8.)

FORBIDDEN BROADWAY—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 9; Fridays and Saturdays at 9 and midnight; and Sundays at 9.)

ICE SHOW—"Walt Disney's Great Ice Odyssey": This summer's cooler has John Carlow, Jamie-Lynn Kitching, Mickey Mouse, Minnie Mouse, Goofy, and the rest of the gang on blades. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Tuesdays at 1:30; Wednesdays through Fridays at 1:30 and 7:30; Saturdays at 11, 3, and 7:30; and Sundays at 1 and 5. No evening performance on Thursday, Aug. 12. Closes Sunday, Aug. 29.)

DANCE

KEI TAKEI'S MOVING EARTH—Ten performances by this contemporary dance company. (Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. 966-3651. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8. Through Sunday, Aug. 22.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Jazz in a lively Chelsea bar and restaurant bedecked with nautical stuff. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 13-14, **AL HAIG,** one of the first and still one of the best bebop pianists, will lead a trio; and on Friday and Saturday, Aug. 20-21, Detroit hard-bopper **BARRY HARRIS** will be at the keyboard, supported by his trio. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A dark, large, carpeted club, with deep-blue tablecloths and a curvy bar. **EARL HINES,** the father of the jazz piano, is on hand through Sunday, Aug. 15; and on Tuesday, Aug. 17, tenor saxophonist **BUDDY TATE,** alto saxophonist and blues singer **EDDIE (CLEANHEAD) VINSON,** and pianist **RAY BRYANT** will team up for six nights. There are usually three sets, beginning at nine-thirty.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The lineup: Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 11-12, jazz flutist **DAVE VALENTIN** and jazz singer **BOBBY MC FERRIN;** Friday and Saturday, Aug. 13-14, the **BUDDY RICH** big band and comedienne Elayne Boosler; Tuesday, Aug. 17, De Danann; Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 18-19, veteran rock keyboardist and singer **AL KOOPER;** Friday, Aug. 20, folk and blues singer **TAJ MAHAL** and **FOURTEEN KARAT**

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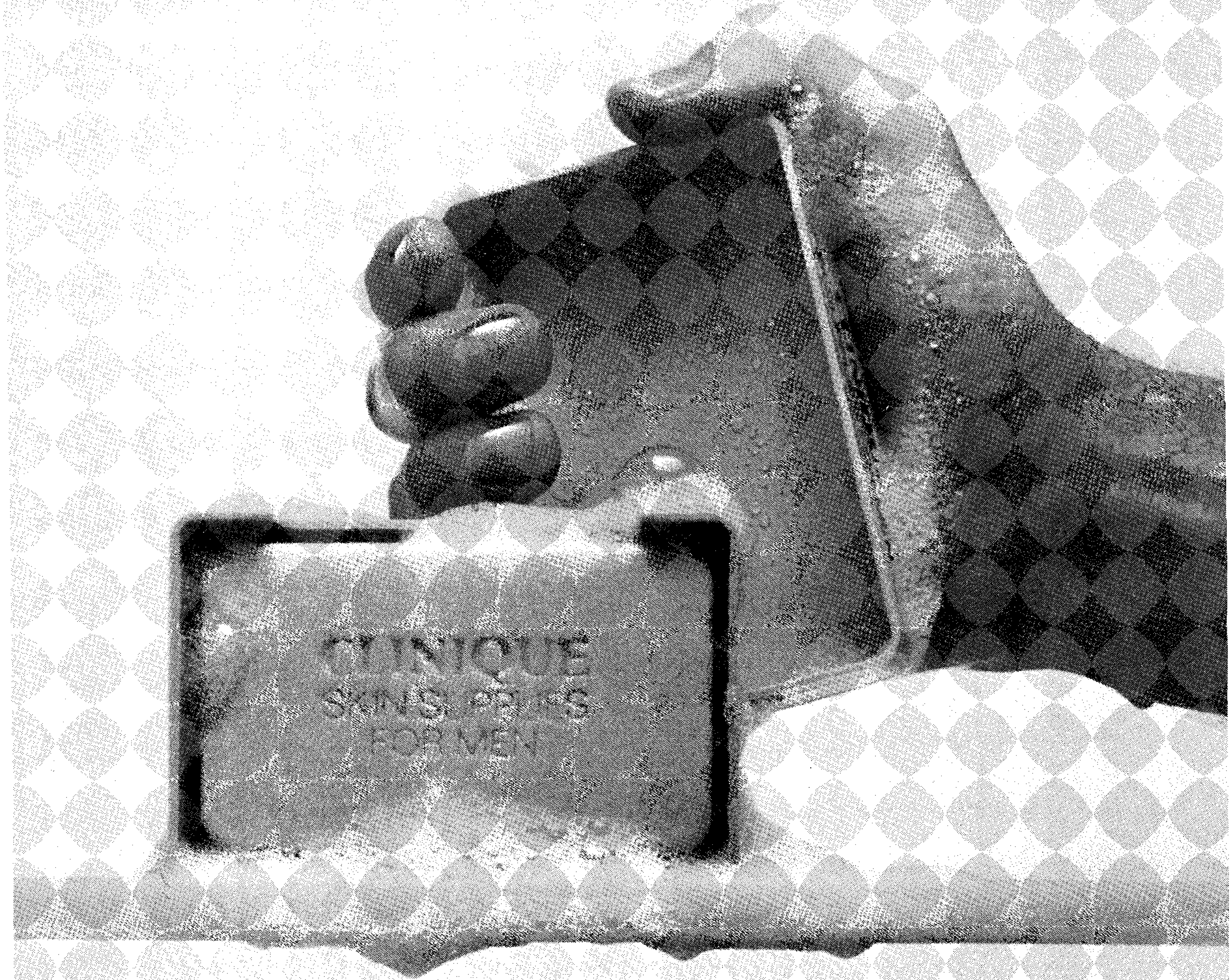

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

SOUL, an a-cappella soul quintet; and Saturday, Aug. 21, Darlene Love and the **UPTOWN HORNS,** an R. & B. band. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A sophisticated New York bar: it has dark wood panelling, driven conversationalists, and some good musicians. Pianist **RONNIE MATHEWS** works here through Saturday, Aug. 14; on Monday, Aug. 16, **TOMMY FLANAGAN,** a hard-bop pianist, sideman, composer (he wrote a classic, "Freight Trane"), and Ella's accompanist for years, will take over with his bassist. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Broadway Joe's, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—Pianist **JIMMY LYON,** who works until ten at the Waldorf at a sumptuous Louis XVI Steinway that belonged to Cole Porter, performs after ten-thirty in this theatre-district bar and restaurant at a teeny, white trail-sized Kawai that sounds pretty darn good. Mr. Lyon can be heard on Fridays and Saturdays.

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—Keyboard sorceress **MARIAN MC PARTLAND** and her bassist, **STEVE LA SPINA,** provide summer music Sundays through Thursdays at nine-forty-five and eleven-forty-five.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI** plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Dining and dancing.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Exposed rafters, weathered, splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and a general ramshackle feel. All this and rock and roll, too: Wednesday, Aug. 11, Syntax Error, Jump Street, Kammer Musik, and Sometimes Y; Thursday, Aug. 12, the Donny Fury Band, Cries, the Breakfast Club, and the Raze; Friday, Aug. 13, Racer X, Robbie Watson, and the Jitterz; and Saturday, Aug. 14, the Rattlers and the Blenders. Monday is showcase night. Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.

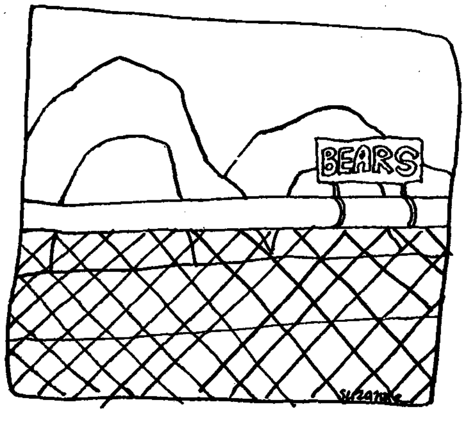
City Limits, 125 Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (243-2242)—An urban dude ranch. Exuberant country or Western-swing bands mosey in nightly at about ten. Dancin'.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER** demonstrates the art of the blues lyric for the uninitiated, with bassist Jimmy Lewis and pianist Gerald Cook as her backup team, Wednesdays through Saturdays. Sundays through Tuesdays, **ARVELL SHAW** and his trio perform glossy, pleasant-enough versions of such swingers and ballads as "Cottontail," "Love," and "Since I Fell for You." Sets begin nightly at nine and eleven. Dining.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Plaid-flannel-shirt heaven. In spite of all the harpoons, ships' figureheads, and mounted fish hanging on the walls, you might swear you were in the hills somewhere, because of the lively bluegrass, folk, and old-time country music that is presented every week. Wednesday, Aug. 11, the Soldier's Fancy and Chelsea Clipper & Connie Rudd; Saturday, Aug. 14, the **JODY STECHER** band, with mandolinist **ANDY STATMAN;** and Saturday, Aug. 21, the Jumbo String Band. Music from eight-thirty on Wednesdays and from eight-fifteen on Saturdays.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The house sextet makes its way through a surefire repertoire for patrons of traditional jazz from eight-thirty to two nightly, except Sundays. Wednesdays, other combos play from five-thirty to eight-thirty. On Sunday, Aug. 15, trombonist **WAYNE ANDRÉ'S** quintet will perform from about nine-thirty. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—**ARNETT COBB,** who was billed in the forties as the Wildest Tenorman in the World, leads a quartet through Sunday, Aug. 15. Cobb, who works nowadays mostly out of Houston, where he was born, plays breathy, looping, old-fashioned honking R. & B. tenor saxophone, and one doesn't run across that very often anymore. On Tuesday, Aug. 17, drummer **ART BLAKELY** and his portable music college, the **JAZZ MESSENGERS,** will take over. The first set begins at nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.



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Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Folkie City, that is: Wednesday, Aug. 11, Rosalie Sorrels and Paul Siebel; Thursday, Aug. 12, singer Peter Tork and veteran folkie **PETER STAMPFEL;** Friday, Aug. 13, the Bermuda Triangle and Andy Breckman; Saturday, Aug. 14, Catskill folkies **HAPPY AND ARTIE TRAUM** and Rod McDonald; Sunday, Aug. 15, the winners of the South Street Seaport bluegrass contest. Two shows—the first one getting under way about nine—every night but Monday, which is hootenanny night and begins about eight.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—In practically any other part of town, turning a truck warehouse—which is what Greene Street was—into a night club might be called visionary, but in SoHo it's just good business. The live music: Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 11-12, singer Tina Fabrik; Friday and Saturday, Aug. 13-14, singer Jann Parker; Monday, Aug. 16, bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM** and pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND,** guest alto saxophonists **MONTY WATERS, JAMES VANCE,** and Talib Quadir Kibue; Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 17-18, singer Eliane Elias; and Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 19-21, pop Bahamian guitarist Wendel Stuart. Sundays are the property of singer and pianist **ANDY BEY.** Sets run Sundays through Thursdays from ten, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Mondays and Tuesdays, **CHUCK WAYNE,** whose guitar solos are still bebop fast, leads a trio; Wednesdays through Sundays, **DAVID ALLYN** sings with the Scott Hardy trio. Both groups begin playing about ten. Pianist Don Golson works nightly except Sundays from five to ten; on Sundays singer Kitt Moran and pianist Mike Moran have the floor.

Griff's Plaza Café, Third Ave. at 37th St. (867-7179)—A very pleasant restaurant in one of those very new high-rise apartment houses. There are lots of plants, an engaging chandelier made of vertical tubes containing little incandescent bulbs, and, when the blue-striped awnings are rolled up, a second-story view of Third Avenue traffic. Pianist Mike LeDonne's trio is present through Saturday, Aug. 14; on Tuesday, Aug. 17, **MAJOR HOLLEY,** the humming, buzzing bassist, will arrive with a pianist for a two-week visit. Music Tuesdays through Fridays from eight to midnight and Saturdays from nine to one. Mondays, from seven to eleven, are given over to pianist **NINA SHELDON.**

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little snazzier—of a West Side hangout. This one attracts neatly dressed couples and hires jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of the West Side literati and plugs in a jukebox.) **DICK WELLSTOOD,** a stride specialist, is the pianist most nights; **JAKI BYARD** will appear on Thursday and Friday, Aug. 12-13. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine.

Jazzmania Society, 40 W. 27th St. (532-7666)—A jazz loft for jazzmaniacs and good old regular, everyday, mild-mannered people. **CLAUDIO RODITI,** a crackling sharp Brazilian trumpeter, leads his quintet, the **BRAZILIAN EXPRESS,** on Fridays and Saturdays beginning at nine.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—Five resident Dixieland journeymen swing it under the leadership of trumpeter Spanky Davis. On Mondays, trumpeter **MAX KAMINSKY** leads them. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A bustling corner bar and restaurant that is often crowded—but, fortunately, crowded with good listeners. Tuesdays through Saturdays, pianist **DON FRIEDMAN** collaborates with bassist **HARVIE SWARTZ; JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** provide the piano-bass music on Sundays and Mondays. Music from about ten.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—No, this isn't the Department of Rockabilly at the New School. It's a degentrified Schrafft's where the authentic Texas ambience is more representative of Austin than of Dallas. The country-folk-rock-blues lineup: Wednesday, Aug. 11, guitarist **JORMA KAUKONEN;** Thursday, Aug. 12, **JERRY JEFF WALKER,** a folkie-cowboy from Oneonta, N.Y., by way of Austin; Sunday, Aug. 15, singer and guitarist **PETER ROWAN** and Tex Logan; Monday, Aug. 16, blues-rock singer Bonnie Bramlett and Grinderswitch; Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 17-18, rockabilly patriarch **CARL PERKINS** and the Kingpins; and Thursday, Aug. 19, folksinger Jonathan Edwards. Music from about eight-thirty nightly. Dining.

Lush Life, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A new jazz club—not particularly opulent (thank heavens) but definitely lively. The solid lineup: bassist **REGGIE WORKMAN,** alto saxophonist **SONNY FORTUNE,** pianist **KENNY BARRON,** and drummer **BILLY HART** through Saturday, Aug. 14; Sunday, Aug. 15, bassist **CHARLIE HADEN** and guitarist **STEVE KUHN;** Monday, Aug. 16, the **RONNIE CUBER** quintet; and starting Tuesday, Aug. 17, tenor saxophonist **JOE HENDERSON** with **CHARLIE HADEN,** pianist **JOHN HICKS,** and drummer **AL FOSTER.** Sets begin at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine-thirty, midnight, and two Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—This singer's room has a view of a garden and a view of **RUTH BROWN,** whose repertoire includes some of her R. & B. biggies from the early fifties ("Teardrops from My Eyes," "5-10-15 Hours," and "Mama, He Treats Your Daughter Mean") and a few jazz standards ("Here's That Rainy Day" and "Skylark"). She's accompanied by a trio and by her own polyrhythmic hip-bashing tambourine playing. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**MAX MORATH** is playing ragtime piano with a ragtime quartet Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. On Mondays from nine to midnight, traditional New Orleans-style music is played by a septet. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-attended, well-run upper West Side night club that brings in satisfying jazz, rhythm-and-blues, and funk bands. The schedule: Wednesday, Aug. 11, the **CHRIS PARKER** band; Thursday, Aug. 12, Zack Sanders; Friday and Saturday, Aug. 13-14, soul singer **CISSY HOUSTON;** Monday, Aug. 16, Thom Rotella; Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 17-18, **CHRIS PARKER;** and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 20-21, guitarist **ERIC GALE'S** R. & B.-reggae band. Music from ten until two.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A small, famous, formerly just-folkies club, but now there is jazz, and large helpings of rock. The current roster: Wednesday, Aug. 11, saxophonist Denny Morouse and Funktionaries; Thursday, Aug. 12, the Loners; Friday and Saturday, Aug. 13-14, rock-and-roll pathfinder **BO DIDDLEY** and Joey Miserable & the Worms; Wednesday, Aug. 18, Keith Loving and Sister Sun; Thursday, Aug. 19, Lili Anel; and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 20-21, trumpeter **FREDDIE HUBBARD.** Shows Tuesdays at nine and eleven-thirty, and Wednesdays through Sundays at ten and midnight. Mondays, a talent showcase begins at eight-thirty. Dining and dancing.

Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

Peppermint Lounge, 100 Fifth Ave., at 15th St. (989-9505)—Wednesday, Aug. 11, Helen Schneider & the Kick and Bananarama; Thursday, Aug. 12, Killing Joke and **BUSH TETRAS;** Friday, Aug. 13, Killing Joke and Shrapnel; Saturday, Aug. 14, **BUSH TETRAS** and Mission of Burma; Sunday, Aug. 15, Dirty Looks; Monday and Tuesday, Aug. 16-17, Flock of Seagulls; Thursday, Aug. 19, the **FLESHTONES** and the Vipers; and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 20-21, the Members and Pauline Black. Live music from about eleven-thirty.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—An Art Deco playroom on the sixty-fifth floor. **PANAMA FRANCIS** and the **SAVOY SULTANS** play absolutely uplifting and irresistible music to lindy to Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Red Blazer Too, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—A large, busy establishment that has a slightly touristy feel to it. Traditional jazz is presented from about nine every night but Sunday, when it begins at seven. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Rock and roll in more Art Deco—in this case, a very large ballroom: the dance floor measures forty by fifty feet. What the place loses in intimacy it makes up in occasional big names. Through Friday, Aug. 13, **STEEL PULSE;** Saturday, Aug. 14, Oingo Boingo; Monday, Aug. 16, **STEVE FORBERT;** Tuesday through Thursday, Aug. 17-19, Boomtown Rats; and Friday, Aug. 20, Duran Duran. Shows usually begin after midnight.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—Jazz and jazz-rock on the second floor. The players: Wednesday, Aug. 11, Bellvista; Thursday through Sunday, Aug. 12-15, **WYNTON MARSALIS,** the hot new trumpet player in town; Tuesday, Aug. 17, guitarist **TONY PURRONE;** Wednesday, Aug. 18, singer **GRACE TESTANI,** with pianist **JIM MC NEELY'S** group; Thursday, Aug. 19, Plan B, a quartet; and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 20-21, African-funk trumpeter **HUGH MASEKELA.** Music from nine-thirty.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—Musical sounds from Rio, Bahia, Salvador, and the jungle: Friday and Saturday, Aug. 13-14, **LOREMIL MACHADO** and his samba band, **SARAVA BAHIA;** Wednesday, Aug. 18, singer, guitarist, and arranger **THIAGO DE MELLO** and his band, **AMAZON;** Thursday, Aug. 19, **LOREMIL MACHADO;** and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 20-21, Pé-De-Boi. Sundays belong to Kenia & Pau Brasil and Tuesdays to Marcos Silva. Music from ten. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Star and Garter, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—A comfortable, informal room with very good weekend music. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 13-14, **DAKOTA STATON** will be on hand to sing satisfying, up-tempo, blues-tinged numbers as well as some vibrato-laden ballads; Friday and Saturday, Aug. 20-21, will belong to free-stride pianist **JAKI BYARD.** Music from ten. Dining.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—This knotty-pine night club keeps bringing in proven jazz players, and the place keeps on being crowded. Tenor saxophonist **BIG NICK NICHOLAS,** trumpeter **BENNY BAILEY,** pianist **ALBERT DAILEY,** bassist **MAJOR HOLLEY,** and drummer **ROY HAYNES** team up through Saturday, Aug. 14; Sunday and Monday, Aug. 15-16, drummer **LOUIS HAYES** will head his hard-bop quartet; and starting Tuesday, Aug. 17, blues and jazz singer **JIMMY WITHERSPOON** will come in along with saxophonist **EDDIE CHAMBLEE** and the **HARLEM BLUES & JAZZ BAND.** Shows from about ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—A simple, basic, blues club with the only amenity that counts—blues players. **BIG JOE TURNER,** a real live history of Kansas City blues and a festival all by himself, sings here on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven-thirty. Sundays, from five to midnight, belong to Irish fiddler Willie Byrne and his Irish Ceili Band.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Rock and roll on the upper West Side. Wednesday, Aug. 11, Bruce Carrol and Triplets; Thursday, Aug. 12, Jean Beauvoir and Daryl Canada; Friday, Aug. 13, Ozone and Blotto; Saturday, Aug. 14, the Waves and the New York Millionaires; Tuesday, Aug 17, the Hornets and X-Davis; Wednesday, Aug. 18, Bette Sussman and Girls & Boys; Thursday, Aug. 19, Adult Music, Gemini Jones, and Karen Cruger; Friday, Aug. 20, the **UPTOWN HORNS** and the Loners; and Saturday, Aug. 21, Social Register. Music after eleven. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

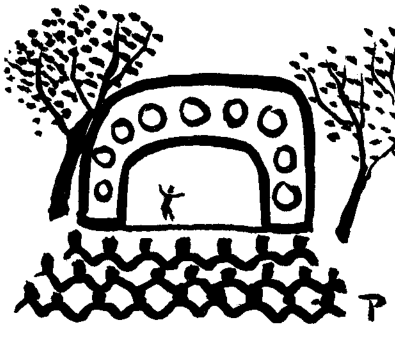
Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—The big, barnlike, downstairs room will be the site of a benefit jam session on Thursday, Aug. 12, at eleven, with **JIMMY MADISON, RAY BARRETTO, DAVID AMRAM, JUNIOR MANCE, MARTY RIVERA,** and **FRANK WESS** participating. On Mondays, the room presents salsa concerts, which begin after nine; on Aug. 16, there will be two bands, **CONJUNTO CLASICO** and **JOSÉ BELLO** and one guest soloist, trumpeter **WOODY SHAW.** On Tuesdays, out on the Terrace, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** and her trio are on duty after nine.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—No mirrors or clean-line décor in this, the most famous jazz club in the world. It's hard-bop week with tenor saxophonist **GEORGE COLEMAN,** bassist **JAMIL NASSER,** pianist **HAROLD MABERN,** and drummer **KENNY WASHINGTON** through Sunday, Aug. 15; on Tuesday, Aug. 17, saxophonist, flutist, and humorist **JAMES MOODY** will bring in his quartet. Mondays remain **MEL LEWIS** big-band blast-off nights. Music from ten.

Village West, 577 Hudson St., near Bank St. (691-2791)—A nice bar with tile floors, a pressed-tin ceiling, a bandstand bounded by a brass rail, and a hairpin turn (which leads to the dining room). **TEDDY CHARLES,** a vibraharpist, third-stream composer, onetime A. & R. man (for Prestige, Warwick, and Motown records), and sailor, heads a trio through Sunday, Aug. 15. On Tuesday, Aug. 17, **LEE KONITZ** (see page 76, this issue) will arrive with a trio. Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from nine-thirty Fridays and Saturdays.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A surprising number of people know about this cozy little place situated just north of scores of meat-packing plants and truck docks—the live-in lofts of tomorrow. The jazz pianists are Esther Blue on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays, and Tim Regusis Thursdays through Sundays. Music begins at eight-thirty. Dining.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A loose and informal Columbia University neighborhood hangout for swing-music admirers and players. Saxophonist Percy France and his quartet work through Sunday, Aug. 15; and on Monday, Aug. 16, **HAL SINGER,** a tenor-sax veteran of thirties and forties territory bands in Oklahoma City *and* Kansas City, will take charge. Music from nine.



Zinno, 128 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—In the twenties, you could find a speakeasy at this address; in the seventies, Reno Sweeney. Now the club is a sleek, spacious bar and restaurant, with a musical passageway between them. Pianist **BEN ARONOV** and bassist **JAY LEONHART** can be found here through Saturday, Aug. 14; on Monday, Aug. 16, pianist Mulgrew Miller will come in with bassist Stafford James. Music Mondays through Thursdays from nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from ten-thirty. On Sundays, from six-thirty, pianist Gene Adler performs with his bassist.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Billy Bang Quintet—With Julius Hemphill and poet K. Curtis Lyle. (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Friday, Aug. 13, at 10.)

Joseph Jarman's Sunbound Ensemble—Public Theatre. Saturday, Aug. 14, at 10.

New Orleans / New York—With Alvin Batiste; Ed Blackwell; and Ellis, Wynton, and Branford Marsalis. (Public Theatre. Friday, Aug. 20, at 9, and Saturday, Aug. 21, at 9 and 11.)

38 Special—With John Waite. (Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Saturday, Aug. 21, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

Jazz Forum—Jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Wednesdays at 10 and midnight: Charli Persip & Superband. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 12, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Harold White quintet. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 13-14, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Barry Harris trio. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 15, at 10 and midnight: Lloyd McNeill quartet. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 19, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Joe Chambers quartet. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 20-21, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Joe Chambers, Tom Harrell, Gary Bartz, Lonnie Smith, and Andy McCloud. (Jazz Forum, 648 Broadway, at Bleecker St. 477-2655.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Myrna Baez—Figurative paintings and graphics from the seventies by a Puerto Rican artist. Through Sunday, Aug. 15. (Museo del Barrio, 1230 Fifth Ave., at 104th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 4:30; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 4.)

William Glackens (1870-1938)—Drawings, among them views from his studio on Washington Square. Through Sept. 17. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Candace Hill-Montgomery / Reverend Howard Finster—A two-room installation combining painting, sculpture, and photography. / Works using found objects, with descriptive texts by this retired minister and repairman from Summerville, Georgia. Through Sept. 22. (The New Museum, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St. Opens at noon.)

David Milne (1882-1953)—A show of paintings and drawings by a Canadian artist who lived in New York from 1903-16 and absorbed numerous modern influences here, notably from the work of Cézanne, Prendergast, and Matisse. Through Sunday, Aug. 15. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Art on the Beach—Twelve sculptural installations (including two from last summer) populate the Battery Park City Landfill in Creative Time's fourth annual outdoor show. Some of the installers are Scott Pfaffman, Jody Pinto, and David Saunders. Through Sept. 12. (Battery Park City, Gate 19, Chambers and West Sts. Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5:30.)

Group Shows—At the **ALEXANDER,** 20 W. 57th St.: Drawings by a dozen artists, including Yvonne Jacquette, Richard Haas, and Martha Diamond. Through Aug. 27. . . . **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS,** 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St.: Etchings, lithographs, maps, and posters of Paris (Whistler), Rome (Muirhead Bone), Martinique (Gauguin), and other far-off spots. The earliest prints date from the seventeenth century; the latest are from the early twentieth. Through Sept. 10. . . . **THE DAIRY,** in Central Park between the zoo and the carrousel: Twenty-two original watercolors, pastels, and acrylics of the Park which have appeared on the cover of this magazine. The artists are Ilonka Karasz and Julian de Miskey (work from the twenties); and Arthur Getz, Charles E. Martin (C.E.M.), Charles Saxon, and James Stevenson (work from the sixties and seventies). Through Aug. 29. (Daily, except Mondays, 10 to 4:30.) . . . **KENNEDY,** 40 W. 57th St.: "An American Summer" has, among others, paintings of Central Park by Millard Sheets and Frank Wright. Through Friday, Aug. 20. . . . **THE URBAN CENTER,** 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St.: Conceptual drawings, color renderings, and models for the proposed rehabilitation of four subway stops that serve Astor Place, Eastern Parkway, Lincoln Center, and Fifth Avenue and Fifty-Third Street. Through Sept. 25. (Open Saturdays.)

¶ Many galleries are closed in the summer. A number of others mount group shows, sometimes varying the content from week to week. Following is a purely arbitrary list of galleries that are open: **ACA,** 21 E. 67th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **ACQUAVELLA,** 18 E. 79th St. . . . **CASTELLI,** 420 West Broadway. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **COOPER,** 155 Wooster St. . . . **DAVIS & LANGDALE,** 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St. (Closes at 4.) . . . **FOURCADE,** 36 E. 75th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **GALERIE ST. ETIENNE,** 25 W. 56th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **HOFFMAN,** 429 West Broadway. . . . **JACK,** 138 Prince St. (Open daily; opens Sundays at noon.) . . . **PACE,** 32 E. 57th St. . . . **WEINTRAUB,** 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St. . . . **WITKIN,** 41 E. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **ZABRISKIE,** 29 W. 57th St.

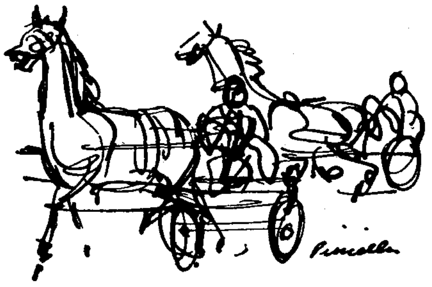
PHOTOGRAPHY

ERICH SALOMON (1886-1944) / **BEAUMONT NEWHALL**—Candid prints of statesmen and politicians. Through Sept. 12. / Architectural subjects, landscapes, and portraits of Henri Cartier-Bresson, Ansel Adams, and other photographers by the art historian. Through Sept. 19. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 6.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **FLOATING FOUNDATION OF PHOTOGRAPHY,** Pier 40 South, Hudson River at W. Houston St.: Experimental color photography—exhibited in a houseboat resting on a purple barge—by more than thirty artists, including Joseph Zingler, Les Krims, Bea Nettles, John Pfahl, and Via Wynroth. Through Aug. 29. (Thursdays through Sundays, 12:30 to 6.) . . . **FREIDUS,** 158 Lafayette St., near Grand St.: Three prints each by thirty-three Chicago photographers. Through Sept. 24. . . . **LEDEL,** 168 Mercer St.: Photographs of Ireland by eight artists, including Paul Caponigro and Alen MacWeeney. Through Saturday, Aug. 14. (Opens at noon Tuesdays through Saturdays.) . . . **WOLF,** 30 W. 57th St.: 20 x 24 Polaroid prints by Sandi Fellman, Luciano Franchi de Alfaro III, John Reuter, Kenda North, and Rena Small. Through Aug. 27.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Seventeenth-century French art in two different shows: paintings, primarily on loan but offering the museum's "The Fortune Teller," by Georges de la Tour, and including as well ten landscapes by Claude and "The Death of Germanicus," by Poussin; and a complementary display of drawings and prints (all from the museum's collections) by Callot, Le Brun, Claude, and others. Through Aug. 22. . . . ¶ A joint exhibit of Rhode Island architectural drawings, 1825-1945, which is divided chronologically between the Metropolitan and the National Academy of Design (see below). The Metropolitan has the earlier samples (up to 1875) in the survey, a cross-section of American styles in general and in particular of houses and buildings in Newport (Richard Upjohn's formidable 1839 Gothic cottage, Kingscote) and Providence (William Strickland's Atheneum). Through Sept. 15. . . . ¶ About sixty Chinese antiquities: ritual vessels in bronze, terra-cotta tomb figurines, and Buddhist sculptures. Through Sept. 5. . . . ¶ The Costume Institute's tenth annual fashion show, focussing primarily on the eighteenth-century French woman but also encompassing her European and American counterparts. Through Sept. 5. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)



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MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 18 W. 54th St.—Richard Neutra's contributions to American residential architecture are documented in an exhibit of photographs, drawings, and two large-scale models (one representing the Lovell house, a 1927 example of the International Style; the other, the 1937 Landfair Apartments in Los Angeles). Through Oct. 12. . . . ¶ "New Work on Paper 2," the second in a series of exhibits of drawings by contemporary artists, contains examples (some of which are executed directly on the wall) by Jonathan Borofsky, Francesco Clemente, Mario Merz, A. R. Penck, and Giuseppe Penone. Through Sept. 21. . . . ¶ A small show of prints (by Larry Rivers, Jasper Johns, Robert Rauschenberg, and others) made at Universal Limited Art Editions. Through Sept. 7. A complementary exhibit of ULAE prints is at Getler-Pall, 50 W. 57th St. (The museum is open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"The New York School: Four Decades," an exhibition of the museum's paintings and sculptures (supplemented with some loans) by representatives of most of the major developments in art in this country from the forties on. Included are Rothko, Rauschenberg, Martin, Oldenburg, Warhol, and Noguchi. Through Aug. 29. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A show of paintings, works on paper, and handmade books by California artist Edward Ruscha, who often confines his works to the depiction of a single word ("Vaseline") or phrase ("Listen, I'd Like to Help Out, But,"). Through Sept. 5. A complementary show is at the Jacobson-Hochman Gallery, 24 W. 57th St. . . . ¶ A survey of present-day museum architecture in the United States contains elevations, renderings, photographs, and models for seven projects currently in the works, including the Museum of Modern Art. Through Oct. 10. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—"Black Folk Art in America: 1930-1980," a show of more than three hundred paintings, carvings, ceramics, and other objects. One of the works is Ulysses Davis's series of carved-and-painted mahogany busts of the forty Presidents. Through Sept. 12. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Three six-foot stone standard-bearers are in attendance at an exhibit of Aztec artifacts that were, like them, discovered four years ago in a subterranean temple in Mexico City. Among the other hundred objects are skulls, knives, seashells, jewelry, ceramics, and carvings. Through Oct. 6. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, 10 to 9.)

AMERICAN CRAFT MUSEUM I, 44 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of the handmade papers of Douglass Morse Howell includes sheets of linen and of flax; books; and, as a bonus, works by Joan Miró, Anne Ryan, and other artists who have used paper made by Howell. Through Oct. 17. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

ASIA SOCIETY, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—A show of forty-one nineteenth-century Japanese prints portraying foreigners—the work of printmakers whose keyhole impressions of the world outside Japan came from foreign traders and from copies of European prints found in the port cities of Nagasaki and Yokohama. Through Aug. 29. (Open daily except Fridays. Hours: Mondays through Wednesdays, 10 to 5; Thursdays, 10 to 8:30; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

THE CLOISTERS, Fort Tryon Park—More than a hundred and twenty examples of medieval stained glass and architectural sculptures from France, Spain, Italy, and Britain, selected from the Raymond Pitcairn collection. Through Sept. 15. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, noon to 4:45.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A display of European laces dating from the sixteenth century to the twentieth, with additional items chosen to demonstrate how lace patterns have been translated into patterns for wrought-iron gates, embroidery, and contemporary baskets. Through Nov. 7. . . . ¶ Columns (for example, Nelson's in Trafalgar Square) as architectural devices—seen in drawings, prints, and a few photographs—and as ornamental elements on wallpaper, textiles, and furniture. Through Aug. 22. . . . ¶ A button exposition—about a thousand functional, decorative buttons in every conceivable (and even inconceivable) material and form, from shell to plastic and from painted scenes to sculptured figures. Through Aug. 22. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A show of works in various mediums by eighteen artists who have, in the past decade, turned to their Jewish heritage as a source of subject matter. Included are a video tribute to her grandparents by Maxi Cohen; a twenty-five-foot triptych, "Death as an Usher: Germany, 1933," by Jerome Witkin; and a conceptual piece by Komar and Melamid representing their departure from the Soviet Union. Through Sept. 12. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 49 W. 53rd St.—A display of the thirty-three additions to the museum's permanent collection which were once owned by Howard and Jean Lipman, among them an eighteenth-century Queen Anne secretary, a trade sign painted of and for the Oswego Starch Factory, a decorative carving entitled "Man in a Top Hat with a Cane," and miniature mourning pins. Through Sept. 19. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—About seventy-five years (1870-1945) of architecture in Rhode Island are seen in a show of architects' sketches, drawings, and renderings. Included are Richard Morris Hunt's drawings for Marble House and the Breakers in the Beaux-Arts classical style and, in the International Style, Richard Neutra's design for Windshield. A joint exhibit with the Metropolitan Museum. Through Sept. 11. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—The Berg Collection is noting the centennial of the Irish writer James Stephens with a show of manuscripts, letters, and first editions that represent his work as a poet, adapter of Irish folktales, and BBC broadcaster. (Open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays, 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—A show of paintings and drawings by Charles White (1918-79). Through Aug. 29. . . . ¶ A group of sculptures, collages, paintings, and assemblages by nineteenth- and twentieth-century black artists whose works reflect religious and cultural myths and rituals. Through Oct. 31. . . . ¶ An exhibit of James Van DerZee's photographs of Harlem in the twenties and thirties. Through Sept. 1. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

Mostly Mozart Festival—A seven-week season of orchestral, chamber-music, and recital programs. All programs start at 8, with pre-concert recitals at 7. Wednesday, Aug. 11: Christopher Hogwood conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra, with Yefim Bronfman, piano, and Barry Tuckwell, horn. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 12: A chamber-music program with, among others, Arnold Steinhardt and Marvin Morgenstern, violin; Kim Kashkashian and Walter Trampler, viola; Jerry Grossman, cello; and Stanley Drucker, clarinet. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 13-14: Gerard Schwarz conducting the orchestra, with Rudolf Firkusny, piano, and Stephen Burns, trumpet. (No pre-concert recitals.) . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 16, and Wednesday, Aug. 18: Charles Dutoit conducting the orchestra, with Youri Egorov, piano, and Heinz Holliger, oboe. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 17: A chamber-music program, with Mr. Holliger and the American String Quartet. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 19: The Kalichstein-Laredo-Robinson Trio, with Hiroko Yajima, violin, and Michael Tree, viola. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 20-21: Charles Dutoit conducting the orchestra, with Andras Schiff, piano, and Lynn Harrell, cello. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Through Saturday, Aug. 28.)

Chamber Opera Theatre of New York—Francesco Cavalli's "L'Ormindo," conducted by Peyton Hibbitt and staged by Thaddeus Motyka. The first of six performances. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Wednesday, Aug. 18, and Friday, Aug. 20, at 8. For information about tickets, call 570-1888.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Tanglewood Festival—Thursday, Aug. 12, at 8:30: An all-Chopin piano recital by Garrick Ohlsson. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 13, at 7: Shlomo Mintz, violin, and Pavel Ostrovsky, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 13, at 9: Klaus Tennstedt conducting the Boston Symphony in a Stravinsky-Beethoven program; no soloists. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 14, at 8:30: Charles Dutoit conducting a program of music by Haydn, Bruch, Debussy, and Ravel, with Mr. Mintz. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 15, at 2:30: Klaus Tennstedt conducting a Mahler-Brahms program, with Mr. Ohlsson. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 19, at 8:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting a dress rehearsal of Beethoven's opera "Fidelio" (see Aug. 21). . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 20, at 7 The New Swingle Singers. ¶ Friday, Aug. 20, at 9: Joseph Silverstein conducting the Boston Symphony in a program of music by Haydn, Prokofieff, Dukas, and Debussy, with Israela Margalit, piano. ¶ Saturday, Aug. 21, at 8:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting a performance of Beethoven's opera "Fidelio," with Hildegard Behrens and Maria Fausta Gallamini, sopranos; James McCracken and Vinson Cole, tenors; Paul Plishka, bass-baritone; Victor von Halam, bass; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. ¶ Sunday, Aug. 22, at 2.30: Luciano Berio conducting a Boccherini/Berio-Bach-Berio program, with the New Swingle Singers. (Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 29. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

Caramoor Festival—Final performances of the season—Saturday, Aug. 14, at 8.30· The New York Chamber Soloists in an all-Telemann program. ¶ Sunday, Aug. 15, at 5.30: Jaime Laredo, violin, and Sharon Robinson, cello. ¶ Saturday, Aug. 21, at 8.30· The Beaux Arts Trio. ¶ Sunday, Aug. 22, at 5:30: The Canadian Brass in a chamber-music program. (Katonah, N.Y. For information about tickets, call 1-914 232-4206.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Final performances by the **PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA.** Wednesday, Aug. 11, at 8:15: Riccardo Muti conducting a Barber-Ravel-Mahler program; no soloists. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 12, at 8:15: Riccardo Muti conducting a Schumann-Prokofieff program; no soloists. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 13, at 8:15: Eugene Ormandy conducting a Beethoven-Rachmaninoff program, with Cyprien Katsaris, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 14, at 8:15: Eugene Ormandy conducting a Handel-Mozart-Strauss program, with Norman Carol, violin, and Joseph de Pasquale, viola . . . . **JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC. CONCERTS.** Sunday, Aug. 15, at 8:15: "Sounds of the Summer of '42," with Tex Beneke, Helen O'Connell, and Johnny Desmond. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 16, at 7: Joni Mitchell. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 17, at 7: Gordon Lightfoot. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 18, at 7: The Allman Brothers Band and the Atlanta Rhythm Section. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 20, at 7: Rick Springfield. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 21, at 7: Arlo Guthrie and Pete Seeger. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 22, at 8:15: Andy Williams. (Saratoga Springs. Through Thursday, Sept. 2. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Wednesday through Saturday, Aug. 11-14: Elisa Monte and Dancers and Mark Morris. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 17-21: The Metropolitan Opera Ballet. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays at 7:30, and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2. For information about tickets, call 1-413 243-0745.)

SPORTS

Automobile Racing—At Pocono Raceway, Long Pond, Pa.: Sunday, Aug. 15, at 1.

Baseball—**METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. St. Louis, Wednesday, Aug. 11, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Chicago, Thursday, Aug. 12, at 7:35; Friday, Aug. 13, at 8:05; Saturday, Aug. 14, at 4:05 (the annual Old-Timers Day festivities will start at 2:30, and will include a couple of innings involving Lou Brock, Orlando Cepeda, Jim Fregosi, Tommie Agee, and other major-league stars of past years); and Sunday, Aug. 15, at 1:05 (doubleheader). . . . **YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Kansas City, Monday, Aug. 16, at 5:30 (twi-night doubleheader), and Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 17-18, at 8. . . . ¶ Toronto, Friday and Saturday, Aug. 20-21, at 8.

Professional Football—Giants vs. Pittsburgh Steelers, in an exhibition game. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Saturday, Aug. 21, at 8.)

Racing—At **SARATOGA:** Daily at 1:30; through Monday, Aug. 30. The DeWitt Clinton, Thursday, Aug. 12; the Alabama, Saturday, Aug. 14; the Bernard Baruch Handicap, Sunday, Aug. 15; the Diana Handicap, Thursday, Aug. 19; and the Travers, Saturday, Aug. 21. . . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 4. The Sapling, Saturday, Aug. 14, and the Monmouth Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 21. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 11.20.) **ATLANTIC CITY,** Mays Landing, N.J.. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7.30; through Saturday, Sept. 4

Soccer—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands: Cosmos vs. Toronto, Wednesday, Aug. 11, at 8. ¶ Cosmos vs. Chicago, Sunday, Aug. 15, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Cosmos vs. Tulsa, Wednesday, Aug. 18, at 8. (For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

Trotting—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Nightly at 8; through Saturday, Nov. 6. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Nov. 20. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Nightly at 8; through Friday, Aug. 13.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of **A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM,** with William Hurt and Jeffrey DeMunn. The second of two productions presented this summer. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Closes Sunday, Sept. 5. For information about tickets, call 598-7100.)

New York Philharmonic—Zubin Mehta will conduct the final concert in the park. With Stanley Drucker, clarinet. (Central Park's Great Lawn. Monday, Aug. 16, at 8.)

South Street Seaport Museum—Musical offerings on Pier 16, East River at Fulton St. **BLUEGRASS:** Thursday, Aug. 12, at 8, the John Herald Band. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 19, at 8, the Johnson Mountain Boys. (For information about tickets, call 687-9000.) . . . **JAZZ AND BLUES:** Benefit concerts—Wednesday, Aug. 18, at 8, the Dave Brubeck quartet and Herbie Mann & the Family of Mann. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 20, at 8, Ornette Coleman & Prime Time and the Johnny Copeland Blues Band. (For tickets, call 766-9066.)

Music Festival on the Pier—The Dr Pepper wingding, running through Saturday, Aug. 28. Friday, Aug. 13: Utopia. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 14: A program entitled "Latin Night," with Johnny Pacheco, Luis (Perico) Ortiz, Conjunto Clasico, and others. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 16: Flock of Seagulls, with the Producers. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 20: Iggy Pop. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 21: The Waitresses. (Pier 84, Twelfth Ave. at 45th St. Evenings at 8. For tickets, call 977-9020.)

Central Park Mall—The New York City Brass Ensemble. (Sunday, Aug. 15, at 5:30.)

Lincoln Center Out-of-Doors—A three-week festival of dance, chamber music, country music, jazz, and street theatre. **DAMROSCH PARK:** Wednesday, Aug. 11, Bill Grant and Delia Bell with the Josh Graves band, the Johnson Mountain Boys, and Fiddle Puppets Cloggers at 12:15; Tony Trischka & Skyline and the Mail Pouch Express at 5:30; and all of the aforementioned at 8:15. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 12, the Vera Auer quintet at 12:15 and the Jackson Pike Skifflers and Yankee Ingenuity at 8:15. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 14, the May O'Donnell Dance Company at 8:15. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 15, Loremil Machado and his Afro-Brazilian Dance Company and Roberto Borrell y Su Kubata at 2:30, the American String Quartet at 6, and Markama: The Andean Folk Festival at 8:15. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 17, the New Swingle Singers at 6. . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 18, the Ralph Dorsey quartet with Tina Fabrik at 12:15 and the Joffrey II Dancers at 8:15. . . . **LINCOLN CENTER PLAZA:** Thursday, Aug. 12, the Puppet People (for children) at 11 and the Rebecca Kelly Dance Company at 5. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 14, the Inner City Ensemble Theatre and Dance Company at 2.30 and the Bronx Dance Theatre at 5 ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 17, the Clown Conspiracy (for children) at 11 and Viva Chinese at 5 ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 18, the Hummingbird Dance Theatre at 5 (Through Sunday, Aug. 29 For daily detailed information, call 877-2011)

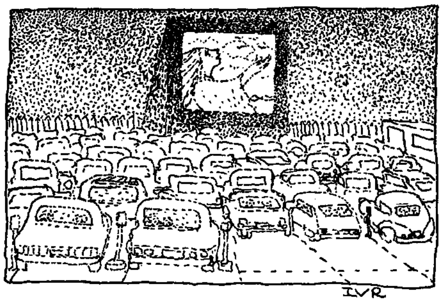
Jones Beach Theatre—A revival of the musical **WEST SIDE STORY,** with Barry Williams, Christine Andreas, and Loida Santos. (Nightly, except Mondays, at 8.30 Closes Sunday, Aug 22 For tickets, call 1-516 221-1000)

Walking Tour—A conducted tour of Greenwich Village, sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York, will take place on Sunday, Aug 15 It will meet at the corner of Gay and Christopher Streets at 1.30 For information, call 534-1672

Perseid Meteor Showers—The annual display of meteors, for the benefit of nocturnal-sky watchers and shooting-star wishers. The best night for watching is Wednesday, Aug 11, after midnight, when, if the weather is at all coöperative, as many as fifty meteors an hour may be visible

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 12.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through Aug. 15: "The Family" (1974; directed by Satsuo Yamamoto; in Japanese), with Machiko Kyo.
From Aug. 17: "Under the Flag of the Rising Sun" (1972; Kinji Fukasaku; in Japanese).

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy" (†).

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Aug. 12: "Victor/Victoria" (†); and "Eye of the Needle" (1981; Richard Marquand), with Donald Sutherland and Kate Nelligan.
From Aug. 13: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through Aug. 12: "The Secret of NIMH" (Don Bluth), an animated film.
From Aug. 13: To be announced.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The World According to Garp" (George Roy Hill), with Robin Williams.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 12: "A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy" (†). From Aug. 13: "Star Wars" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 12: "Night Shift" (Ron Howard), with Henry Winkler. From Aug. 13: "The Sword and the Sorcerer" (Albert Pyun), with Lee Horsley.
Theatre 3: "The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"An Officer and a Gentleman" (Taylor Hackford), with Richard Gere and Debra Winger.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"La Cage aux Folles" (†).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"The World According to Garp" (George Roy Hill), with Robin Williams.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through Aug. 19: "Young Doctors in Love" (Garry Marshall), with Michael McKean and Sean Young.
From Aug. 20: "Six Pack" (Daniel Petrie), with Kenny Rogers.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Diva" (†).

Manhattan I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "The Chosen" (Jeremy Paul Kagan), with Maximilian Schell and Rod Steiger.
Theatre 2: "Poltergeist" (†).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "The Pirate Movie" (Ken Annakin), with Kristy McNichol and Christopher Atkins.
Theatre 2: "An Officer and a Gentleman" (Taylor Hackford), with Richard Gere and Debra Winger.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through Aug. 18: "Don's Party" (Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with John Hargreaves.
From Aug. 19: "Last Tango in Paris" (†).

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 15: "Barbarosa" (†). From Aug. 16: "Piaf—The Early Years" (1974; Guy Casaril; in French), with Brigitte Ariel.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 15: "Blade Runner" (†). From Aug. 16 (tentative): "Barbarosa" (†).

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 19: "The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas" (†). From Aug. 20: "Class of 1984" (Mark Lester), with Perry King.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 19: "Things Are Tough All Over" (Tom Avildsen), with Cheech Marin and Thomas Chong. From Aug. 20: "The Beastmaster" (Don Coscarelli), with Marc Singer.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy" (†).

Loews New York Twin I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Night Shift" (Ron Howard), with Henry Winkler.
Theatre 2: "E. T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Nest" (Jaime de Arminan; in Spanish), with Hector Alterio and Ana Torrent.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through Aug. 12: "Diner" (†).
From Aug. 13: "Tempest" (Paul Mazursky), with John Cassavetes and Gena Rowlands.

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304; Mondays through Thursdays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Aug. 12: "Rocky III" (†).
From Aug. 13: To be announced.

U. A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Aug. 12: "Das Boot" (Wolfgang Petersen; in German).
Aug. 13-19: "Rocky III" (†).
From Aug. 20: "Class of 1984" (Mark Lester), with Perry King.

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 12: "The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas" (†). From Aug. 13: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 12: "The Sword and the Sorcerer" (Alan Pyun), with Lee Horsley. From Aug. 13: To be announced.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
To be announced.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 19: "Night Shift" (Ron Howard), with Henry Winkler. From Aug. 20: "The Road Warrior" (George Miller), with Mel Gibson.
Theatre 2: "Things Are Tough All Over" (Tom Avildsen), with Cheech Marin and Thomas Chong.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: "Dress Rehearsal" (1981; directed by Werner Schroeter; in French), with Pat Olesko.
Theatre 2: Aug. 11: "The Thin Man" (1934; W. S. Van Dyke), with Myrna Loy and William Powell; and "To Have and Have Not" (1944; Howard Hawks), with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Walter Brennan. Aug. 12-14: "The Long Goodbye" (1973; Robert Altman), with Elliott Gould, Nina van Pallandt, Sterling Hayden, and Mark Rydell; and "The Big Sleep" (1946; Howard Hawks), with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Martha Vickers. Aug. 15-16: "An American in Paris" (†) and "Lust for Life" (†). Aug. 17-18: "The Misfits" (†) and "Midnight Cowboy" (†). Aug. 19-21: "A Day at the Races" (†) and "A Night at the Opera" (†).

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 12: "Young Doctors in Love" (Garry Marshall), with Michael McKean and Sean Young. From Aug. 13: "Tron" (Steven Lisberger), with Jeff Bridges and David Warner.
Theatre 2: "Diner" (†).

Greenwich Playhouse I and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "The Chosen" (Jeremy Paul Kagan), with Maximilian Schell and Rod Steiger.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 12: "Poltergeist" (†). From Aug. 13: "Raiders of the Lost Ark" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 19: "The Sword and the Sorcerer" (Alan Pyun), with Lee Horsley. From Aug. 20 (tentative): "La Vie Continue" (Moshe Mizrahi; in French), with Annie Girardot and Jean-Pierre Cassel.
Theatre 2: "La Cage aux Folles" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Aug. 12: "Das Boot" (Wolfgang Petersen; in German). From Aug. 13: "Ciao! Manhattan" (1973; John Palmer and David Weisman).
Theatre 4: Through Aug. 19: "Bob le Flambeur" (1955; Jean-Pierre Melville; in French), with Isabel Corey and Roger Duchesne. From Aug. 20 (tentative): "Don's Party" (Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with John Hargreaves.

Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd. (594-2370; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon. Reserved seats.)
"The Dybbuk" (Szymon Szurmiej; in Yiddish), performed by the E. R. Kaminska Jewish State Theatre of Poland.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Annie" (†).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Pink Floyd, The Wall" (Alan Parker).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Diner" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Not a Love Story" (Bonnie Sherr Klein; a Canadian film).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
Through Aug. 19: "La Vie Continue" (Moshe Mizrahi; in French), with Annie Girardot and Jean-Pierre Cassel.
From Aug. 20: "Birgitt Haas Must Be Killed" (Laurent Heynemann; in French and German), with Philippe Noiret and Jean Rochefort.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Mephisto" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Annie" (†).

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Lola" (Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German).
Theatre 2: "My Dinner with André" (†).
Theatre 3: "Gregory's Girl" (Bill Forsyth), with Gordon John Sinclair.

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy" (†).
Theatre 2: "Chan Is Missing" (Wayne Wang), with Wood May.

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 12: "Bob le Flambeur" (1955; Jean-Pierre Melville; in French), with Isabel Corey and Roger Duchesne. From Aug. 13: "Chilly Scenes of Winter" ("Head Over Heels;" 1979; Joan Micklin Silver), with John Heard and Mary Beth Hurt.
Theatre 2: "Demon Pond" (Masahiro Shinoda; in Japanese), with Tamasaburo Bando.

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 12: "The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas" (†). From Aug. 13: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Aug 12: "Night Shift"

(Ron Howard), with Henry Winkler. From Aug. 13: To be announced.

Theatre 3: Through Aug. 12: "The Sword and the Sorcerer" (Alan Pyun), with Lee Horsley. From Aug. 13: To be announced.

Theatre 4: Through Aug. 12: "The Secret of NIMH" (Don Bluth), an animated film. From Aug. 13: To be announced.

New Yorker 1 and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)

Theatre 1: "Diner" (†).

Theatre 2: Through Aug. 12: "La Cage aux Folles" (†). From Aug. 13: "Tron" (Steven Lisberger), with Jeff Bridges and David Warner.

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Theatre 1: Through Aug. 13: "1900" (1977; Bernardo Bertolucci), with Robert De Niro, Burt Lancaster, Donald Sutherland, Dominique Sanda, Sterling Hayden, and Gérard Depardieu. Aug. 14-16: "The Deer Hunter" (1978; Michael Cimino), with Robert De Niro, Christopher Walken, Meryl Streep, John Savage, and John Cazale. Aug. 17-19: "Reds" (†). From Aug. 20: "Tess" (†).

Theatre 2: Through Aug. 19: "The Sword and the Sorcerer" (Alan Pyun), with Lee Horsley. From Aug. 20 (tentative): "Class of 1984" (Mark Lester), with Perry King.

Theatre 3: Through Aug. 12: "The Thing" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell; and "Cat People" (†). From Aug. 13: "La Cage aux Folles" (†).

Theatre 4: Through Aug. 12: "Blade Runner" (†) and "Alien" (†). From Aug. 13: "Poltergeist" (†); and "Eye of the Needle" (1981; Richard Marquand), with Donald Sutherland and Kate Nelligan.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)

Theatre 1: Through Aug. 19: "The Pirate Movie" (directed by Ken Annakin), with Kristy McNichol and Christopher Atkins. From Aug. 20: "Six Pack" (Daniel Petrie), with Kenny Rogers.

Theatre 2: "The World According to Garp" (George Roy Hill), with Robin Williams.

Theatre 3: "The Thing" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell.

Theatre 4: "Blade Runner" (†).

Theatre 5: Through Aug. 12: "Firefox" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood. From Aug. 13 (tentative): "Rocky III" (†).

Theatre 6: "Porky's" (Bob Clark), with Dan Monahan and Mark Herrier.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)

"Raiders of the Lost Ark" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: "Poltergeist" (†).

Theatre 3: Through Aug. 12: "The Challenge" (John Frankenheimer), with Scott Glenn and Toshiro Mifune. From Aug. 13: "Tron" (Steven Lisberger), with Jeff Bridges and David Warner.

Theatre 4: "Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)

"An Officer and a Gentleman" (Taylor Hackford), with Richard Gere and Debra Winger.

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)

Theatre 1: "Things Are Tough All Over" (Tom Avildsen), with Cheech Marin and Thomas Chong.

Theatre 2: Through Aug. 12: "Tron" (Steven Lisberger), with Jeff Bridges and David Warner. From Aug. 13: "Friday the 13th, Part 3" (Steve Miner). In 3-D.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)

"E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)

"Bambi" (†).

Rivoli 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)

Theatre 1: Through Aug. 19: "The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas" (†). From Aug. 20: "Class of 1984" (Mark Lester), with Perry King.

Theatre 2: Through Aug. 19: "The Secret of NIMH" (Don Bluth), an animated film. From Aug. 20: To be announced.

R.K.O. Century Cinerama Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8366/8369)

Theatre 1: Through Aug. 19: "The Sword and the Sorcerer" (Albert Pyun), with Lee Horsley. From Aug. 20: "The Road Warrior" (George Miller), with Mel Gibson.

Theatre 2: Through Aug. 19: "Night Shift" (Ron Howard), with Henry Winkler. From Aug. 20: "The Beastmaster" (Don Coscarelli), with Marc Singer.

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

Theatre 1: "Young Doctors in Love" (Garry Marshall), with Michael McKean and Sean Young.

Theatre 2: Through Aug. 12: "Rocky III" (†). From Aug. 13: "Star Wars" (†).

REVIVAL HOUSES

Agee Room, 144 Bleecker St. (473-8306; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through Aug. 17: "Cutter's Way" ("Cutter and Bone;" 1981; directed by Ivan Passer), with Jeff Bridges and John Heard.

From Aug. 18: "Taxi Zum Klo" (1981; Frank Ripploh; in German).

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)

Aug. 11: "The Gang's All Here" (1943; Busby Berkeley), with Alice Faye, James Ellison, and Carmen Miranda; and "Dinner at Eight" (1933; George Cukor), with Jean Harlow, Marie Dressler, and John Barrymore.

Aug. 12: "For Your Eyes Only" (1981; John Glen), with Roger Moore as James Bond; and "Thunderball" (1965; Terence Young), with Sean Connery as Bond.

Aug. 13: "Diamonds Are Forever" (1971; Guy Hamilton), with Sean Connery as James Bond; and "For Your Eyes Only."

Aug. 14: "Thunderball" and "Diamonds Are Forever."

Aug. 15: "Medea" (1971; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with Maria Callas; and "Teorema" (1969; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with Terence Stamp and Silvia Mangano.

Aug. 16: "Modern Times" (1936) and "City Lights" (1931), both films directed by, and with, Charlie Chaplin.

Aug. 17: "Samurai Assassin" (1965; Kihachi Okamoto; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune; and "Shadow Hunters" (1971; Teiji Matsuda; in Japanese).

Aug. 18: "Breaker Morant" (1980; Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Edward Woodward.

Aug. 19: "Picnic at Hanging Rock" (1975; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Rachel Roberts and Dominic Guard; and "The Plumber" (1978; Peter Weir; an Australian film).

Aug. 20: "Monty Python Meets Beyond the Fringe" (1979; Roger Graef); and "The Ruling Class" (1972; Peter Medak), with Peter O'Toole and Arthur Lowe.

Aug. 21: "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie" (1972; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Fernando Rey, Stéphane Audran, and Delphine Seyrig; and "That Obscure Object of Desire" (1977; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Fernando Rey, Carole Bouquet, and Angela Molina.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

Aug. 11: "Volcano: An Inquiry Into the Life of Malcolm Lowry" (1977; Donald Brittain and John Kramer); "As If It Were Yesterday" (1982; Myriam Abramowicz and Esther Hoffenberg), a documentary; "Family Life" ("Wednesday's Child;" 1972; Ken Loach), with Sandy Ratcliff; and "A Sense of Loss" (1972; Marcel Ophuls), a documentary.

Aug. 12: "Trash" (1970; Paul Morrissey), with Joe Dallesandro and Holly Woodlawn; and "Putney Swope" (1969; Robert Downey).

Aug. 13-14: "Seven Beauties" (1976; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Giancarlo Giannini and Fernando Rey; and "We All Loved Each Other So Much" (1977; Ettore Scola; in Italian), with Vittorio Gassman, Nino Manfredi, Stefania Sandrelli, and Aldo Fabrazi.

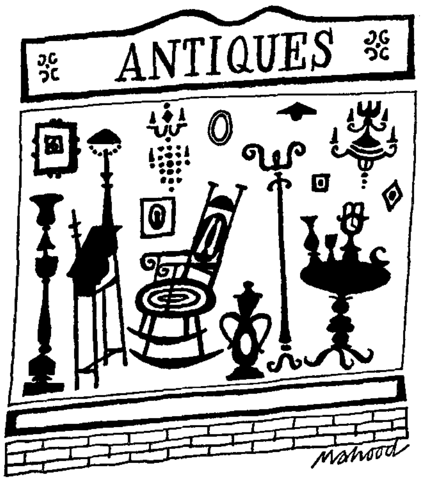
Aug. 15-16: "Cousin, Cousine" (1976; Jean-Claude Tacchella; in French), with Marie-Christine Barrault, Victor Lanoux, and Marie-France Pisier; and "Swept Away" (1975; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Giancarlo Giannini and Mariangela Melato.

Aug. 17: "The Battle of Algiers" (†) and "Ramparts of Clay" (†).

Aug. 18: "Tales from the Vienna Woods" (1981; Maximilian Schell; in German); and "The Willi Busch Report" (1981; Niklaus Schilling; in German).

Aug. 19: "The Man Who Fell to Earth" (1976; Nicolas Roeg), with David Bowie, Rip Torn, Candy Clark, and Buck Henry.

Aug. 20-21: "Monty Python and the Holy Grail" (1975; Terry Gilliam and Terry Jones), with Graham Chapman; and "Jabberwocky" (1977; Terry Gilliam), with Michael Palin.



Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Aug. 12: "Fortune and Men's Eyes" (1971; Harvey Hart), with Wendell Burton and Michael Greer; and "Midnight Express" (1978; Alan Parker), with Brad Davis, Randy Quaid, John Hurt, and Mike Kellin.

Aug. 13-14: "A Clockwork Orange" (1971; Stanley Kubrick), with Malcolm McDowell, Patrick Magee, and Adrienne Corri.

Aug. 15-17: "Bright Eyes" (1934; David Butler), with Shirley Temple, Jane Withers, and James Dunn; and "The Little Colonel" (1935; David Butler), with Shirley Temple, Bill Robinson, Evelyn Venable, and Lionel Barrymore.

Aug. 18-19: Two programs from the New York Erotic Film Festival.

Aug. 20-21: "Romeo and Juliet" (1968; Franco Zeffirelli), with Leonard Whiting and Olivia Hussey; and "Brother Sun, Sister Moon" (1973; Franco Zeffirelli), with Graham Faulkner as Francis of Assisi.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through Aug. 12: "Woodstock" (1970; Michael Wadleigh), a film of the 1969 festival.

Aug. 13-17: "The Song Remains the Same" (1976; Peter Clifton and Joe Massot), with Led Zeppelin; and "The Kids Are Alright" (1979; Jeff Stein) with The Who.

Aug. 18-19: "The Grateful Dead" (1977), a filmed concert; and "Fillmore" (1972; Richard T. Heffron) a documentary.

From Aug. 20: To be announced.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through Aug. 14: "42nd Street" (1933; Lloyd Bacon), with Bebe Daniels, Ruby Keeler, Dick Powell, and Warner Baxter; and "Twentieth Century" (1934; Howard Hawks), with John Barrymore, Carole Lombard, and Ralph Forbes.

Aug. 15-17: "The Tenant" (1976), directed by, and with, Roman Polanski; and "Rosemary's Baby" (1968; Roman Polanski), with Mia Farrow, John Cassavetes, and Ruth Gordon.

Aug. 18-21: "Popeye" (1980; Robert Altman), with Robin Williams, Shelley Duvall, and Ray Walston; and "Li'l Abner" (1959; Melvin Frank), with Peter Palmer, Leslie Parrish, and Stubby Kaye.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through Aug. 14: "Cruising" (1980; William Friedkin), with Al Pacino and Paul Sorvino; and "Looking for Mr. Goodbar" (1977; Richard Brooks), with Diane Keaton, Tuesday Weld, William Atherton, Richard Kiley, Alan Feinstein, and Richard Gere.

Aug. 15-17: "Absence of Malice" (1981; Sydney Pollack), with Paul Newman, Sally Field, and Melinda Dillon; and "The China Syndrome" (1979; James Bridges), with Jane Fonda, Jack Lemmon, and Michael Douglas.

Aug. 18-21: "Hercules" (1959; Gene Fowler) and "Hercules Unchained" (1960; Pietro Francisci), both films with Steve Reeves and Sylva Koscina.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Aug. 11: "The Pride of the Yankees" (1942; Sam Wood), with Gary Cooper, Teresa Wright, Walter Brennan, and Dan Duryea; and "Golden Boy" (1939; Rouben Mamoulian), with Barbara Stanwyck, William Holden, Lee J. Cobb, Sam Levene, Joseph Calleia, and Adolphe Menjou.

Aug. 12-14: "It's Always Fair Weather" (1955; Gene Kelly and Stanley Donen), with Kelly, Dan Dailey, Cyd Charisse, Dolores Gray, and Michael Kidd; and "Bells Are Ringing" (1960; Vincente Minnelli), with Judy Holliday and Dean Martin.

Aug. 15-16: "Tales of Manhattan" (†); and "My Sister Eileen" (1955; Richard Quine), with Janet Leigh, Jack Lemmon, and Betty Garrett.

Aug. 17-18: "The Lords of Flatbush" (1974; Stephen F. Verona and Martin Davidson), with Sylvester Stallone, Perry King, Henry Winkler, and Susan Blakely; and "Saturday Night Fever" (†).

Aug. 19-21: "Babes on Broadway" (†); and "Easter Parade" (1948; Charles Walters), with Fred Astaire, Judy Garland, and Peter Lawford.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Aug. 11: "The Grapes of Wrath" (1940; John Ford), with Henry Fonda and Jane Darwell; and "Tobacco Road" (1941; John Ford), with Charley Grapewin, Gene Tierney, Marjorie Rambeau, and Elizabeth Patterson.

Aug. 12: "The Last Samurai" (1976; Kenji Misumi; in Japanese), with Hideki Takahashi.

Aug. 13-14: "Rebecca" (1940; Alfred Hitchcock), with Joan Fontaine, Laurence Olivier, Judith Anderson, George Sanders, and Florence Bates; and "Notorious" (1946; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman, Claude Rains, and Louis Calhern.

Aug. 15: "Being There" (1979; Hal Ashby), with Peter Sellers, Shirley MacLaine, Melvyn Douglas, and Jack Warden; and "The Bobo" (1967; Robert Parrish), with Peter Sellers and Britt Ekland.

Aug. 16: "Mickey One" (1965; Arthur Penn), with Warren Beatty; and "Shampoo" (1975; Hal Ashby), with Warren Beatty, Julie Christie, and Goldie Hawn.

Aug. 17: A program of cartoons.

Aug. 18: "The Valley of Gwangi" (1969; James O'Connolly), with James Franciscus, Gila Golan, and Richard Carlson; and "The Beast from 20,000 Fathoms" (1953; Eugene Lourie), with Paula Raymond and Paul Christian.

Aug. 19: "Trapped, The Crimson Bat" (1969; Teiji Matsuda; in Japanese), with Yoko Matsuyama; and "Tange Sazen" (1963; Seiichiro Uchikawa; in Japanese), with Tetsuro Tamba.

Aug. 20-21: "Breaker Morant" (1980; Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Edward Woodward; and "Caddie" (†).

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Aug. 11: "Indiscreet" (1958; Stanley Donen), with Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman, and Cecil Parker; and "The Yellow Rolls-Royce" (1965; Anthony Asquith), with Rex Harrison, Jeanne Moreau, and Ingrid Bergman.

Aug. 12: "The Invasion of the Body Snatchers" (1956; Don Siegel), with Kevin McCarthy and Dana Wynter; and "Night of the Living Dead" (1968; George A. Romero), with Duane Jones.

Aug. 13: "The Stranger" (1967; Luchino Visconti; in French), with Marcello Mastroianni and Anna Karina; and "The Conformist" (1970; Bernardo Bertolucci; in Italian), with Jean-Louis Trintignant, Stefania Sandrelli, and Dominique Sanda.

Aug. 14-15: "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" (1953, Howard Hawks), with Jane Russell and Marilyn Monroe; and "Some Like It Hot" (1959; Billy Wilder), with Marilyn Monroe, Tony Curtis, and Jack Lemmon.

Aug. 16: "Small Change" (1976; François Truffaut; in French), with Geory Desmouceaux; and "The Story of Adèle H." (1975; François Truffaut; in French), with Isabelle Adjani.

Aug. 17: "True Confession" (1937; Wesley Ruggles), with Carole Lombard, John Barrymore, and Fred MacMurray; and "World Première" (1941; Ted Tetzlaff), with John Barrymore and Frances Farmer.

Aug. 18: "On the Waterfront" (1954; Elia Kazan), with Marlon Brando, Lee J. Cobb, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and Rod Steiger; and "The Wild One" (1954; Laslo Benedek), with Marlon Brando, Mary Murphy, and Lee Marvin.

Aug. 19: "Belle of the Nineties" (1934; Leo McCarey), with Mae West; and "Klondike Annie" (1936; Raoul Walsh), with Mae West and Victor McLaglen.

Aug. 20-21: "Charlie Chan on Broadway" (1937; Eugene Forde), with Warner Oland as Chan; and "Murder Over New York" (1940; Harry Lachman), with Sidney Toler as Charlie Chan.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Alien (1979)—A sci-fi excursion into outer space, where things appear to be far drearier than they are on Earth. Sigourney Weaver is the attractive star. (Olympia Quad; through Aug. 12.)

An American in Paris (1951)—The Academy Award-winning musical, directed by Vincente Minnelli, about a romance between an American painter (Gene Kelly) and a French girl (Leslie Caron). Too fancy and overblown (there's a ballet with scenes in the styles of Dufy, Renoir, Utrillo, Rousseau, van Gogh, and Toulouse-Lautrec), but the two dancing lovers have infectious grins and the Gershwin music keeps everything good-spirited. The songs include "I Got Rhythm," "Embraceable You," and "'S Wonderful," and Georges Guétary sings a super-elegant version of "I'll Build a Stairway to Paradise." With Nina Foch as a rich, decadent American, and Oscar Levant thumping away happily on the piano. Written by Alan Jay Lerner; choreographed by Kelly; art direction by Cedric Gibbons and Preston Ames. (Film Forum; Aug. 15-16.)

Annie—As the head of the orphanage where Annie lives till the age of ten, Carol Burnett is gloriously macabre. But the rest of this big movie (which is set in 1933) has the feel of a manufactured romp. Annie (Aileen Quinn) and the other little orphans seem to have been trained by Ethel Merman; they belt in unison. Children from about four to about eleven will probably enjoy the picture—how often do they get to see a musical that features a little girl conquering all? Produced by Ray Stark and directed by John Huston. As Daddy Warbucks, Albert Finney gives a smooth, amused performance. With Ann Reinking as Warbucks' secretary, Tim Curry as Rooster, Geoffrey Holder as Punjab, Bernadette Peters as Lily, Edward Herrmann as F.D.R., and the little scene-stealer Toni Ann Gisondi as Molly. Script by Carol Sobieski; music by Charles Strouse; lyrics by Martin Charnin; choreography by Arlene Phillips; and musical sequences by Joe Layton. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/31/82.) (Guild, and Loews Paramount.)

Babes on Broadway (1941)—The third of the three Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney M-G-M musicals produced by Arthur Freed and directed by Busby Berkeley. The plot is something forgettable about Judy and Mickey and other youngsters putting on a musical as a benefit for a settlement house for poor children, and there's also a patriotic number about British refugee kids. But Garland and Rooney dancing together are a happy sight. He, Richard Quine, and Ray McDonald are three young hoofers billed as "The Three Balls of Fire," and he gets to do some terrific rowdy dancing, especially in the jive number "Hoe Down." He also has a wild impersonation of Carmen Miranda, the "Bombshell from Brazil," as well as somewhat more subdued takeoffs on George M. Cohan, Walter Hampden's Cyrano de Bergerac, and Harry Lauder. Garland's impressions (of Sarah Bernhardt, Fay Templeton, and Blanche Ring) are less vivid but pleasant enough; her solo songs were directed by Vincente Minnelli, then new to films. With James Gleason, Virginia Weidler, Fay Bainter, and Donald Meek. The script is by Fred Finklehoffe and Elaine Ryan; the songs, from a variety of sources, include Harold Rome's "Franklin D. Roosevelt Jones" and Ralph Freed and Burton Lane's "How About You?" (Regency; Aug. 19-21.)

Bambi (1942)—The animals in this animated Disney feature have Walter Keane eyes and fluttering long eyelashes. None has a gooier gaze than the little fawn Bambi. His relationship with his mother is tender and close, and when the mother is killed by hunters, small children in the audience frequently scream and cry. It all ends happily when Bambi, grown to staghood, marries the virginally sweet doe Faline. The picture is a classic of sorts, if only for the uncannily awful sound of the young woodland creatures in conversation; when puberty sets in and these voices suddenly change, Walt Disney begins to seem as berserk as Busby Berkeley. Still, there's no denying that for many people some sequences—such as Bambi's birth—have an enduring primal power. From the Felix Salten novel. (New Embassy 49th Street.)

Barbarosa—The most spirited and satisfying new Western epic in several years—it may seem a little loose at first, but it gets better and better as it goes along and you get the fresh, crazy hang of it. Directed by the Australian Fred Schepisi, from a script by the Texas-born William D. Wittliff, it has some of the psychedelic ambience of Sergio Leone spaghetti Westerns—the West seen in a fever. Willie Nelson has a great screen presence; he has an aura—his scruffiness is part of his grace. As the legendary outlaw Barbarosa, a desert rat mythologized by those who grow up fearing him, he's like the dragon in the fairy tale who threatens the community (and keeps it strong). The period is the eighteen-eighties and the film was shot along the Rio Grande, in an area of extremes that's either Texas mountains or mustard-colored mesa and desert. Gary Busey plays a lumpy, raw farm boy who gets in trouble with his in-laws and has to run off to hide; he joins up with Barbarosa, and without intending to becomes an apprentice desperado. Busey is a magical shambles; as the farm boy he's an outlaw-galoot—Mark Twain might have dreamt him up. Working with the cinematographer Ian Baker and the composer Bruce Smeaton, Schepisi shows the fullness of his approach to moviemaking; Willie Nelson doesn't need to sing here—the whole picture is a ballad. With Gilbert Roland, Howland Chamberlin, Isela Vega, Danny De La Paz, and George Voskovec. (8/9/82) (Cinema I; through Aug. 15. . . . ¶ Cinema II; starting Aug. 16, tentative.)

The Battle of Algiers (1966)—Like "Potemkin," it's an epic in the form of a "created documentary;" it's a reconstruction of the events of 1954 to 1957 in the guerrilla war waged by the National Liberation Front against the French authorities, with the oppressed, angry masses as the hero. The enemy of the Algerian N.L.F.—the hyperintelligent French colonel played by Jean Martin—isn't really a character; he represents the cool, inhuman manipulative power of imperialism versus the animal heat of the multitudes rushing toward us as they rise against their oppressors. The director Gillo Pontecorvo and his co-writer Franco Solinas are almost too clever in their use of this device of the colonel—yet it works, and brilliantly. The revolutionaries forming their pyramid of cells don't need to express revolutionary consciousness, because the French colonel is given such a full counter-revolutionary consciousness that he says it all for them. He even expresses the knowledge that history is on the side of the oppressed colonial peoples, who will win; he himself is merely part of a holding action, preserving imperialism a little longer but bound to fail. To put it satirically but, in terms of the movie, accurately, the Algerian people are spontaneously turned into revolutionaries by historical events, and if they haven't studied Marx, the counter-revolutionaries have, and know they are on the wrong side and are doomed by history. The movie hardly seems to be "saying" anything, yet the historical-determinist message seeps right into your bones. As a propaganda film, it ranks with Leni Riefenstahl's big-game rally, the 1935 "Triumph of the Will," and it's the one great revolutionary "sell" of modern times. It has a firebrand's fervor; it carries you with it and doesn't give you time to think. You may even accept the movie's implicit message that the N.L.F.'s violent methods are the only way to freedom. Pontecorvo's inflammatory passion works directly on your feelings. He's the most dangerous kind of Marxist, a Marxist poet. Cinematography by Marcello Gatti; music by Ennio Morricone and Pontecorvo. In French and Arabic. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 17.)

The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas—The moviemakers pile on the coy Americana; they appear to have distrusted anything original in the material—the movie is adapted from the long-running Broadway musical based on Larry L. King's 1974 *Playboy* article about a crackbrained crusading TV newsman who attacked a time-honored brothel with such fervor that the authorities had to force the madam to close it. The film's rambunctiousness is off-color yet wholesome, in the worst sense: this is the sort of movie romp in which the frolicking prosties can hardly wait to jump into bed with the fellas. But dimples, wigs, bazooms, and all, Dolly Parton is phenomenally likable as the madam; her whole personality is melodious, and her acting isn't bad at all, even though the director, Colin Higgins, has made her chest the focal point of her scenes. She has the charm to transcend her own cartoonishness and the additional portion inflicted on her. As the local sheriff, Burt Reynolds doesn't give an ostentatiously bad performance—just his usual low-key, embarrassed-to-be-up-here-doing-this-dumb-stuff performance. While Reynolds underplays and looks mortified, Charles Durning, as governor of Texas, steals the honors with his "Sidestep" song-and-dance routine—a demonstration of how a corrupt-to-the-bone politico evades answering probing questions and takes joy in his own slippery skill. This sequence is the only part of the movie that's satisfyingly shaped and has a musical-comedy rhythm. With Dom DeLuise, Jim Nabors, Theresa Merritt, and Lois Nettleton. The script is by King and Peter Masterson (who wrote the Broadway show) and Higgins; seven of the fourteen songs that Carol Hall wrote for the stage version have been retained, and two new ones by Dolly Parton have been added. (8/9/82) (Loews 34th Street Showplace. . . . ¶ Loews Orpheum, and Loews 83rd Quad; through Aug. 12. . . . ¶ Gemini, and Rivoli; through Aug. 19.)

Blade Runner—Ridley Scott's futuristic thriller is set in a hellish, claustrophobic city—Los Angeles in the year 2019. Harrison Ford is the blade runner, a police officer who kills "replicants"—the powerful humanoids manufactured by genetic engineers—if they rebel against their drudgery in the space colonies and show up on Earth. He tracks down four replicants (Brion James; Joanna Cassidy; Daryl Hannah, who has killer thighs and does a punk variation on Olympia, the doll automaton of "The Tales of Hoffmann;" and the blue-eyed scenery-chewer Rutger Hauer), but Ford's mission seems of no particular consequence. The whole movie gives you the feeling of not getting anywhere—of being part of the atmosphere of decay. With Sean Young as Rachael and William Sanderson as the toymaker. From the 1968 novel "Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?," by Philip K. Dick. (7/12/82) (Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; through Aug. 12. . . . ¶ Cinema II; through Aug. 15.)

Caddie (1976)—The reserved, aloof Caddie (played by the lovely, toothy Helen Morse) is

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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a young Australian housewife who, in 1925, leaves her husband, taking their two small children with her; penniless, she goes to work as a barmaid. The picture often has the charm of photographs of the past, but that's all it has. Taken from a woman's pseudonymous autobiography, the movie doesn't dramatize Caddie's life; she just stays on her treadmill, and we never learn anything of how she feels. The audience has every reason to think, Why was a movie made about her? Every time we get interested in someone who crosses Caddie's path—the snappy barmaid Josie (Jacki Weaver), the brash, flippant bookie Ted (Jack Thompson, who gives the film a burst of energy), the shy peddler Sonny (Drew Forsythe)—and some interaction seems possible, the character promptly drops out of the picture, never to return. With Takis Emmanuel as the boring, gentlemanly Greek. Directed by Donald Crombie, from Joan Long's adaptation. (Thalia; Aug. 20-21.)

La Cage aux Folles (1979)—A brilliant comedy about a pair of aging homosexuals, one of whom has had a son; the son is eager to marry, his fiancée is extremely conventional, and her family wishes to make the acquaintance of his family. Trouble in paradise, here known as Saint-Tropez. Edouard Molinaro directed, with Michel Serrault and Ugo Tognazzi. In French. (Eastside Cinema, and Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ New Yorker; through Aug. 12. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; starting Aug. 13.)

Cat People—Working with his team—the visual consultant Ferdinando Scarfiotti, the cinematographer John Bailey, and the composer Giorgio Moroder—the director Paul Schrader is perfecting an apocalyptic swank. Each shot looks like an album cover for records you don't ever want to play. The picture has all the furnishings for a religious narrative about Eros and Thanatos, but what's going on is that Nastassia Kinski and Malcolm McDowell—the sister and brother with black leopards inside them—are jumping out of their skins and leaving little puddles of guck behind. The obscure proceedings are often ludicrous, yet you don't get to pass the time by laughing, because it's all so queasy and so confusingly put together that you feel shut out. You're brought into the film only by the camera tricks or the special-effects horrors, or, perhaps, the nude scenes. With John Heard, Annette O'Toole, Ruby Dee, and Ed Begley, Jr. From a script by Alan Ormsby. (5/3/82) (Olympia Quad; through Aug. 12.)

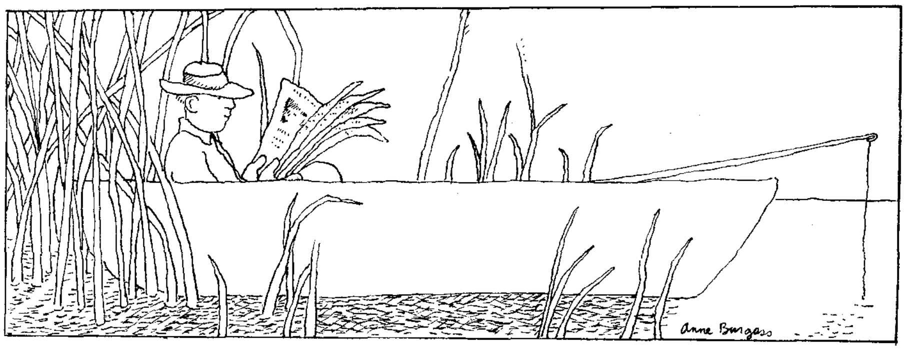
A Day at the Races (1937)—The Marx Brothers in a sort of morning after to "A Night at the Opera." It has something to do with a sanatorium, a group of bankers, a blond siren, and a steeplechase. Groucho is Hugo Z. Hackenbush, a horse doctor posing as a fashionable neurologist. ("Either this man is dead or my watch has stopped.") He shuffles off with the picture. (Groucho's rendezvous with the big, beautiful blonde—Esther Muir—is interrupted by paperhangers. "This is the worst insult I've ever had in my life," she announces. "Well, it's only eight o'clock," replies Groucho.) The total effect is that of highly satisfying derangement; it's not up to "Opera" or "Duck Soup," but it's better than just about everything else they did—though "A Night in Casablanca" has its moments. The Brothers are fortified by Margaret Dumont; the cast also includes Maureen O'Sullivan, Allan Jones, Douglass Dumbrille, and Sig Rumann; the teen-age Dorothy Dandridge may be glimpsed among the kids in the "All God's Chillun Got Rhythm" number, and the singer is Ivie Anderson. Sam Wood directed, from a script by Robert Pirosh, George Seaton, and George Oppenheimer. (Film Forum; Aug. 19-21.)

Diner—A wonderful movie, set in Baltimore, in 1959. Five or six young men in their early twenties who've known each other since high school still cling to their late-night bull sessions at the diner—where, magically, they always seem to have plenty to talk about. It's like a comedy club—they take off from each other, and their conversations are all overlapping jokes that are funny without punch lines. They can sound worldly and sharp, but when these boys are out with girls they're nervous, constricted, fraudulent, half crazy. Written and directed by Barry Levinson, "Diner" is a great period piece—a look at middle-class relations between the sexes just before the sexual revolution. It features some of the best young actors in the country: Mickey Rourke, Ellen Barkin, Daniel Stern, Kevin Bacon, Steve Guttenberg, Paul Reiser, and Timothy Daly. (4/5/82) (Loews Tower East, Waverly, Festival, and New Yorker.)

Diva—An up-to-the-minute romantic thriller from France, made by a new director, Jean-Jacques Beineix, who has a fabulous camera technique and understands the pleasures to be had from a picture that doesn't take itself too seriously. The diva is an awesomely beautiful black American soprano (Wilhelmenia Fernandez) who refuses to make recordings. Frédéric Andrei is the wide-eyed eighteen-year-old postal messenger who adores her; he sneaks his Nagra tape machine into her concert in Paris so he'll be able to listen to her at home—and all hell breaks loose around him. The unfazable heroine (the fourteen-year-old Thuy An Luu) is a post-Godardian tootsie—in her short-short skirts and transparent plastic coat she's a lollipop wrapped in cellophane. The film may remind you of Welles' "Touch of Evil;" it's Welles romanticized, packaged. It's a mixture of style and chic hanky-panky, but it's genuinely sparkling. In French. (4/19/82) (Plaza.)

E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial—Steven Spielberg's movie is bathed in warmth and it seems to clear all the bad thoughts out of your head. It's the story of a ten-year-old boy, Elliott, who feels fatherless and lost because his parents have separated, and who finds a miraculous friend—an alien inadvertently left on Earth by a visiting spaceship. This fusion of science fiction and mythology is emotionally rounded and complete; it reminds you of the goofiest dreams you had as a kid, and rehabilitates them. It puts a spell on the audience; it's genuinely entrancing. The stars are Henry Thomas, as Elliott, and E.T., who was designed by Carlo Rambaldi. With Drew Barrymore, Robert Macnaughton, Dee Wallace, and Peter Coyote. The script is by Melissa Mathison. (6/14/82) (Bay Cinema, Loews New York Twin, and Movieland.)

Last Tango in Paris (1972)—Exploitation films



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had been supplying mechanized sex—sex as physical stimulant but without passion or emotional violence. Then, in this film, Bernardo Bertolucci used sex to express the characters' drives. Marlon Brando, as the aging American, Paul, is working out his aggression on the young bourgeois French girl, Jeanne (Maria Schneider), and the physical menace of sexuality that is emotionally charged is such a departure from everything that audiences had come to expect at the movies that the film created a sensation. It's a bold and imaginative work—a great work. When Brando improvises within Bertolucci's structure, his full art is realized; his performance is intuitive, rapt, princely. Working with Brando, Bertolucci achieves realism with the terror of actual experience still alive on the screen. With Jean-Pierre Léaud, Massimo Girotti, Catherine Allegret, and Maria Michi. Script by Bertolucci and the editor, Franco Arcalli; cinematography by Vittorio Storaro; music by Gato Barbieri; production design by Ferdinando Scarfiotti. In French and English. (D. W. Griffith; starting Aug. 19.)

Lust for Life (1956)—Unlike the usual Hollywood lives of artists, this biographical movie about Vincent van Gogh (Kirk Douglas) and his loneliness and his frustrated attempt at friendship with Gauguin (Anthony Quinn) is thoughtful, ambitious in a dedicated way, and remarkably free of howlers. Perhaps just because it is so concerned with fidelity to the facts, it's less exciting than one might hope; something seems to be missing (a unifying dramatic idea, perhaps), but it's far from a disgrace, and the performers are never an embarrassment. The cast includes James Donald as Theo, Pamela Brown, Henry Daniell, Lionel Jeffries, Jill Bennett, Everett Sloane, Niall MacGinnis, Isobel Elsom, Laurence Naismith, Madge Kennedy, and Noel Purcell. A team of art directors worked out locations (in France and Holland) and interiors that relate to the paintings, many of which are shown. Vincente Minnelli directed for M-G-M, in CinemaScope and color; John Houseman produced; Norman Corwin adapted Irving Stone's best-selling biography; Freddy Young and Russell Harlan were the cinematographers; Miklos Rozsa did the music. Quinn took the Academy Award for Best Supporting Actor. (Film Forum; Aug. 15-16.)

Mephisto—István Szabó's indictment of a soulless actor, Hendrik Höfgen (played by Klaus Maria Brandauer), who, because he wants to go on performing, truckles to those in power and becomes the leading actor in Nazi Germany. Szabó sets up the willful, unpredictable Höfgen as a symbolic actor—a man who is merely the sum of the roles he plays offstage and on, and at the outset Brandauer suggests an *enfant terrible*, a baby-faced killer-genius, like the young Orson Welles. Höfgen isn't allowed to be a great actor, though, and he seems too small for the epic scale of the attack. The picture is like "Citizen Kane" with somebody like John Dean at the center. With Rolf Hoppe as the General, a Göring-like figure, and the superb, feline Karin Boyd as Höfgen's dancer mistress, and a multinational cast—some of them dubbed. In German. (5/17/82) (Cinema 3.)

Midnight Cowboy (1969)—Jon Voight as Joe Buck, a dishwasher from a small town in Texas who hopes to make a living in New York by servicing rich women, and Dustin Hoffman as Ratso Rizzo, the crippled petty thief and con man he meets. The director, John Schlesinger, uses fast cutting and tricky camerawork to provide a satirical background as enrichment of the story, but the satire is offensively inaccurate—it cheapens the story and gives it a veneer of almost hysterical cleverness. The point of the movie must be to offer us some insight into the two derelicts—two of the many kinds of dreamers and failures in the city. But Schlesinger keeps pounding away at America, determined to expose how horrible its inhabitants are—he dehumanizes the people Joe Buck and Ratso are part of. If he could extend the same sympathy to the other Americans that he extends to them, the picture might make better sense. The spray of venom is just about overpowering, yet the two actors and the simple "Of Mice and Men" kind of relationship at the heart of the story save the picture. Hoffman's raspy voice and jumpy walk and Jon Voight's pallor and blue eyes and hurt, bewildered stare give a core of feeling. With Brenda Vaccaro, Sylvia Miles, John McGiver, Barnard Hughes, Ruth White, Gil Rankin, Jennifer Salt, Anthony Holland, Bob Balaban, Viva, Taylor Mead, Paul Morrissey, Ultra Violet, Paul Jabara, and International Velvet. From James Leo Herlihy's novel, adapted by Waldo Salt; cinematography by Adam Holender. (Film Forum; Aug. 17-18.)

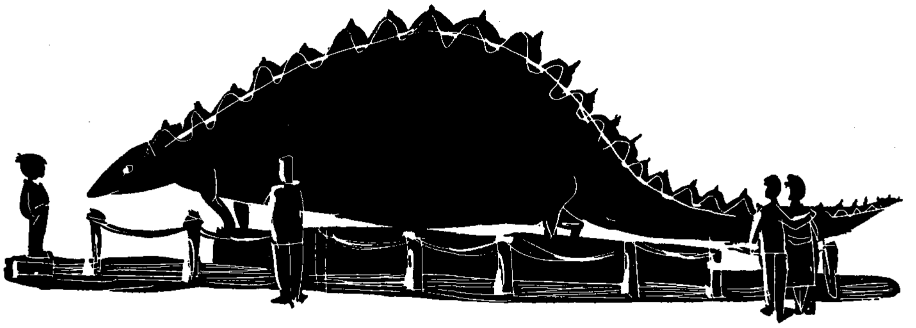
A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy—Woody Allen's overrefined reworking of Bergman's "Smiles of a Summer Night;" it has a meticulous art atmosphere and Mendelssohn on track. This time, it's an American weekend in the country, early in the century, and Woody Allen is the host; he works on Wall Street but dabbles in inventions—small, winged contraptions for flying, and mystical devices such as a "spirit ball" for getting through to the other, unseen world. Mary Steenburgen plays his wife, and the guests are José Ferrer, a pompous genius professor who is a free thinker in sexual matters but is contemptuous of psychic research; Mia Farrow, the prof's glamorous young fiancée; Tony Roberts, a lecherous doctor; and Julie Hagerty as a nurse who's the most trusting and gullible of all human creatures, and is avid for sex (she's the best thing in the movie). The group is rather amusing, but the talk seems somnambulistic and nothing really develops. Woody Allen is trying to please, but his heart isn't in it, and his talent isn't, either. He is so much a man of our time that his comedy seems denatured in this classy, period setting. (7/26/82) (R.K.O. Century Art, Beekman, and Cinema Studio. . . . ¶ Loews 34th Street Showplace; through Aug. 12.)

The Misfits (1961)—An erratic, sometimes personal-in-the-wrong-way, and generally unlucky picture that is often affecting. Arthur Miller wrote the screenplay (from a story he'd published in *Esquire*) about contemporary cowboys—"misfits" in the film's symbolism—who hunt down wild horses and sell them to be butchered for dog food. Marilyn Monroe is a lonely, emotionally unstable divorcée who is deeply upset by the men's determination to capture the horses. Monroe had never worked her vulnerability so excessively before; the film has an uncomfortable element of fake psychodrama—she's pushy about her own sensitivity. Clark Gable plays an aging cowhand who falls in love with her, and Montgomery Clift is particularly engaging in the smaller role of a cowhand-rodeo rider with mother troubles. If there is a right tone in which to play the Miller script, the director, John Huston, doesn't find it. Much publicity attended the making of the film (in Nevada); it was plagued by delays caused by Monroe's psychiatric disorders, and these delays, plus the heat and the arduous actions required of him, are widely believed to have caused Gable's heart attack and death just after shooting was finished. At a final cost of four million dollars, it was one of the most expensive black-and-white movies made up to that time. The score is by Alex North; the cinematography is by Russell Metty. With Eli Wallach, Thelma Ritter, Kevin McCarthy, Marietta Tree, James Barton, and Estelle Winwood. (Film Forum; Aug. 17-18.)

My Dinner with André—It's like a mad tea party or a mad, modern platonic dialogue about the meaning of life. Self-effacingly directed, by Louis Malle, it creates the illusion that we are simply listening in on a dinnertime conversation between the playwright Wallace Shawn and the former avant-garde theatre director André Gregory. Wally persuades André to tell him what he has been up to, and the suave, hawklike André, a crackpot glittery-eyed charmer, pours out the record of his transcendental experiences in Poland, in Scotland, in India and Tibet, in the Sahara, and even in Montauk, where he was buried alive in a death-and-rebirth ceremony. What he acts out for us is the questing that has torn so much of the modern theatre apart. When Wally, the pragmatist and sensualist begins to talk, he plays warthog to André's soaring flights of mysticism. They're perfect foils. This is a bizarre and surprisingly entertaining satirical comedy: the story of the search beyond theatre turned into theatre—or, at least, into a movie. (1/4/82) (Lincoln Plaza.)

A Night at the Opera (1935)—The Marx Brothers sometimes said that this was their best film; it isn't, but it was their greatest hit. Two beautifully stuffed American targets—grand opera and high society—are left dismantled, flapping like scarecrows. (If you ever could listen to "Il Trovatore" with a straight face, you can never do so again.) Many writers have tried to analyze Marx Brothers wit, coming up with little monographs on "dissociated thinking," "disguised social protest," or "commedia dell'arte." Think about it too much and sanity, like a lettuce leaf, begins to wilt and curl at the edges. The Marx Brothers keep turning corners you didn't know were there, and while you're trying to break down the content of lines like Groucho's "You big bully, why are you hitting that little bully?," you miss the series of non sequiturs that are piling up on top of it. George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind did the script, from a story by James Kevin McGuinness, with additional material by Al Boasberg; Sam Wood directed. The cast includes Groucho's perennial grande-dame inamorata, Margaret Dumont, the most stately of stooges. (Her smirking dowager is rather like a comic derivative of Edna Purviance in Chaplin's movies.) There are also the vocalizing lovers, Kitty Carlisle and Allan Jones, whom Irving Thalberg, the producer and a master diagnostician of popular taste, put in for people (*what* people?) to "identify with," and the cruel villain, Walter Woolf King. (Incredible as it may seem, the banal romantic melodrama that intermittently wrecks the movie proved sound at the box office.) This comedy has its classic sequence: the stateroom scene, which is widely regarded as the funniest five minutes in screen history. It will sustain you through the dreadful duets. With Sig Rumann. (Film Forum; Aug. 19-21.)

Poltergeist—Steven Spielberg's suburban gothic about a family besieged by nasty, prankish ghosts is no more than an entertaining hash designed to spook you. It's "The Amityville Horror" done with insouciance and high-toned special effects. Because Spielberg is a dedicated craftsman and a wit, he can make a much better low-grade, adolescent entertainment than most directors. If the picture succeeds to a degree, it's because of the warmth of the family. The cool, jazzy mother (Jobeth Williams) and the blandly handsome father (Craig T. Nelson) are terrific, groovy people—they're kids at heart. The four-feet-three-inch actress Zelda Rubinstein, as the psychic Tangina who comes to "cleanse" the house, gives the movie new life and makes a



large chunk of it work. With Beatrice Straight, who, as a doctor of parapsychology, bores the audience blind, and, as the two younger kids, Oliver Robins and Heather O'Rourke. The credits indicate that Tobe Hooper is the director, but Spielberg wrote the initial story, rewrote the other writers' work on the script, storyboarded the shots, produced the picture, and supervised the final edit. It appears that he also took over, in considerable part, on the set. (6/14/82) (Manhattan, and Embassy. . . . ¶ Greenwich Playhouse; through Aug. 12. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; starting Aug. 13.)

RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK (1981)—Steven Spielberg directed this high-powered cliff-hanger about the exploits of Indiana Jones (Harrison Ford), an adventurer-archeologist. The time is 1936, and Indy, working for the United States government, is trying to find the Ark of the Covenant (a chest holding the broken stone tablets of the Ten Commandments) ahead of his arch-enemy, the suave, amoral Belloq (Paul Freeman), who is in cahoots with the Nazis. Hitler means to use the Ark's invincible powers to lay waste opposing armies and proclaim himself the Messiah. Conceived by George Lucas, the picture is an amalgam of Lucas's follies—plot for its own sake, dissociated from character or drama; the affectless heroine, Marion (Karen Allen), who's a tougher version of Princess Leia in "Star Wars" (see below)—and effects that Spielberg the youthful magician has already dazzled us with. Kinesthetically, the film gets to you, but there's no exhilaration, and no surge of feeling at the end. It seems to be edited for the maximum number of showings per day. With John Rhys-Davies as Sallah, Ronald Lacey as Toht, and Denholm Elliott. Cinematography by Douglas Slocombe; score by John Williams. Written by Lawrence Kasdan, from a story idea worked up by Lucas and Philip Kaufman. (6/15/81) (Embassy 1. . . . ¶ Greenwich Playhouse; starting Aug. 13.)

RAMPARTS OF CLAY (1971)—Jean-Louis Bertuccelli directed this quietly impressive study of a strike in a Tunisian village on the edge of the Sahara and the way it radicalizes a young illiterate girl. Adapted from Jean Duvignaud's book "Change at Shebika." Shot in Algeria. In Berber. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 17.)

REDS—Warren Beatty, who was the producer, the director, and the co-writer (with Trevor Griffiths), also plays the hero, the American journalist John Reed, who took part in the Bolshevik Revolution and wrote "Ten Days That Shook the World." Diane Keaton plays Reed's wife, the independent-minded Louise Bryant. The film, which runs three hours and twenty minutes, is conceived as a love story set against a background of bohemian living and revolutionary fervor. But the writers didn't work out a scrutable character for Louise. The subject—the romantic life of an American Communist—may be daring, but the moviemaking is extremely traditional. With Jack Nicholson as Eugene O'Neill, and Gene Hackman, Paul Sorvino, the novelist Jerzy Kosinski as Zinoviev, Edward Herrmann, and Max Wright. Best of all: Maureen Stapleton as Emma Goldman, and a group of contemporaries of the Reeds (e.g., Rebecca West, Hamilton Fish), who appear in documentary interviews as "witnesses." Cinematography by Vittorio Storaro. (12/21/81) (Olympia Quad; Aug. 17-19.)

ROCKY III—Whatever oddball charm and silliness the first "Rocky" had is long gone. "Rocky III" starts with the hyped climax of "II" and then just keeps going on that level. The movie really works you over. You're pummelled by the noise and the rock music and the images of bodies being whammed. The first "Rocky" was primitive in a relatively innocent way. This picture is primitive, but it's also shrewd and empty and inept. Written and directed by its star, Sylvester Stallone; with Carl Weathers, whose physique makes Rocky look like a lump, and who gives a likable, unaffected performance; an actor called Mr. T as Clubber Lang; and Burgess Meredith, Talia Shire, and Burt Young. (5/31/82) (72nd Street East, and R.K.O. Century National Twin; through Aug. 12. . . . ¶ U. A. 85th St. East; Aug. 13-19. . . . ¶ Criterion Theatres; starting Aug. 13, tentative.)

SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER (1977)—How the financially pinched seventies generation that grew up on TV attempts to find its own forms of beauty and release. John Travolta plays Tony,

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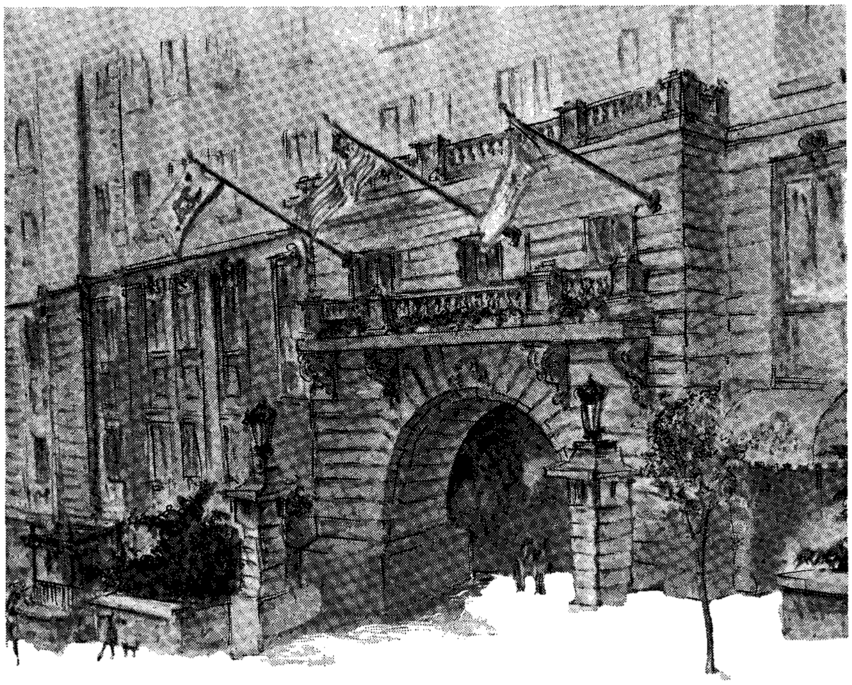

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

a nineteen-year-old Italian Catholic who works selling paint in a hardware store in Brooklyn's Bay Ridge; on Saturday nights he's off to the local disco dream palace, where he's the champion dancer. It's Tony's pent-up physicality—his needing to dance, his becoming himself only when he dances—that draws us into the pop rapture of this film. The mood, the beat, and the trance rhythm are so purely entertaining, and Travolta is such an original presence, that a viewer spins past the crudeness in the script (by Norman Wexler, based on Nik Cohn's June 7, 1976, *New York* cover story, "Tribal Rites of the New Saturday Night"). Karen Lynn Gorney plays opposite Travolta as Stephanie, who is trying to climb out of Brooklyn and onto Manhattan, which is seen as the magic isle of opportunity—not ironically but with the old Gershwin spirit. Young moviegoers saw themselves expressed in this film, as earlier generations had seen themselves in "The Wild One," "Rebel Without a Cause," "The Graduate," and "Easy Rider;" Travolta became a national cult hero, almost overnight. John Badham directed. With Donna Pescow, Fran Drescher, Barry Miller, Joseph Cali, Paul Pape, Bruce Ornstein, Martin Shakar, Julie Bovasso, Val Bisoglio, and Monti Rock III. The music is by Barry, Robin, and Maurice Gibb, with additional music by David Shire; choreography by Lester Wilson; cinematography by Ralf D. Bode. (Regency; Aug. 17-18.)

STAR TREK II: THE WRATH OF KHAN—Wonderful dumb fun. The director, Nicholas Meyer, hits just the right amused, slightly self-mocking note in the opening scenes, and the same actors who looked flabby and embarrassed in the 1979 "Star Trek—The Motion Picture" turn into a troupe of confident, witty professionals. The prim, smug Admiral Kirk (William Shatner) takes a three-week cruise on his old starship, the Enterprise, encountering his old enemy, the maniacal Khan (Ricardo Montalban), and wakes up. Montalban plays his fiery villainy to the hilt; his bravado is grandly comic. The regulars are all present: Mr. Spock, "Bones" McCoy, Sulu, Uhura, Scotty, and the fuddled Chekov. And the crew has acquired the voluptuous, half Vulcan Saavik, played by Kirstie Alley. Such guest performers as Paul Winfield, Bibi Besch, and Judson Scott shine in their roles, and DeForest Kelley makes the prickly Bones more crisply funny than he used to be; his performance helps to compensate for the disappointment of Leonard Nimoy's ashen, dried-out Spock. By the end, all the large, sappy, satisfying emotions get through to you. (6/28/82) (Embassy.)

STAR WARS (1977)—As of now, the biggest box-office success in movie history—probably because for young audiences it's like getting a box of Cracker Jack that is all prizes. Written and directed by George Lucas, the film is enjoyable in its own terms, but it's exhausting, too: like taking a pack of kids to the circus. There's no breather in the picture, no lyricism; the only attempt at beauty is in the image of a double sunset. The loudness, the smash-and-grab editing, and the relentless pacing drive every idea from your head, and even if you've been entertained, you may feel cheated of some dimension—a sense of wonder, perhaps. It's an epic without a dream. Maybe the only real inspiration involved was to set its sci-fi galaxy in the pop-culture past, and to turn old-movie ineptness into conscious Pop Art. And maybe there's a touch of genius in keeping the film so consistently what it is, even if this is the genius of the plodding. Lucas has got the tone of bad movies down pat: you never catch the actors deliberately acting badly; they just seem to be bad actors, on contract to Monogram or Republic, their klunky enthusiasm polished at the Ricky Nelson school of acting. In a gesture toward equality of the sexes, the high-school-cheerleader princess-in-distress (played by Carrie Fisher) talks tomboy-tough—Terry Moore with spunk. (Is it because the picture is synthesized from the mythology of serials and old comic books that it didn't occur to anybody that *she* could get the Force?) With Mark Hamill as Luke Skywalker, Harrison Ford as Han Solo, and Alec Guinness as Ben Kenobi. (Loews 34th Street Showplace, and R.K.O. Century National Twin; starting Aug. 13.)

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TALES OF MANHATTAN (1942)—This five-episode film was planned by its producers, Boris Morros and S. P. Eagle (Sam Spiegel), as a flamboyant, star-filled, gimmicky package. Ten top screenwriters, including Ben Hecht, Donald Ogden Stewart, and Ferenc Molnár, concocted this script (which resembles a series of O. Henry rejects), and the performers include Charles Boyer, Henry Fonda, Paul Robeson, Rita Hayworth, Edward G. Robinson, Ginger Rogers, Charles Laughton, Ethel Waters, Roland Young, Thomas Mitchell, James Gleason, Cesar Romero, Gail Patrick, Elsa Lanchester, Victor Francen, Eddie Anderson, Eugene Pallete, George Sanders, Harry Davenport, Christian Rub, and the Hall Johnson Choir. The story is about the jacket of a full-dress suit; as this tailcoat, cursed by its cutter, passes from one owner to the next, it changes the luck of those who handle it. One director, Julien Duvivier, wrestled with the hyperactive, overextended vignettes, bringing the film a gaudy unity, but not a single episode is convincing on any level. The Edward G. Robinson portion has, at least, a little suspense and irony; in competition for the most embarrassing section are the ones with Laughton as a symphony conductor and a miracle featuring Robeson and Waters. (Regency; Aug. 15-16.)

TESS (1980)—Roman Polanski's version of Thomas Hardy's "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" is textured and smooth and even, with lateral compositions subtly flowing into each other; the sequences are beautifully structured, and the craftsmanship is hypnotic. But the picture is tame. There's a visual passion in Hardy when he describes the Wessex countryside; Polanski's tastefully cropped compositions and unvaried pacing make nature proper. For a reader, the shock of the 1891 book is that Tess isn't simply a woman at the mercy of men, society, and nature; she's also at the mercy of her own passions. Polanski's Tess (the lovely young Nastassia Kinski, seventeen when she played the role) is strictly a victim of men and social conventions. The film takes a sympathetic, feminist position toward her—in a narrow and demeaning sense. She isn't a protagonist; she is merely a hapless, frail creature, buffeted by circumstances. And Kinski—a soft, European gamine—isn't rooted in the earth of England or any other country; she's a hothouse flower who manages the West Country sounds in a small, uninflected schoolgirl voice. She's affecting and sensitive, but she's in the wrong movie. With fine performances by Leigh Lawson as Alec and Peter Firth as Angel Clare, and amazingly sharp, clear performances by John Collin as the drunken Durbeyfield, Tony Church as Parson Tringham, and by just about everyone else in the supporting cast. Made in English; shot in France, with cinematography by Geoffrey Unsworth and Ghislain Cloquet. (2/2/81) (Olympia Quad; starting Aug. 20.)

VICTOR/VICTORIA—The writer-director Blake Edwards' rough-and-tumble boudoir farce centers on Julie Andrews as Victoria, an English singer stranded in Paris in 1934, who pretends to be a man so that she can get work as a female impersonator. Edwards pulls laughs with the crudest setups and the moldiest, most cynical dumb jokes. This is an audience pleaser in the worst sense. As an aging homosexual entertainer who trains Victoria to pass as Victor, Robert Preston plays a sentimental stereotype so heartily and likably that he redeems the musty material. James Garner is a night-club owner from Chicago, and, as the girlfriend he discards when he falls for Victoria, Lesley Ann Warren, gone blond, does dippy, exaggerated versions of Jean Harlow's nasal petulance. She's a comic-strip eccentric, and you feel her sweetness, but Edwards makes her into a nasty, screeching floozy. This picture features speeches about sexual politics that are the latest in show-biz enlightenment; it also features a chorus line that may be the most contemptuous display of women's bodies ever seen in a major-studio movie. With Alex Karras as Garner's bodyguard. The songs by Henry Mancini and Leslie Bricusse are bland and forgettable. Based on the 1933 German film comedy "Viktor und Viktoria;" this is at least the fifth version. (5/3/82) (St. Marks Cinema; through Aug. 12.)

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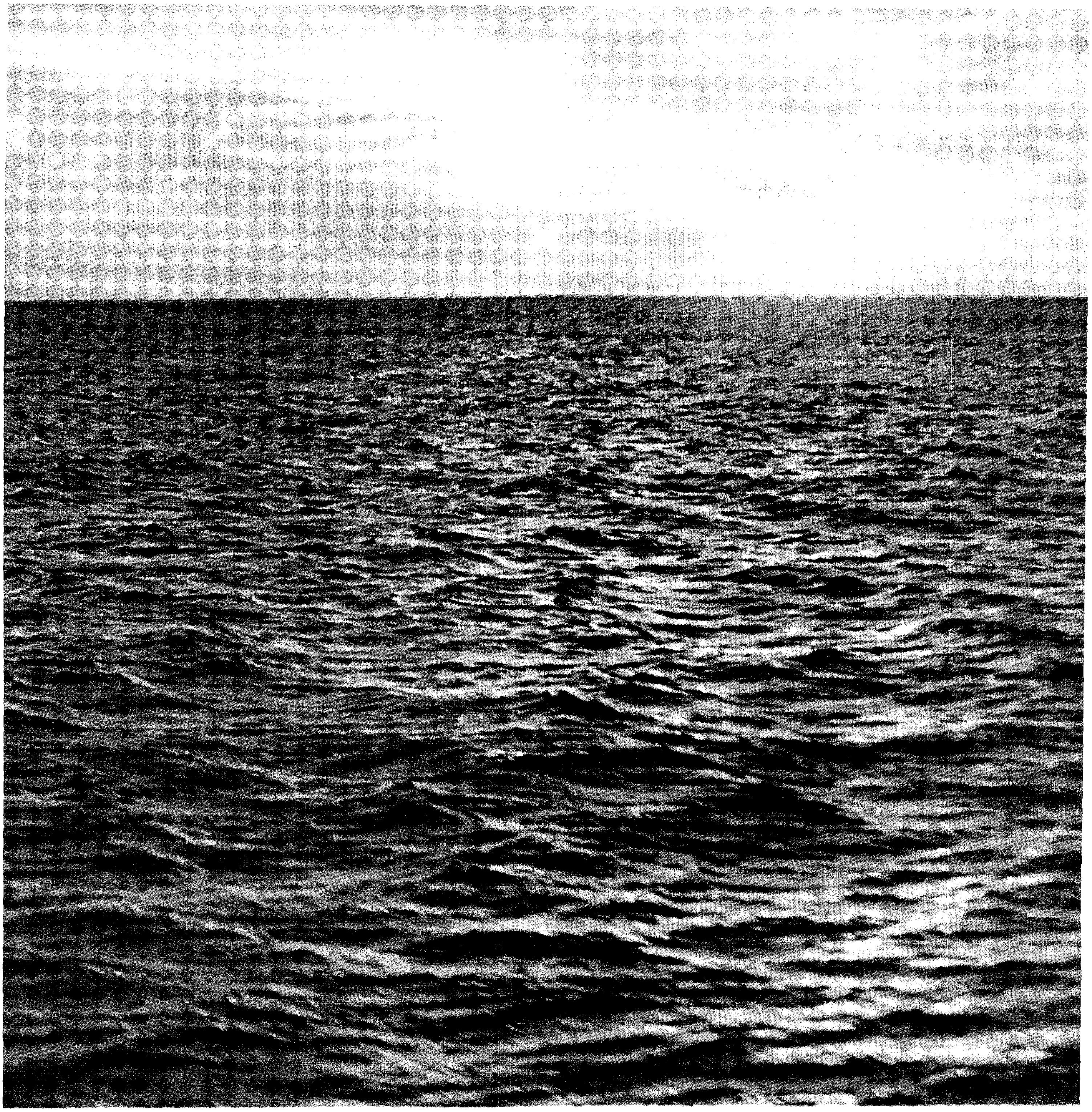
SMIRNOFF® VODKA 80 & 100 PROOF DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. STE. PIERRE SMIRNOFF FLS (DIVISION OF HEUBLEIN, INC.) HARTFORD, CT.—"MADE IN U.S.A."



We're Big

In 1981, for the seventeenth consecutive year, Ford and its affiliates sold more vehicles overseas than any U.S. based manufacturer.* And last year we outsold our nearest competitor by 33%, our biggest lead ever.

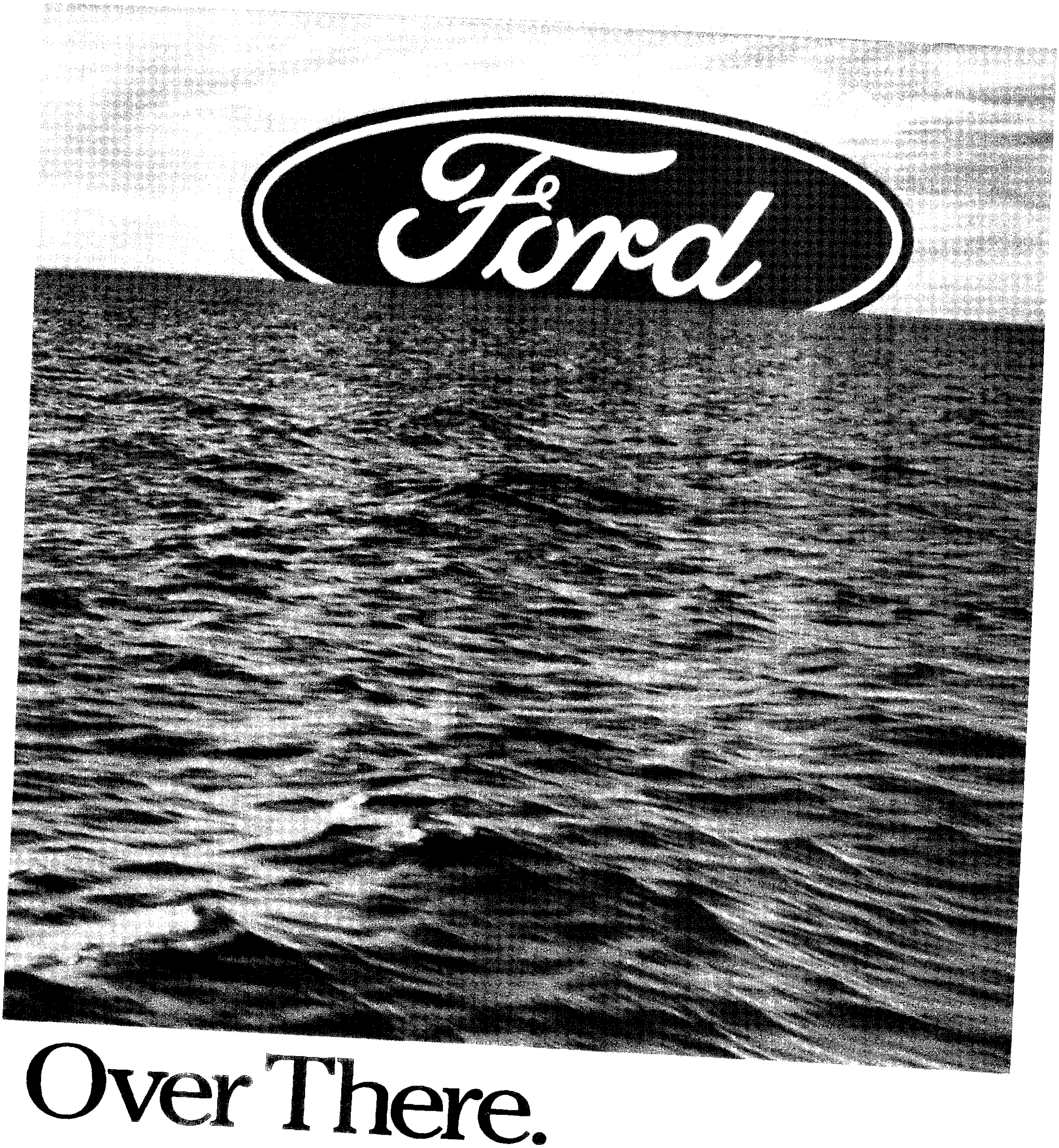
We're big over there. We sold more vehicles outside our home market than any other manufacturer sold outside its home market.

More than General Motors or Toyota or Nissan or Volkswagen or Honda or Mercedes-Benz or Peugeot or Renault or Porsche or Fiat or Volvo.

Here's what being so big over there means for you over here.

Being so big over there gives us a world full of resources. A solid example of our

**All sales estimates are based on production figures for 1981 calendar year.*



Over There.

worldwide expertise is the Ford Escort. It's the best selling car in the world, because some of the best minds in the world helped design, test and perfect it.

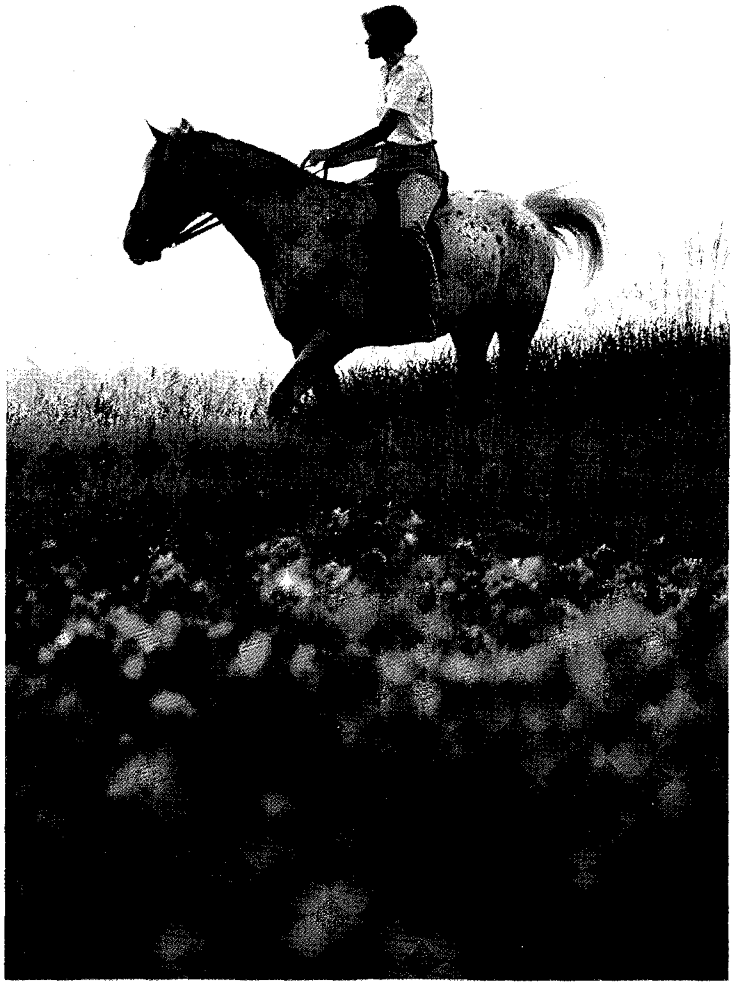
And those minds, here and abroad, also helped design and engineer Escort's CVH 4-cylinder engine and its four wheel fully independent suspension system.

And they're working right now on the cars and trucks you'll be driving tomorrow.

That's why being so big over there helps us to make better cars and trucks over here.

There's A Ford In America's Future.

We can't tell you who banks at Morgan. But we can tell you why.



The reason, in a word, is service.

Continuity of service. It's not unusual, for example, to have the same Morgan bankers handle your personal account for 10 years or more.

The *quality* of the service is special, too, say our clients—individuals with substantial incomes and assets.

More time for you

Many major banks have scores of retail branches. Morgan is not distracted by thousands of small accounts and transactions. Mistakes are a rarity. You're never bothered by long lines. In fact, you always receive individual attention whatever your needs—investing in money-market instruments or tax-exempt securities, sending funds abroad, arranging a loan, or cashing a check.

May we introduce you?

As a client of Morgan Guaranty Trust Company your signature is honored at each of our New York banking offices. Traveling abroad? We can provide you with banking introductions. Our World Check™ Card serves as a practical, personal calling card. It lets you cash your Morgan check at major banks in most countries.

Help with investments

If you have a sizable portfolio, you may want to consult our specialists in investment management and trust administration. We also act as custodian for your securities—collect interest and dividends for immediate credit to your account, carry out your orders to buy or sell, and keep close track of bond maturities, redemption calls, and tender offers.

Once a client...

Your personal banker at Morgan is someone you'll feel comfortable with. Who understands you. Which is another reason our clients stay with us—many for decades. Ask a Morgan Guaranty banker at any of our New York offices for more information: 23 Wall Street, 522 Fifth Avenue at 44th Street, 616 Madison Avenue at 58th Street, 40 Rockefeller Plaza. Or telephone C. Helen Lovell, Vice President, at (212) 997-8178.

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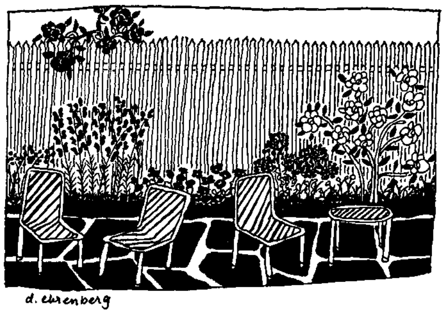
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IN his 1946 essay "Politics and the English Language," George Orwell wrote that "political speech and writing are largely the defense of the indefensible" and consist chiefly of "euphemism, question-begging, and sheer cloudy vagueness." Under the influence of these truth-denying practices, which Orwell catalogued and analyzed in detail, English would ultimately deteriorate, he prophesied, into the ludicrous "Newspeak" described in his novel "Nineteen Eighty-four." This debased language would be used by the government to dispense "prolefeed"—"the rubbishy entertainment and spurious news which the Party handed out to the masses." So well established are the formulas for political obfuscation that it is noteworthy when a new device is introduced, as happened recently with the publication by the Reagan Administration of its midyear economic report. The document sets forth estimates of, among other things, employment levels, economic growth, inflation, and federal-spending deficits over the next few years. It presents far more optimistic projections than those of the Congressional Budget Office and of many independent economists. However, instead of defending its controversial estimates and trying to bolster their credibility, as one would expect, the Administration unveiled a novel forensic technique: the preëmptive self-attack. Its spokesmen, in concert, began disavowing the report even before it was released. That they might do so privately is unsurprising—especially after the admissions last year by the director of the Office of Management and Budget, David Stockman—but that they would do so publicly, and at the highest levels, is little short of astonishing. In any event, instead of presenting the Administration's case, the Secretary of the Treasury, Donald Regan, cancelled his department's usual briefing on the midyear report, and the Secretary of Commerce, Malcolm Baldrige, told reporters that he rejected its major findings as too optimistic. The veneer of sincerity that normally accompanies major government reports was stripped away, in full public view, as these senior officials announced, in effect, "This is what the Administration is saying for the record about the economy, but we don't believe it." By being the first to repudiate its economic report, the Administration has short-circuited debate at least as effectively as if it had declared the document top secret and tried to conceal its existence. Potential critics were instantly silenced, for the Administration's preëmptive self-attack left them nothing to say. Whether this strategy was deliberate or reflected more confusion than design, one can only speculate. What seems clear, though, is that a new means of sidestepping public-policy controversies has been demonstrated. With this stratagem available, officials will no longer have to bluff their way past the flaws in their positions. The Administration has moved beyond "euphemism, question-begging, and sheer cloudy vagueness," and has also surpassed such standard face-saving tactics as championing a constitutional amendment that would mandate a balanced budget while chalking up record deficits. It can just confound everyone by announcing at the outset that its conclusions are specious.



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Vevês

BANNERS called *vevês* are made from drawings done by voodoo priests or priestesses during ceremonies, usually on the ground with cornmeal. The image is laid out in bright beads and sequins on silk or velvet, like a brocade. *Vevês* are not sacred—that is, they are not considered to have any inherent voodoo powers—but are used as decoration at rituals, and each is unique in its design. Nicole Perrau and Philippe Artru, who are French, have been collecting *vevês* made by a Haitian priest named Clotaire Bazile. In their collection are *vevês* representing ten of the twenty-two divinities of Haitian voodoo culture, and a number of these *vevês* are on view in a picture gallery at Central Falls, a restaurant on West Broadway. At the show's preview, Mr. Artru told us that voodoo gods are kind, and protect people, and have great powers of healing. Mr. Artru is tall and thin and speaks with a French accent. He said, "This is a *vevê* of St. Jacques, who represents the fast-spirited nature of man and the ability to change constantly, at times causing heartbreak. This is a *vevê* of Agarou. Agarou is the god of ancestors and watches over all mystical people. This is a *vevê* of Ogou Achade, who can drink a lot and not get drunk and has a great weakness for women. This is Ceremonie Minocan's *vevê*. He is the god of games and gambling. He has the power to see into the future and can be summoned by the use of playing cards. He is found in casinos. Dambalah, whose *vevê* this one is, is the male god of Haiti. He can be found near lakes and trees and is the guardian of all fountains. This is a *vevê* for Dambalah and his mistress, Erzulie. Erzulie emblemizes femininity, beauty, and youth. In Haiti, a man approaching marriage weds Erzulie a week before his own ceremony. If he has bad luck during the week, his wedding is cancelled. If all goes well, it is a sign of good fortune. This is Agou Royo's *vevé*. Agou Royo is the god of the sea. Sailors seeking safe passage throw him presents in the water. He is especially fond of champagne."

Other people present said:

"*Vevés* are very beautiful."

"So mysterious."

"Say—"

"I'll tell you one thing—"

"Freddie just came in."

"The food for this party is perfect. All the fruit. So tropical. You're not supposed to eat a lot when you look at voodoo."

"This is your boyfriend?"

"I work in a gallery on Fifty-seventh Street that people really hate because it makes a lot of money and people think only artists are supposed to make money."

"Bobby wanted to mention somebody for me—he's dear—but I had to say, 'Bobby! *I went out with his younger brother!*' "

"Robert De Niro has a *vevé*. I hear he bought it in Haiti."

"Did we embarrass you?"

"Imagine that in red—"

"Do you have one of these?"

"It's like, it's like—"

"I heard this guy wants to buy all the *vevés*. So I went up to him and I said, 'Are you the guy that's buying the whole show?' And he says, 'How did you know?' So I go, 'It's a big show. Where are you going to put it?' And he puts his arm around me and looks me in the eye and says, 'Houston, Texas.' "

White House Party

A COLLEAGUE given to telegraphic writing, à la Stanley, has turned in this report:

White envelope. "THE WHITE HOUSE" printed in gold in upper left corner. Inside, no fewer than four engraved-*cum*-calligraphic cards. Card One, with Presidential seal:

The President and Mrs. Reagan
request the pleasure of the company of
[me]
on Thursday evening
July 29, 1982
at 9:30 o'clock
Music Black Tie

Card Two, without Presidential seal:

On the occasion of the visit of
Her Excellency
Indira Gandhi
Prime Minister of India

Card Three, with picture of White House and mysterious "RQ" (request?) in top right corner, and marked "NOT TRANSFERABLE," directs me to present it at the Southwest Gate.

Card Four:

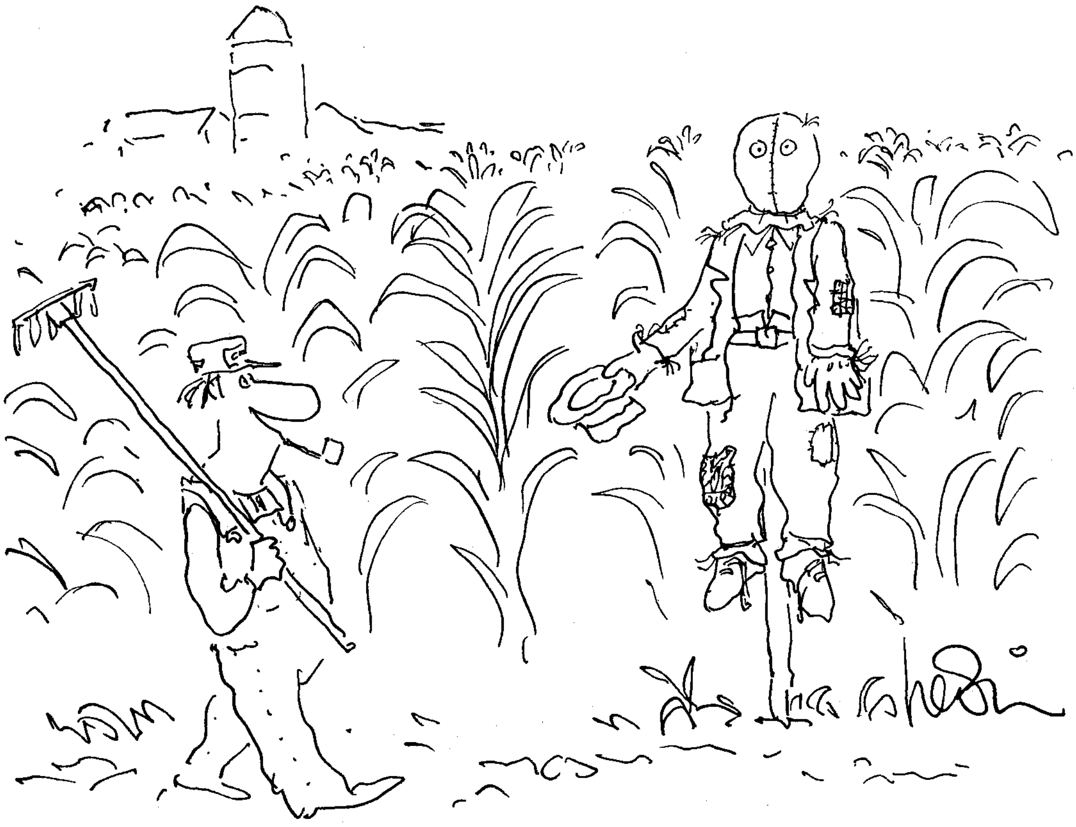
Please respond to
The Social Secretary
The White House
at your earliest convenience
giving date of birth and social security
number
(202) 456-2510

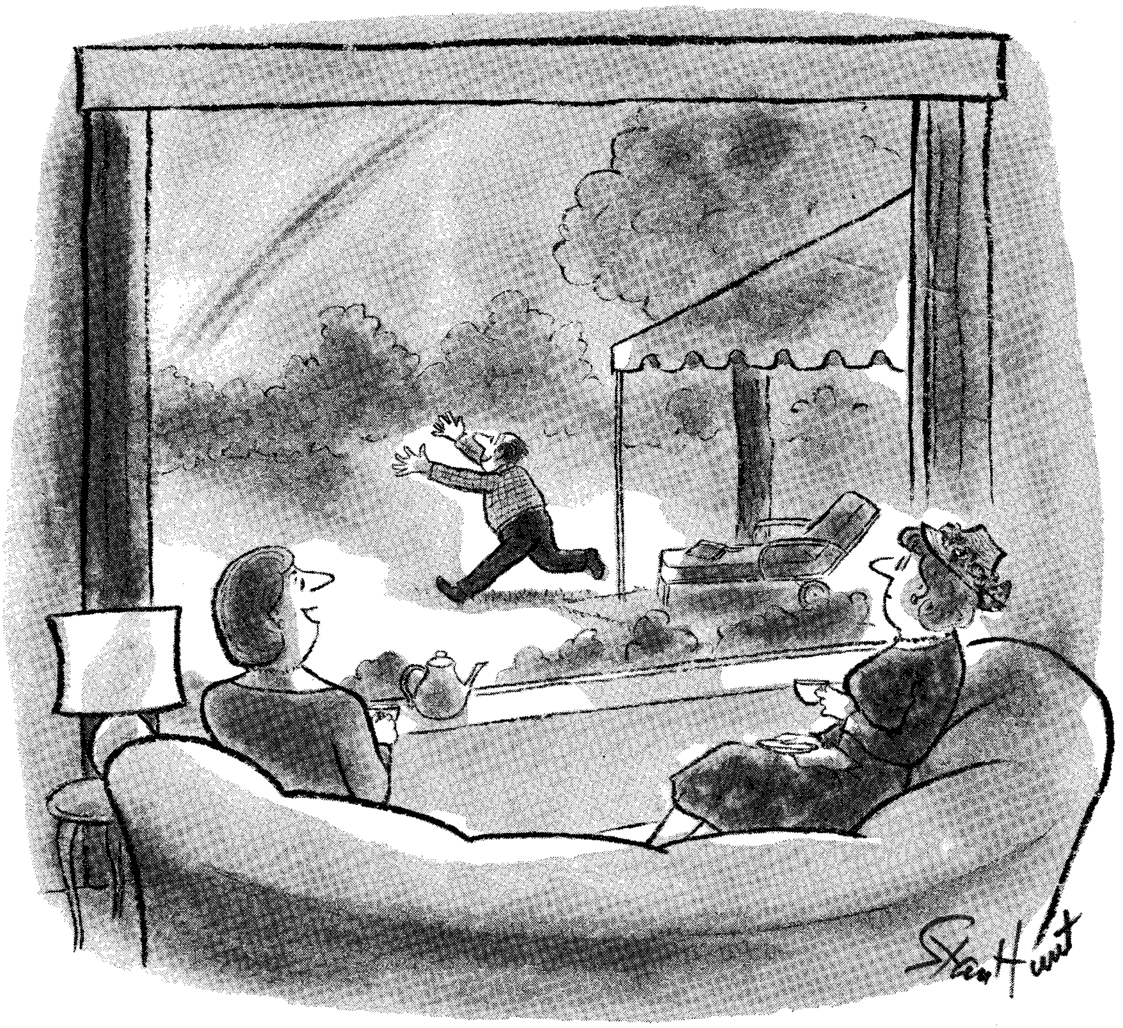
Was brought up to respond to formal invitation with formal third-person letter, but do as I'm bidden, and call the number. Nice-sounding lady in the Calligraphy Department of Social Office answers, introduces self simply as Judy. Asks, "Acceptance or regrets?" Seem to remember that in old days the President's staff would get the acceptance before sending formal invitation, because it was a command, requiring appearance.

"Acceptance, please." Reluctant to divulge birth date and Social Security number but do—no doubt in good cause of Presidential security.

Not sure what I'm invited for at nine-thirty—dinner or only postprandials (know that Indians, like Spaniards, eat on very late side)—but don't ask, for fear of being rude. Check the papers for illumination. Finally, on day of do, get tipoff in *Times* story headlined "NEEDED FOR STATE DINNER: LOGISTICS AND THEN SOME." Notes *en passant* that hundred and sixteen guests invited to sup with strolling musicians at seven-thirty. Damn! Still, it's White House.

Take air shuttle to Washington. Put up at hotel stone's throw from White House. Get a bite. Arrive at Southwest Gate punctually at nine-thirty. Redirected to East Gate, on opposite side—switch probably for security reasons—and there present the "NOT TRANSFERABLE" card. Taken in hand by White House aides and join small crowd of after-dinner guests in formal dress. Dozens of men appear in their shirtsleeves. Surprised, and ask about it. Learn that they are members of New York Philharmonic headed for side lounge for changing, that they will be play-





"One of the reasons I married Buffleton was that he was always chasing rainbows."

• •

ing after dinner under the baton of Zubin Mehta, who's at dinner, and that Mehta was specially chosen by Mrs. Reagan to give an Indian touch. (Mehta retains Indian citizenship.)

Fall in step with friend from Smithsonian, named Dana, who's an after-dinner guest, too. She oohs and ahs at portraits of Presidents, arrangements of flowers, antique furniture.

"I think this is the antique wallpaper that was put in during the Kennedy Administration," Dana says, going up to wall. "Wish I'd brought along a guide to the White House."

Conducted upstairs to Blue Room. Marine Band Orchestra in dress uniform playing subdued show music. No receiving line. White House aide explains President and dinner guests still at table. After-dinner guests mill about.

Coffee, liqueurs, and La Corona cigars brought around.

Dana takes a cigar and asks for Courvoisier. Not available—settles for Cointreau.

Take only coffee. Tastes like instant, but politely drink whole cup.

Shepherded to Green Room. Dinner guests stream in. No sign of the President or Mrs. Gandhi. White House aide explains they and their entourages having coffee and liqueurs privately.

No introductions, but pick out many people (most of them with their wives): Roger Smith, chairman of General Motors; Charles Pilliod, chairman of Goodyear; Richard Madden, C.E.O. of Potlatch Corporation; John Burlingame, C.E.O. of General Electric; S. Dillon Ripley, Secretary of Smithsonian; the collector Dr. Arthur Sackler; Las Vegas entertainer Wayne Newton; wealthy publisher Donald Newhouse; Senator Dole; Senator Percy; Charlotte Ford; Chad Everett; George Shultz; John Updike; and three former Ambassadors to India—Robert Goheen, Ellsworth Bunker, and John Sherman Cooper. (Senator Moynihan, another former Ambassador, noticeably absent.)

Go up to the Goheens. "How were the toasts?"

"Very warm and cordial," Mr. Goheen says. "The President compared Mrs. Gandhi and her family to the Adams family."

"Don't forget that he also compared her to the Boston Brahmins," Mrs. Goheen says.

The Newhouses join us. "Mrs. Gandhi didn't so much make a toast as give a long discourse on problems—on democracy and India, on armaments, on rich and poor countries and the rich and the poor in a country, on technology," Mr. Newhouse says.

"It was at least twice as long as the President's," Mrs. Newhouse says.

White House staff starts moving us along to outside for concert, which is to be held not in Rose Garden, as announced in papers, but on South Lawn. Dana pauses at terrace steps, says, "This is where the President is frequently photographed."

White House aide tells her to hurry along. "We must have everybody seated before the President and his party come," he says.

Lanterns, torches, folding chairs arranged on South Lawn. Sit near back, in front of press people. Too dark to read program, but setting beautiful. Ahead, beyond open shell for orchestra, Washington Monument spectacular. Soft night air. Moon, little over half. Few stars. Some soft white clouds.

"It's a perfect night," Dana says. "It's as if the gods were looking down to create the best of all possible atmospheres for the concert."

Members of Philharmonic, now in white dinner jackets, file past and take seats in shell. Half their usual strength.

Everybody well behaved and quiet.

President Reagan; Mrs. Reagan, in one-shoulder salmon dress; Mrs. Gandhi, in magenta sari; her son, Rajiv—all surrounded by White House aides in formal dress and Indians in white linen Nehru jackets and pajama trousers or in saris—file past and take their seats up front.

The orchestra strikes up the Hornpipe from Handel's "Water Music." Though shell open at top, general sound very good, but horn sounds a little tame. Newspaperwomen behind me ascribe tame sound to humidity of outdoors. After Hornpipe, last movement of Mozart's "Jupiter" Symphony, last movement of Bruch's Violin Concerto No. 1 (the violin solo, by Glenn Dicterow, is outstanding), a Gershwin prelude, and Overture to Beethoven's "Egmont."

President Reagan steps up to podium and, with Mrs. Reagan, Mrs. Gandhi, and Zubin Mehta beside him, says over a public-address system, a little breathlessly but emphatically, some complimentary words about Zubin Mehta's being a global personality and about Citibank: "I want to thank Citibank. Citibank helped to pay for the members of the orchestra to come here and play for us. Citibank is typical of what private organizations can do voluntarily for the society."

The President, Mrs. Reagan, and Mrs. Gandhi file back.

Everybody trails after Presidential party up onto terrace and into Grand Foyer, where Marine Dance Band is playing. Champagne is brought around. Mrs. Gandhi nowhere to be seen, but the President takes a couple of turns on the floor to start off the dancing. He then disappears.

Zubin Mehta standing at edge of foyer with his wife and a young man, whom he introduces as his son from his first marriage. Ask Mehta why no Indian piece.

"I asked Ravi Shankar to come, but he said he would need half an hour just to play one piece through, and half an hour was all that was allotted to us for the concert."

Two Indian men with a lot of military medals go past us, holding hands. One says to other, "It's very graceful here. There is no pushing and shoving."

Higher Education

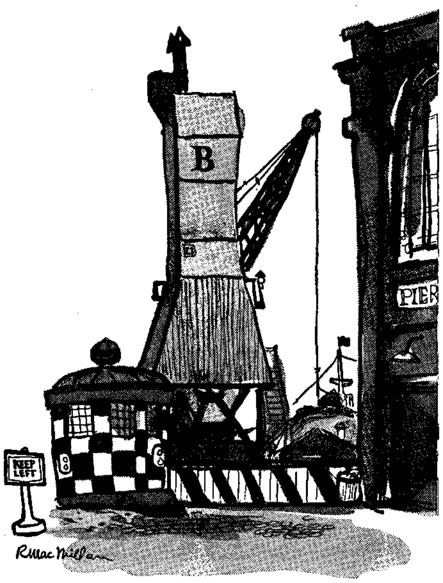
WE know, we know. A little learning can be a dangerous thing. But one morning last week (a slow morning) we counted more than nine hundred private schools, academies, and institutions in the Manhattan phone book, and once that fact was known to us it seemed downright wimpish not to sample a few. We learned the following:

Doe Lang, at Charismedia Services for Comfortable Effective Speaking, asked how many times a minute we breathed. We had to admit we didn't know, so she produced a digital watch and ordered us to start counting.

"Twenty," we told Doe Lang after sixty self-conscious seconds.

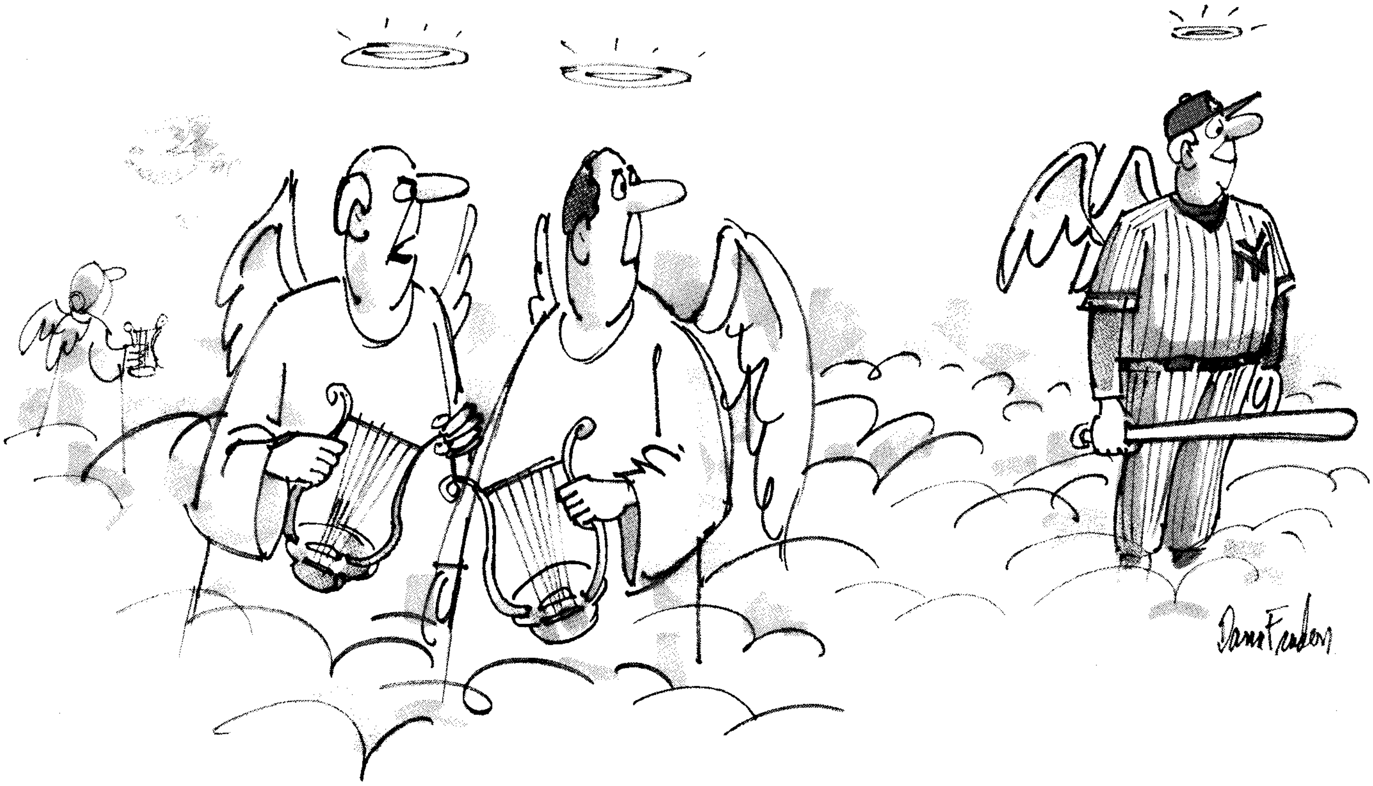
"Most people breathe between twelve and eighteen times a minute," she informed us. "Higher than that is really high stress. If you breathe seven times a minute, or less, you are perceived as more authoritative, more calm, more dynamic, more in control, and more stable—and you are! That's the magical part. Breathing actually changes the state of consciousness you're in." Hence, she said, breathing is a very important part of charisma, along with a lot of other things, such as controlling your nonverbal signals and dealing with your judgmental feelings. Doe Lang should know. Not only was she a very successful television actress (five thousand fans demanded her reinstatement when she was written out of "As the World Turns") but she is also the director of Charismedia Services, which she operates out of a well-appointed West Side office.

"There are eleven kinds of charisma, at least," she told us. "They include political charisma, cumulative charisma, developed charisma, crossover charisma, media-transmitter charisma, and private charisma, which is latent in everybody." Some people—her students—spend a lot of time and money with Doe Lang, learning how to harness and "amplify" their charisma. Other people buy her book, "The Secret of Charisma." Anyway, business is booming. "Since my book came out, there has been a distinct revolution, a shift, in the way people view charisma," she told us. "Last year, it was a very 'out' word—nobody was interested. It had fallen into innocuous desuetude since the 'Camelot' days." When people turn to her for advice, she recommends a number of exercises. Some of the ones listed in her book are the Blah Blah Blissout, the "I Don't Care" Swing, the Pointillist Necklace, the Helium Ball Yawn, the Lazy Lemon, the Chutzpah Elbow Propeller, the Caveman Whump, the Basic Buddha Belly, the Idiot Fingers, the Infinite Shrug, the Rag Doll Shakeout, the People Purr, the Piecemeal Poop-Out, the Instant Vacation, and the Helmet of Hum. Before we left, she showed us a little pick-me-up trick she recommends to her students. "Flick your tongue against the ridge in back of your top front teeth as if you were singing 'la-la-la-la-la'—except you don't have to make any noise. That stimulates your thymus gland and produces a sort of euphoria. Don't you feel good now?" It seemed to us that we did.



The headquarters of the New York School for Jingle Singing are in less impressive quarters, sharing a block with several of the sleazier Times Square porn palaces. But the N.Y.S.J.S. is a professional operation, we concluded after watching the instructor, Barry Gordon, put an advanced evening class through its paces. "A lot of these people are only a year or so away," Barry Gordon said, indicating six singers grouped around a piano in the Angel Sound studio. "The jingle now is really a new art form—there's so much musical sophistication involved. This school is about training people to be qualified and ready to join an élite list of voices that record virtually every important jingle. I would say jingles are a most lucrative field to be in. 'Coke is it'—three notes, a million dollars."

Barry Gordon's charges had spent an hour and a half scat singing; that is to say, perfecting difficult original compositions. Whenever they goofed, he comforted them. "This is hard stuff. When we go back to singing Pepsi, it's going to seem so easy," he said. Barry Gordon, a studio pianist who has written several jingles ("but none that you've ever heard"), told us that most jingles require three or four singers, that New York and Los An-



“I don’t care if he is a baseball immortal. He should wear a robe and carry a harp like the rest of us.”

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geles are the centers of jingle singing but “Atlanta is certainly taking its place within the field,” that Barry Manilow once sang jingles, and that jingle singing may be harder than giving concerts. “When that red light is on, they have to *do it*,” he said. “And in a recording studio the equipment pinpoints intonation. It goes over your voice with a fine-tooth comb.”

When class was over for the evening, we asked one of Gordon’s pupils, Pat Shrude, to play us a tape she has sent around to a number of advertising agencies. The engineer, Sandy Sandoval, jiggled a few switches, and suddenly there was Pat’s voice, singing, “It’s a clean Dial mornin’ and that clean belongs to you!” Her tape also has jingles for *People*, breakfast at McDonald’s, and Folonari wine. “You don’t think about the words after a little while,” she says. “You just go sailing off into the music.” The final jingle on her tape is a perky number that goes like this:

If you want to hear yourself on radio,
Or you want to sing on TV,
Call the New York School for Jingle
  Singing—
It’s the place to be!

A short walk across Times Square and we were in the office of Morris Brownstein, the founder and registrar of the Announcer Training Studios. Morris Brownstein is convinced that some people don’t trust trade schools, and this pains him. “They should investigate some colleges,” he says. “One kid spent thirty-two thousand dollars going to college for four years. He couldn’t find a job. His father didn’t want to spend the thousand eight hundred and ninety-five dollars to send him here. But he finally did, and now the kid has got his first job.” In broadcasting, Morris Brownstein says, nothing counts but ability. “No station gives a damn about what school you went to. They don’t care if you went to Oxford, or if your classmates voted you most popular, or what. When you hear someone on the radio, do you care what school he went to? No! You’ve got fingers. Do you turn him off? That’s what counts.”

Down the hall, Brownstein showed us a beginners’ class learning about speech. A tall, thin man named Noël Thomas, who, according to the school brochure, has voice-overs in I.B.M., A.T.&T., and Chevrolet industrial-training films among his credits, was explaining how sound is produced. “What’s the most important part of your voice? Air. That’s what makes the difference between a voice that sounds like this [thin, with an unattractive edge] and this [rich and booming, as in a voice-over].” Noël told his students to pant several times and then read, from Shakespeare, “O! for a Muse of fire, that would ascend The brightest heaven of invention!” Later, the class repeatedly chanted a poem that included the rhythmic lines “Then along that riverbank A thousand miles Tattooed cannibals danced in files.”

Jerry White, who is a staff announcer for WWDJ (“It’s a born-again station, but I’m the staff agnostic”), was working with a more advanced class in the next room, which was set up to look like a radio studio. Each of eleven students would read the same newscast, break for the same commercial, and return in a moment with the same weather forecast. Often, they would screw up. “Bring in all the ‘g’s that you dropped on the floor,” White growled good-naturedly at one of his charges. “It’s all right to talk like that when you’re a d.j.—‘We’re gonna have a really swingin’ show tonight’—but this is the *news!*”

Another student cued the engineer too feebly.

“*Point* at the *microphone!* Point at it as if you’re accusing it of adultery,” White told the student. “This is show biz,” he told us.

GRAPETTE

MARGARET SEAVER comes around the corner of the swimming pool carrying a paper plate in front of her. On the plate is a frankfurter so big it sticks out both ends of the bun. "I was going to fold it up," she says. "I even tried it, but the thing wouldn't stay put." She reaches into her apron pocket and produces a pink plastic knife-and-fork set, which she presses into my hand. "You can cut off the extra parts if you want." Then she tucks a pink-and-coral party napkin between two buttons of my shirt. "Okeydoke. That ought to fix you." There's a raised line of mustard along her forefinger, which she wipes on her apron. She's fortyish and built like a seal. We're standing on the combed-concrete apron of the Seaver swimming pool, celebrating the seventeenth birthday of Margaret's daughter, Carmel, who's at the opposite end of the pool, surrounded by her friends.

"Here," Margaret says, grabbing her husband's arm as he passes. "Herm, take your old friend to the garage."

Herman paid seventeen thousand dollars for the water-blue Peugeot, a present for his daughter. "It's a beautiful Peugeot," he says proudly.

"Sure is."

"She's a good girl," he says. "She's earned this."

I nod. The garage is amazingly clean; it looks like a living room—windows and a couch, wall-to-wall patio carpet, and in the corner a huge ficus in a crimson plastic pot. "Nice garage," I say, waving my hand too generously, tossing the frankfurter off the plate and under a rear tire of the car.

Herman is a real-estate developer. He's six and a half feet tall, wearing bright-orange slacks with a pleated stretch-waist and no back pockets. His shirt is white knit. Out the garage window I see the teen-agers in their narrow bathing suits clustered around the diving board. "You want me to take that wiener?" Herman points under the Peugeot's rear tire. "You go on back."

He turns along the wall of the house toward the buffet table, and I go between the low, square-cut bushes of the garden to the pool.

Carmel is looking at me over her boyfriend Duane's shoulder. Duane seems to be telling a story; the others are standing and smoking cigarettes and nodding to each other. Carmel's wearing a metallic-finish two-piece swimsuit and jewelry—a tiny gold chain around her waist.

Margaret catches my elbow. "I don't know where she gets those mugs," she says, throwing her head back to indicate the group surrounding her daughter. "Let's have a drink." She leads me to a white iron table with a glass top. "So how's the business?" Margaret says, but before I have a chance to answer, a woman in a black uniform is at the table for instructions. I nod when Margaret points to me and says, "Gin?," then look at the lawn, the pines, the shaped bushes that dot the property. Then I look at Carmel.

I've known her since she was two. When she was thirteen and I was thirty-three, we had a little romance. Margaret and Herman wrote it off as a crush, but I wasn't so sure. Carmel looked twenty then; I took her to galleries and movies, and we slept together. One of Margaret's therapist friends wondered if it was such a good idea to encourage this; I told Herman that it was wearing on me, too.

MARGARET has to take a telephone call inside—the pool phone is out, and Herman's cordless is upstairs in his bath—so I sit at the white table with my gin. Carmel whispers something to Duane and pats his sleek lavender bottom, then joins me.

"I've got to get out of here," she says, pulling a chair around the table so we're sitting side by side. "It's crazy—Herm's crazy for doing it. I don't think Maggie wanted him to do it, but he did anyway. Did you see it, the car?"

"He showed me. It's very nice."

"Jesus." Carmel thumbs her navel, removing a glossy deposit of suntan lotion. "I've only had my license a year."

Since she was thirteen, I haven't seen her more than half a dozen times, and never alone. We stare at her friends. "How's Duane?"

"Duane drips, to the max," she says. "Duane has discovered his immensely gorgeous body and he loves it. You look dumb with a mustache."

"That bad?"

"You could manage a Penney's."

"Anything else?" I turn to look at her face, then her breasts; she doesn't look older than she did four years ago, only smoother.

She smiles and rubs some of the oil off her belly, then wipes her palm on my forearm. "I want a birthday present from you. You know Jeremy Stein? In Herm's office? I was seeing him for a while, but he wanted to get married—can you imagine that? He must've been forty."

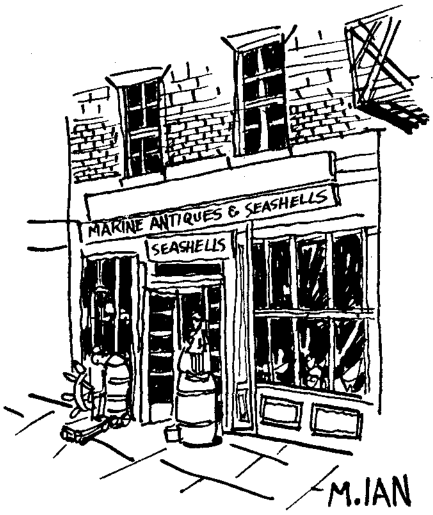
"I'm close," I say, twirling the remaining cube around the wall of my glass.

"Men are dorks at forty. They don't know what's good for them."

"Thanks."

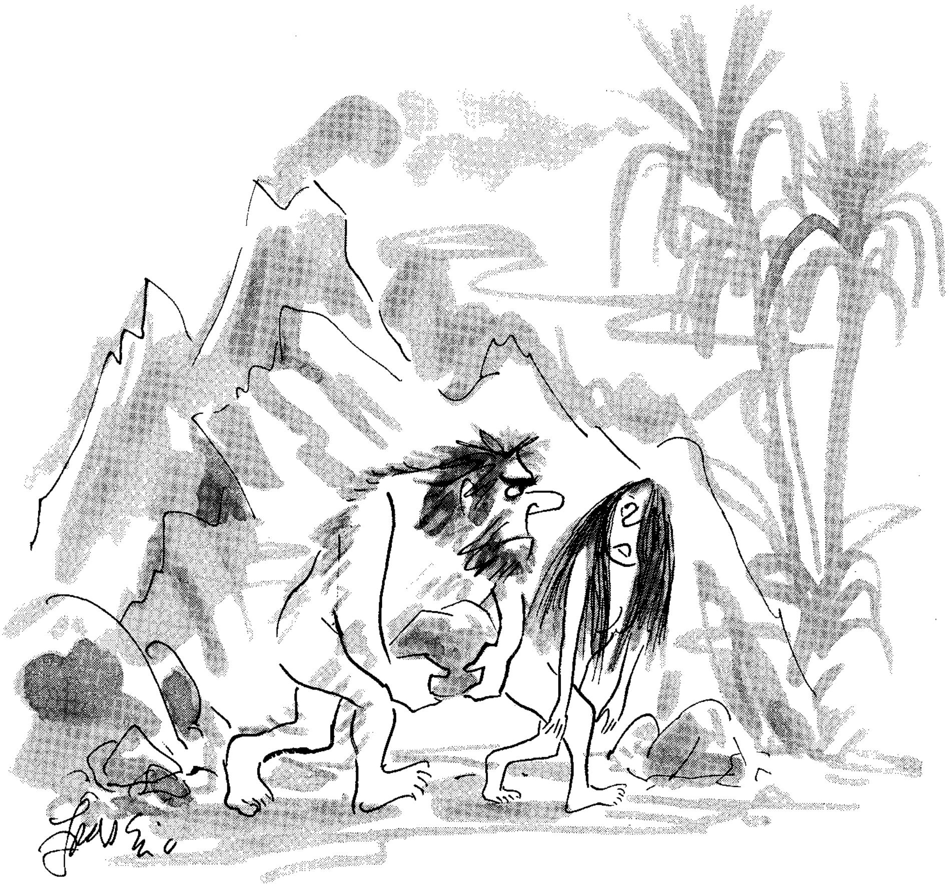
"Jeremy went to California and took off his socks. A personal breakthrough." Carmel pulls on the soft white string that seems to hold the top of her swimsuit together; the string comes loose, but the halter stays put. "You still like to talk on the phone? Herm put a phone in the car—maybe I'll call you."

She's looking at my wrist, wiping lotion on it and making the hair stick to the skin.



THREE engineers share a four-bedroom apartment near mine in the huge Low River complex. The day after Carmel's birthday they're having a Saturday-night party. They have lots of parties. They always invite me, but I never go. The engineers are from Michigan; each owns a new black Toyota Celica—the Supra model—which he keeps in showroom condition. The oldest engineer is Morgan Zwerdling. He couldn't be more than twenty-five.

I'm having a sandwich and reading the newspaper when Morgan rings my



"If you don't quit lugging that rock around, one of these days you're going to throw it at somebody."

doorbell and asks if he can stash a couple of chairs for the evening. "Tonight you gotta come," he says. "Tonight is the end of the world as we have known it."

I help him get four dining chairs and a recliner into my living room. He thanks me, then waves at the chairs and says, "These aren't going to be in your way or something, are they? If they are, just blast 'em to smithereens." He laughs.

I'M trying the recliner when Carmel calls and wants to go to dinner. She's out riding in her new car and she wants some company. I hear car horns over the phone; then Carmel says, "Out yours, too, Buster."

I struggle to get the recliner upright. "I guess I could watch."

"That's great," she says. "Bring a camera. I'll get you in two minutes."

On the narrow blacktop highway headed for Mobile, she pulls down a metal flap under the dash, revealing the telephone. "Have at it," she says.

"Some girl at your party told me I looked bad. She meant sick, I think. She pointed at my chin."

"I don't see anything wrong with your chin." Carmel's wearing a thin white dress and a silver-and-turquoise choker; she looks pretty, and she's more comfortable than I am.

"So what's happening since four years ago?" I turn around in my seat, bumping a knee into the phone-compartment door. "All right if I shut this?"

"Sure." She points to the glove box on my side of the dashboard. "Hand me a cigarette out of there, will you?"

I open the glove box and fish around inside for her cigarettes. "I've been to Mobile a couple of times," I say. I hand her the package of Kools.

She pulls the dash lighter out of its socket and plants it on the tip of her cigarette. "Jeremy was a freak for Mobile—the history, everything. You just sit tight."

"Right."

"I might get an apartment. Maybe where you are."

"What about Herm and Margaret?"

"What about them?" She points out the window at an abandoned gas station we're passing. There's a red horse nosing around inside the office of the station. "Sucker's going to get his pretty head bashed if he's not careful. Look at the roof." Carmel snaps her ash onto the straw floor mat, then turns on the headlights; I stare out the window on my side of the car, watching cows in fields.

Ten minutes go by, and then there's a truck crosswise in the road. The truck is carrying tree trunks thirty or forty feet long, but only a few remain on the bed; most of the load is spread out over the highway. I put my hand on top of the dashboard and point toward the wreck.

"Not for me," Carmel says. She slows quickly, then turns onto a white gravel drive in front of a sign that says "MODERN NED'S CATFISH THIS WAY." She looks at me and I can tell she's not having fun.

"Want to go back?"

"What, and give up? We've got dinner to eat. We've got to get to know each other again. We've got to do business."

"Right. I forgot."

The gravel stops about a hundred feet off the highway, and then we're on a dirt road with a steeply peaked center; Carmel drives on the right of the road, so I'm pushed up against the passenger door. It feels as if the Peugeot is ready to tip over.

"You O.K.?" Carmel asks after a couple of minutes.

"Great. You drive in an interesting way."

"How come you never called?" she says, struggling with the steering. "I've been ready." She puts a hand to her neck and the car dips suddenly to the right, kicking up a spray of whitish dust. Rocks ping against the sheet metal. She grabs the padded steering wheel with both hands.

I brace myself against the dash.

"Sorry," she says. "I have a friend in New Mexico who makes jewelry. You think this collar's too much?"

"Yes."

"I wondered about that. I think I'm still young."

We're a mile into the dirt road. It's dusk, and grayer than it was out on the highway. "You like catfish?" I ask.

"Why, you don't?" She seems satisfied that she can handle the road now, and reaches into her lap, where the cigarette pack is lodged.

"No."

She stops digging for a Kool long enough to glance at me. "Here," she says, steering the car up onto the center of the road, "I'll slow down some and maybe you'll feel better—how's that? Punch that lighter."

She resettles in her bucket seat and drags her dress a little higher over her knees. There's a small square of white on a tree a couple of hundred yards up the road—a sign of some kind. When the lighter pops, I pull it out of its socket and hand it to her.

The sign says "Posted—Keep Out." Carmel sighs, filling the car with smoke. "I'm beginning to think Ned's doesn't exist anymore."

"You've been here?"

"Once, with Jeremy. I had white beans." She downshifts, then wipes the palm of her hand up over her forehead and stops the car in the middle of the dirt road. "This road isn't going anywhere. Let's take a walk—what do you say?" Without waiting for an answer, she gets out and slams the door. I follow her. She looks very strange in this setting, like a woman on a hand-painted billboard; I track her for a few steps, then change my mind and sit on the Peugeot's front fender, watching Carmel walk.

It's dark when we get back. Even in the kitchen, which is the part of my apartment farthest from the engineers', we can hear the thump of the bass and the noise of the guests who have taken to the patio. Carmel is eating a peanut-butter-and-jelly sandwich and I'm searching for the Tostitos. She's taken off the choker; there are thin abrasions on her neck where the silver bit into her skin. I watch her eat.

"Good," she says, finishing the last corner of her sandwich. She points to her plate, which is dotted with bubbles of shining jelly. "Let's go out."

"We just got in. Where do you want to go?"

"Let's get something at the store."

"What store? What kind of something?"

She takes her plate to the sink and runs the hot water. Her skirt is flawlessly smooth in the back. "I don't know—just a store. We'll go to a store, look around, buy something. I always find things I want when I go to the store, don't you?"

"Not every time," I say. Carmel fills a new yellow sponge with water, wrings it out, and starts to wipe the dark wood-grained doors of the kitchen cabinets. "But if you're going to housekeep, I'll go."

She stops what she's doing and looks at the sponge in her hand as if it had suddenly turned into a fish. "Jesus," she says. "I didn't even think—this is your apartment." She drops the sponge on the lip of the sink, rubs her hands together, and reaches for her purse. She removes a small bottle and taps a curl of hand cream into her palm, then screws on the bottle top before rubbing the cream into her skin. "I really do

BROTHERS AND SISTERS

As if in some badly made home movie, their faces shift
and come into abrupt focus, each one
bringing its little shock of quick memories—six
faces, surrounding mine like some canny,
protective device in times of civil strife, and spliced
from *fat cheeks* to *school* to *now* in odd sequence.

Their names jumble together in the fast chant
we all knew to count after the bad day
one of us was left standing at the gas pumps, crying,
while the packed Pontiac rolled on for miles, rocking
in motion-sick, false assurance that it had us all:

a litter, displacing mother-and-father conflicts
by its sheer size; and, locked tight in the web of the overlapping arms
at the supper table, it's true I didn't have much
to do with the mother in the charcoal-gray maternity dress,
or with the father piling bags of groceries out of the trunk.

More my business was keeping straight the gang I led
in uniform with lunchboxes and the right coats
to the parish school, or the secrets elaborately
concealed from the oldest sister, who studied French
for hours before the bathroom mirror, pursing her lips
and making sounds we despised in the back of her throat,

or somehow breaking the tyranny of the stubborn
younger sister already bigger than me at nine
and passing down clothes, humiliating
me, thwarting the given order,
or squashing the one closest to me into a hiding place—
damp, electric, bursting with what we had that they didn't
and never would—being thrown on each other from the start,
mother to one another, sister, self with no boundaries guarded.

Big and Little, we were two camps under the same command,
jealous of privilege, rations, uniform, but marked
by the brands we all shared: a last name, bones,
freckles, our mother's voice, the same books
dog-eared in the passages she had marked: "*Children—*
skip this." And, suddenly,

we are all the same age—all grown:
bearing the marks of each other's teeth, stretched out
into crazy patterns still branding us, our alliances
shifting, old enmities subdued and new ones born
to burn fiercely into the family flesh—

no one else
is to know all this but us; even love
will not initiate the outsiders; it is a closed club,
speaks its secret language,
the password less than a flicker of the eyelid,
knowing, impenetrable, beyond influence.

—Kathleen Cushman

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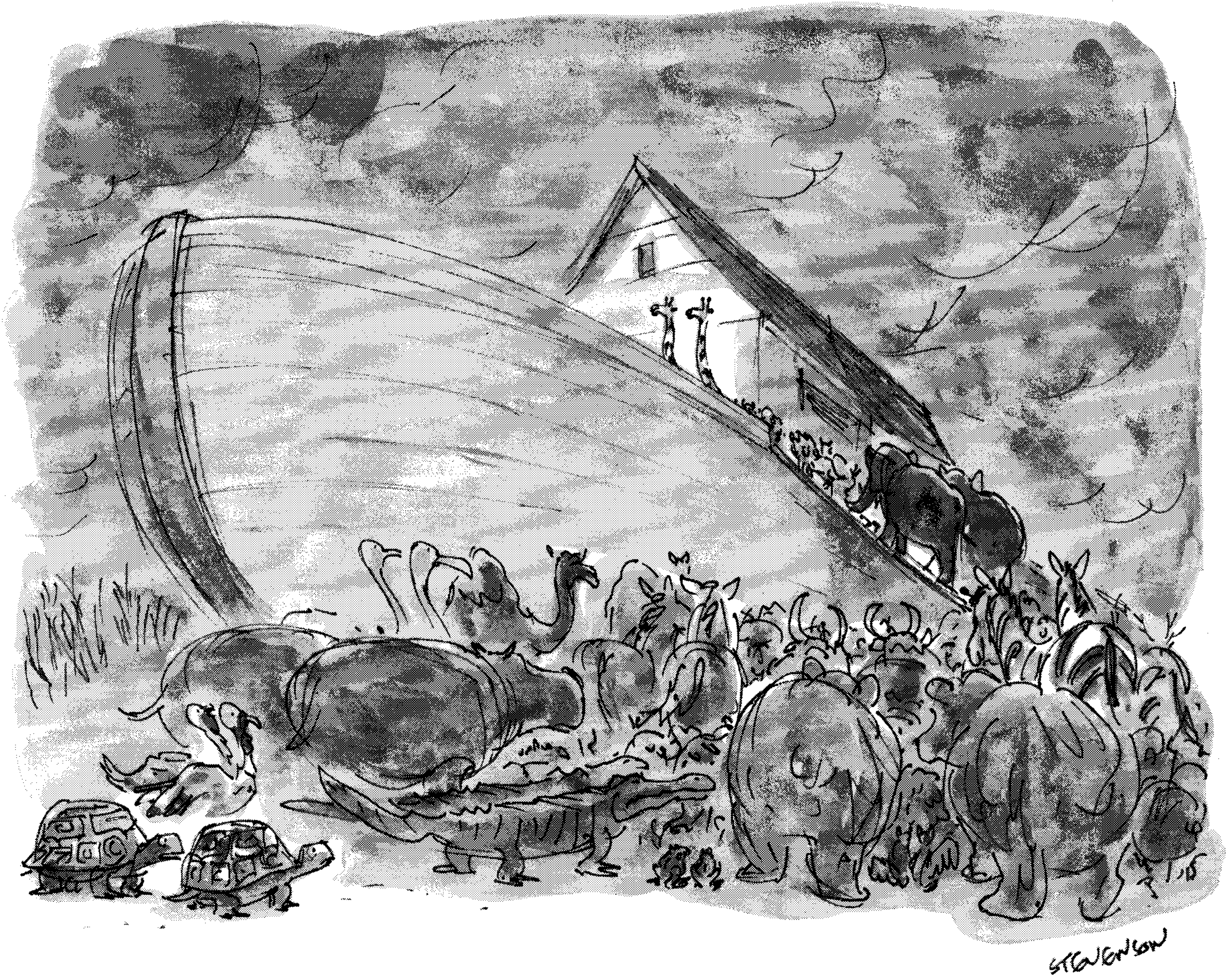

"This is impossible. Let's take the next boat."

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want to go out. Are there any good stores around here? Is that surplus store still open? What time is it, anyway?"

THE man behind the platform counter at Fuji News looks as if he should be out buying a Mr. Turtle swimming pool for his kid. He grins when Carmel pushes through the slatted saloon-type doors into the adult-books section.

"We're browsing," I tell him.

"Look at this." Carmel pulls a shrink-wrapped magazine off the rack and hands it to me, tapping the close-up on the cover with her fingernail. "That's love." She hands me another magazine, a tabloid stapled shut twice in the middle of the front cover. "Names and addresses," she says. "You'd be surprised who's in here. Herm and Maggie and their friends. Really. They've got it at home. I've seen it."

The back room of the newsstand is smelly; it has black wire racks for the paperbacks and wooden racks for the magazines. Up on the cashier's platform, which spans the two rooms, there's a glass case of films and sex toys. "I'm going out front," I say to Carmel, bending close to her so that the other customers—a fellow who looks like an Olympic swimmer, a man in a plaid shirt who looks as if he just woke up, and a kid who's hunkered down in an alcove in back—can't overhear. "You be O.K.?"

"I'm finished anyway. This stuff is sleazoid, isn't it?"

"You want something special?" the counterman says as we go through the swinging doors.

"Nope," Carmel says, smiling at him. "We got what we came for."

A very tan guy in tennis gear looks up from his Italian architecture magazine when he hears Carmel. "Hi," he says. "You on patrol?"

"Oh—Chuck. You win?" She points at his clothes. "I got a Peugeot."

I can see what's on the cover of the magazine he's looking at: an interior, done in new-pastel green satins. Carmel introduces us.

"Chuck's an ex," she says. "He worked on Herm's Omni Centre."

"And look at me now—an old married man with one in the bucket and one on the way."

There's shouting in the back, and the swimmer leaps through the double doors. He grabs Carmel's shoulder and shoves her to one side, then pushes past Chuck and runs out. The plaid-shirt guy catches the swinging doors and shouts, "Try it again, Muscle Face, and I'll teach you mush." He pulls the doors shut, glaring over them at me. "He's a friend of yours?"

"C'mon, Billy," the counterman says. "Ease up."

"We never saw him before in our

lives," Carmel says. She grabs my wrist and twists it a little. "Quit shoving, will you? I'm not ready yet."

Chuck has closed his magazine and now he slaps it on his bare thigh several times.

"I'm a welder," Billy says, still looking over the doors. "I work out in Bayside. Nights."

Chuck says, "Oh? I worked on a bank in Bayside, on Dot Street."

Carmel squats down in the aisle and pulls a copy of *Interface Age* off a fresh stack. "Look at this," she whispers to me, pointing to a photograph of an integrated circuit in the magazine.

Billy comes out from behind the doors, his hand pushed at Chuck. "What're you, a designer? You worked on First Bayside? Me and the boys did that lobby fountain. My name's Billy Farrar."

Chuck and Billy shake hands.

"Yep—that's you, all right," Billy says, pointing at Chuck's magazine. "This where you get all the ideas? The boys were laughing all the damn time about that fountain. And it looked good, too." He grabs Chuck's shoulder and gives it a stiff tug. "No, really—it's real pretty." He shakes his head as if he's not certain he'll be believed, then points toward the door. "Little girl tried to grope me. You get that in a place like this." He shrugs and looks at Carmel. "I'm on my way to work. It ain't that bad a drive. All you got to do is come up here and catch the Loop"—he starts drawing a map in the air—"then swing on around by 59 there, and get off at the Dictionary Street exit, there by Cross Tool—it don't take long."

ON the sidewalk outside the store Carmel slaps Chuck's backside. "Hey," she says. "Just like old times."

He takes a swipe at her with his magazine, which is rolled tight like a baton in his fist. "My Frank Lloyd Wright imitation."

We walk down the sidewalk together until Chuck steps off the curb to unlock a gunpowder-gray Audi 5000. "So where's this Peugeot?" He stands up on his toes and looks down the line of cars.

"Over here," Carmel says. "Want a look?"

Chuck has to lock the Audi again; then the three of us go for a look at Carmel's car. When Chuck's just about finished examining it, she pushes him into the front seat and shows him the telephone.

WELCOME
TO
WASHINGTON, D.C.
LAND OF
DISENCHANTMENT

"Oh Jesus," he says. "Sweet everlovin' Jesus."

"Yeah," she says.

We walk Chuck back to his car, and stand on the sidewalk and wave as he pulls out.

"He's O.K.," Carmel says out of the side of her mouth. "But his wife's a twit."

The newsstand is in a strip shopping center on a six-lane feeder for the downtown freeway and the Loop that Billy was talking about. The street is bordered by silver poles and greenish street lights and blinking nudie-bar signs, the temporary kind that are always stuck in weedy lots—a red edge outlined with clear blinking lamps, and a message that says "Girls Girls Girls."

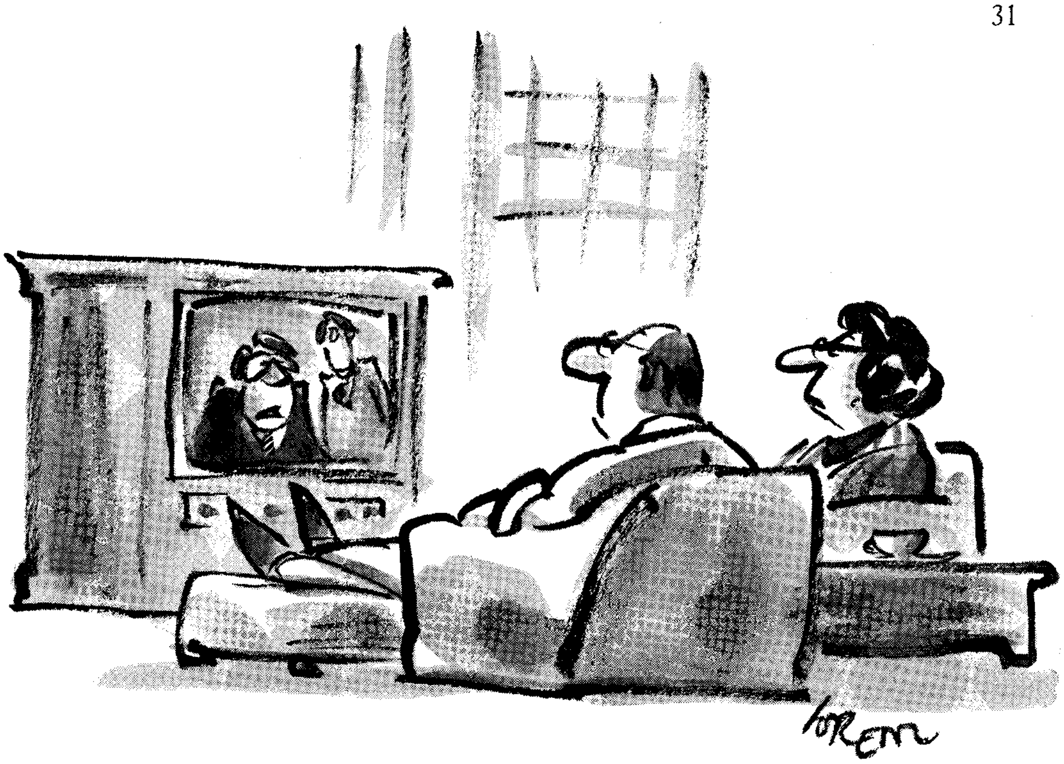
A startlingly thin black woman in skin-tight lamé jeans and a string top passes us on the sidewalk, headed for the bar next to the newsstand. She says hello to me; she's got glitter all around her eyes and she's wearing some kind of plastic-jewel headdress that comes down her nose and then drapes in shallow arcs over her cheekbones and back above her ears. Carmel pokes me in the arm, then looks over her shoulder at the woman. "I thought you didn't like jewelry."

WE get halfway into a parking space in front of my apartment before two young guys who are standing in the space, obviously drunk and having a discussion, look up. They don't move out of the way. One of them, a frail-looking kid with coarse, dark hair and a satin windbreaker open to the waist, waves us away, shading his eyes with a long-neck beer bottle. He's one of the engineers; I don't know the other guy. Carmel rolls down her window, holding the car on the very slight incline of the parking space by alternately engaging and disengaging the clutch.

"Give me a break, hey?" she says, leaning her head out the car window.

The two guys talk another minute, gesturing toward the car, and then step awkwardly out of the way, pressing themselves up against the burgundy Plymouth parked next to the space we're trying to get into.

"Hi there, Peugeot," the engineer says. He bends forward from the waist and rests his folded forearms on Carmel's window. "You want a beer? Good beer—Lone Star." He shoves



"And now, Toby Winslow with today's atmospherics."

• •

his bottle halfway in her window, neck first.

"Never heard of it," Carmel says.

He turns to his partner, who's still leaning against the Plymouth, and says, "She never heard of Lone Star."

Carmel opens her door a couple of inches. The engineer jumps back and wobbles.

"Damn," he says. "Scared the pee out of me, woman."

His friend pulls him by the shirtsleeve. "I told you, man, you got to go slow, you got to tattoo her memory pan, slow and easy"—he pokes his friend deliberately on the arm—"bap, bap, bap, bap—like that." Then he reaches forward and opens the door for Carmel. "I'm Vern. Everybody calls me V.O., but my name's Vernon—Vern for short. What's your name?"

"Sugar," Carmel says.

Vern glances at my neighbor, then back at Carmel. "Can I call you Sugar?"

"Maybe," Carmel says. "Good party?"

"The best," the engineer says, stumbling forward. "Light-Emitting Diode City, really. I mean totally killer." He grins at me through the corner of the windshield, then slips and vanishes below the car's fender.

"The women are short," Vern says, looking down at his friend. "All these teeny little women in there." He swings his bottle hand over his shoulder toward the engineer's apartment. "Is everybody suddenly shorter than they used to be?"

"Not me," Carmel says. She gets out and slides between Vern and the front fender of the Peugeot, stepping around the fallen engineer. "Maybe we'll come over."

"Straight?" Vern says. "I mean, you telling me straight?"

"Sure," she says, patting the shoulder of his pale-blue shirt. He's wearing red gym trunks and this pale-blue shirt with a sailboat painted on it.

"THAT'S better," Carmel says, her face smushed in a plump off-white cushion. "You've got a great couch."

I turn on the television, crouching in front of the set to leaf through the *TV Weekly* book that comes with my Saturday paper. "There's a George Raft movie. You interested?" I spin around on one foot, still in a crouch, and almost fall over backward into the wire TV table.

"George Raft? What else? Why don't we go to the party?" Carmel rolls onto her side and slugs the pillow a couple of times to make it fit comfortably under her arm. "What's all this furniture?" She looks at the dining chairs and the recliner.

"They brought it over to make room," I say. "I may get me one of those La-Z-Boys."

"I know—I can't go to the party because I'd just get sick after. I hate being sick, really." She stares past me at the television.

I go into the kitchen. "You want something to drink?"

"Cream soda," she says.

I open the refrigerator, then stop and look around the door. "What?"

"Do you have any cream soda? What I'd like more than anything else in the world is a cream soda."

"Sorry." I pull a sixteen-ounce Coke out of its plastic holder. "How about Coke?"

"Gimme a Dew."

"What? Oh—Mountain Dew. Fresh out." I unscrew the cap of my drink, take a swallow, and stand in front of the refrigerator, straightening the cold eggs in the door rack. "You might as well just go ahead and ask for a Grapette."

She turns back onto her stomach, then pushes up on her elbows and presses her forehead into the cushion. "I never heard of it."

She lifts her head and looks across the room at me; her face is shadowed, because the only light in the room is above and behind her, but the pose is familiar. I shut the refrigerator door and go to the recliner, pushing it back until I'm horizontal, floating in the middle of the living room. "No Grapette," I say, scanning the ceiling.

"What is it?"

"Blew itself off the face of civilization as we have known it, marketing-strategy-wise."

"Oh."

"Little purple bottles, six ounces." I wave my hand and twist my head to one side so I can see her on the couch. "Grapette kind of went away, I guess. I hate that."

She's still for a minute, then squirms up on the sofa and pulls the white cushion into her lap, turning to face me. "Are you sure? Maybe we ought to go find some, maybe it's still out there." —FREDERICK BARTHELME

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MILLIONAIRE DRUG KING SENTENCED TO LIFE IN BRITAIN FOR MURDER
—*Grand Rapids (Mich.) Press.*

Worse than the hangman's noose.

THE FACULTY MEETING

Alice Dodd was attempting to resuscitate her philosophy class. Through the open door I could see students in various stages of rigor mortis. Irving Nafken, for example, was wearing that rictal grin which has often given me the urge to place his head gently but firmly between Volumes VIII (Poy-Ry) and IX (S-Soldo) of the Oxford English Dictionary. He once asked in a class of mine whether it was true that Schopenhauer was a "fruit." "Schopenhauer's life was not entirely happy," I replied. "His father drowned himself in a canal, and Schopenhauer was sued by a seamstress who claimed he had beaten her with a stick. In court, he said that they were having a discussion on the reality of will and that he was merely trying to make a metaphysical point. He lost the suit." Another student, Edwina Gwan, was studying her eyebrows in a hand mirror. She once came to my office dressed in a miniskirt and see-through blouse, ostensibly to discuss original sin. I told her that most sins seemed already to have been invented by someone else—or perhaps by a committee—and that there should be a Nobel Prize for the inventor of a really original sin. Soon after, she began sleeping with our department chairman, Herbert Feist.

By shifting my position slightly, I could see that Alice Dodd had written something on the blackboard. I recognized it as one of the paradoxes invented by the distinguished logician Willard Quine:

> "Yields a falsehood when appended to its own quotation" yields a falsehood when appended to its own quotation.

The thing that has always puzzled me is how Quine ever thought up a sentence like that. I once wrote a poem that began, "Willard V. Quine is smarter than I'm . . ." I never finished it.

Alice Dodd spotted me, but before she could say anything the bell rang. It was just as well, because Nafken had his hand up. Perhaps he was about to ask if *Quine* was a fruit. He once told me that he intended to become a brain surgeon and that he was working his way through school by repairing color television sets. Perhaps he saw a connection—all those brightly colored wires.

I entered the rapidly emptying classroom.

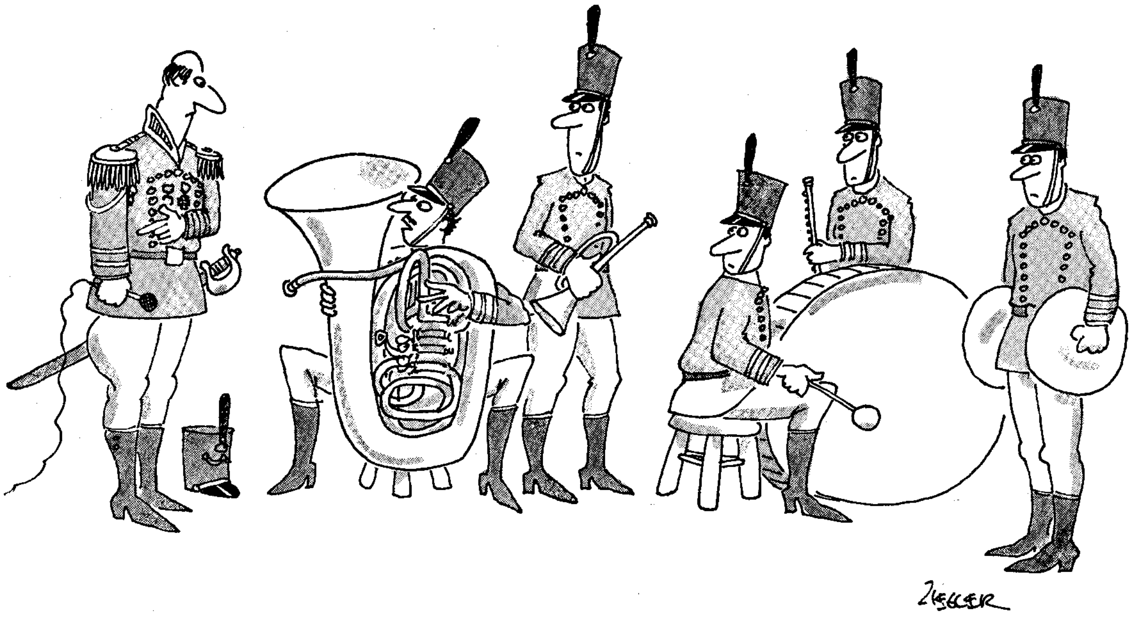
"George, what in God's name are you doing here?" Alice Dodd asked. "Don't you have office hours now?"

"Look," I said, "don't bother me with trivia. This is a matter of life and death. Bleibermacher's got loose again."

I MUST backtrack a little. Maurice Bleibermacher is one of those academic hangers-on who have made extremely successful careers by comparing two things—any two things—neither of which they understand. For a while, he was also into animal behavior. His latest paper, which was largely written by a graduate student, was called "Rubik's Cube and the Shu-shu chiu-chang." The latter, I learned from Bleibermacher, was a treatise on algebra and number theory by the thirteenth-century Chinese mathematician Ch'in Chiu-shao. I told Bleibermacher that it was the "and" in his title that troubled me. "Despite," I felt, would work somewhat better. "Gawge," he said, in his inimitable pseudo-Oxonian accent, "your twable ever since gwaduate school is that you have no sense of humor."

To give him his due, Bleibermacher has turned comparison into an art form. He once showed me a file drawer full of little cards on which were written titles of articles that he or his graduate students intended to write. Things like "Reichean Orgones and Solar Electricity: A Triumph of Synergy" and "The Slime Mold and Its Use in Indian Erotic Art." Each one was in its own small way a masterpiece.

Bleibermacher has managed to parlay all of this into a remarkable reputation. Until he came to our place, he had never held an academic job. He didn't have to. Foundations tripped over each other in their rush to support him. Guggenheims, Sloans, Revsons, MacArthurs came his way one after the other. What they thought they were supporting God only knows. I suppose each one reasoned that the last place that had given him a grant must have known what it was doing. It reminds me of a man I know who found himself stateless after the Second World War. His wife stitched together a document that looked like a passport. He said that the real problem was the first visa. Some country—I think it was Liechtenstein—gave him one, and after that he got visas from everywhere.

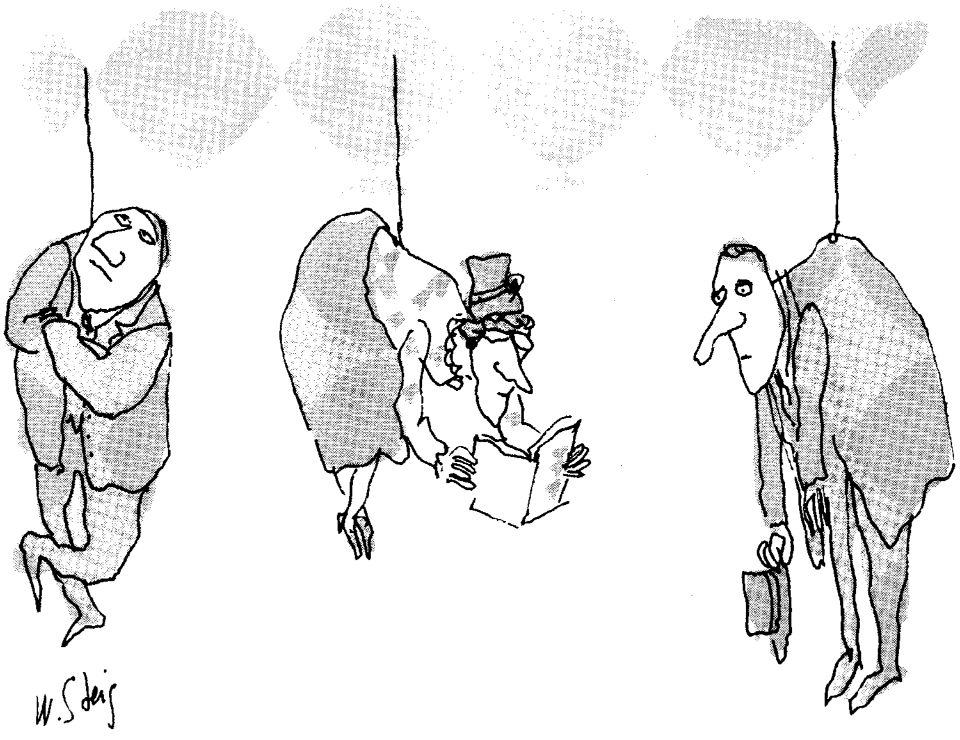


"I am sorry, my Colonel, but the men do not know 'Heartbreak Hotel.'"

In recent years, Bleibermacher had been operating out of Big Sur, but he had had a few contretemps there. A "wild child" whom he claimed had been raised from infancy by a herd of elk near Aspen turned out to be a teen-age runaway from Santa Barbara. Her family reclaimed her after she appeared with Bleibermacher on the Johnny Carson show, walking on all fours and making odd barking sounds. Not long afterward, a dolphin that Bleibermacher was trying to teach to do the crossword in the London *Times* had a nervous breakdown and had to be returned to San Diego's Sea World, which subsequently filed suit. In fact, Bleibermacher might have fallen on hard times if it had not been for the providential appearance of Herschel J. Lang. Lang is a self-taught biologist who has made a great fortune in clones. He first came to the attention of the general public when he accidentally produced a species of bacteria that would eat only Chinese food. The original strain was allergic to MSG, however, and it was in the course of trying to improve the breed that Lang happened upon the discovery that made him rich beyond avarice. He was feeding a batch of his bacteria some of Admiral Tsai's Historic Bean Curd when they began producing a substance that was, to all intents and purposes, indistinguishable from the blend of Dacron and rayon used in three-piece suits that sell for under eighty-nine ninety-five. The rest, of course, is history. Lang's company, Splice-Tech (its motto is "They grow so you can sew"), is now among the Fortune 500, and he recently entered the world of *haute couture* with a modified strain of *E. coli* that produces mauve crêpe de Chine.

One might have thought that with all this success Herschel Lang would have been a happy man, but he suffered from a monumental inferiority complex. He had no academic degrees. "I can buy them and I can sell them," Lang often said, referring to biologists with Ph.D.s, "but they still have their God-damned lambskins." In truth, Lang never graduated from high school. His father had been a *tummler* at places like the Concord and Grossinger's, and he trained his son from infancy to follow in his footsteps. "To *tummel*," he often told young Herschel, "you need timing, and that they don't know from at Harvard." So Lang was denied a formal education, something to which he had never been able to reconcile himself. Enter Bleibermacher.

The two of them had met on the Dick Cavett show, where Lang was exhibiting a strain of bacteria so specialized that they would eat only shredded pork with Peking sauce prepared by the chef at the Lop Sum restaurant in Greenwich Village. Bleibermacher was exhibiting a trained gerbil, which he claimed could take cube roots with the aid of a specially designed pocket calculator. It was love at first sight. Lang saw in Bleibermacher a man heavy with degrees and light in cash; in Lang, Bleibermacher saw the reverse. After a certain amount of diplomatic small talk, Bleibermacher outlined a plan. They would locate a not overly scrupulous university president and Lang could endow a chair in, say, cognitive studies, on the condition that Bleibermacher be its first occupant. Once Bleibermacher had his chair, he would begin a campaign to have Lang awarded an honorary degree. Lang would have his lambskin and Bleibermacher would be set for life.



Waiting Room

• •

As it happened, Bleibermacher and Lang did not have to look very far. The president of our place, Walter Praeger, was a devoted talk-show viewer and Bleibermacher fan. He somehow found out that Bleibermacher and I had been to graduate school together, and after that he took every opportunity to pump me for information. I tried to explain to Praeger that if Bleibermacher ever had a really clear idea it would kill him, like an electric shock. But Praeger would have none of it, and last spring he invited Bleibermacher to be our commencement speaker. In his speech, Bleibermacher compared two things. I forget which—it hardly matters. By the end of the weekend, Praeger and Bleibermacher were on a first-name basis, and not long thereafter Lang's limousine could be seen pulling up to the campus regularly. It came as no surprise, therefore, when in the fall Praeger announced the creation of the Herschel J. Lang Chair in Cognitive Studies, whose first occupant would be, needless to say, Maurice Bleibermacher. The only difficulty was that neither Bleibermacher nor Lang had bothered to inform Praeger until it was too late that part of the deal was an honorary degree for Lang. That was what I was about to tell Alice Dodd.

"He's got to be kidding," she said. "As depraved as Praeger is, he hasn't stooped to selling honorary degrees."

"Perhaps he has," I said. "Perhaps, even as we speak, the public-relations office is beginning a sales campaign with ads in *Scientific American* and the *Wall Street Journal:* 'Small but prestigious college has honorary Ph.D.s for sale. Terms to be arranged.' Those people are capable of anything."

"But George," Alice Dodd replied, "you know as well as I do that an honorary degree has to be approved by a vote of the faculty."

She was right. I had completely forgotten. Honorary-degree approval, along with mandatory early retirement, was written into our contract after we were unionized by the teamsters. "Christ," I said. "That's why that fool Praeger called a special faculty meeting for this afternoon. I thought it might have something to do with the students, so I was planning to go home. We must begin rounding up the troops."

I went over the list mentally. If only Albert Backen had got tenure, he could have been counted on. Dear Albert—he is now teaching logical empiricism at the College of Petroleum and Minerals in Saudi Arabia. We receive the odd Polaroid showing him riding a camel. Then there was old Lash, who when and if he was sober would understand the delicacy of the situation. Oddly enough, there was even Feist. Bleibermacher once made a pass at Edwina Gwan, and ever since that time Feist has had him in his sights. It occurred to me that at the moment the most constructive thing I could do was to find Lash and explain why his vote was needed. No doubt he would be in the bar at the faculty club.

Indeed, I readily located Lash on his favorite stool, within easy reach of a wineglass. He was regaling the bartender with some tale that seemed to focus on himself, Wittgenstein, and three stoats when I interrupted and tried to explain the impending crisis. "You say, George," he said with apparent anxiety, "Lang has made a fortune in clowns? Does he own a circus?"

I could see that I was fighting a hopeless battle, and after a decent interval I took my leave, so as not to miss any of the meeting.

IN THE AQUARIUM

From the front door to the back garden
The guests stream through the house in a straight line

And then stop, milling around on the windy lawn
Like dark fish in an aquarium

Restlessly, under the night sky,
The moon like a superior ship driving us

Just short of the small, protectively calm pool
We have formed around our blind friend,

Who is backed up against the wall in a thick sweater
Clumsily buttoned over one breast.

While cold fingers the naked arms
Of the rest of us, shifting our feet

Like blinkered horses at the curb, we nod
And concentrate on each other uneasily,

From time to time twitching our skins
Under the trees waving like seaweed

Under the open eye of a moon
Our blind friend cannot see but must feel—

Cloudy illuminations like a hand stirring the water,
Our jewelled scales, our neat tails shifting

In and out of the shadows swimming
Below the second-floor windows, the lamplight,

Where, suddenly, I notice,
Like a fist looming against glass,

The sinister bulk shape of someone watching us
So secretly I begin to shiver;

Under that arrogant gaze
Guiltily I go on watching our blind friend

And being watched myself.
Like drowned sailors we are all of us unaware

Of anything more than a few of the undercurrents
Drifting through the bowl of evening:

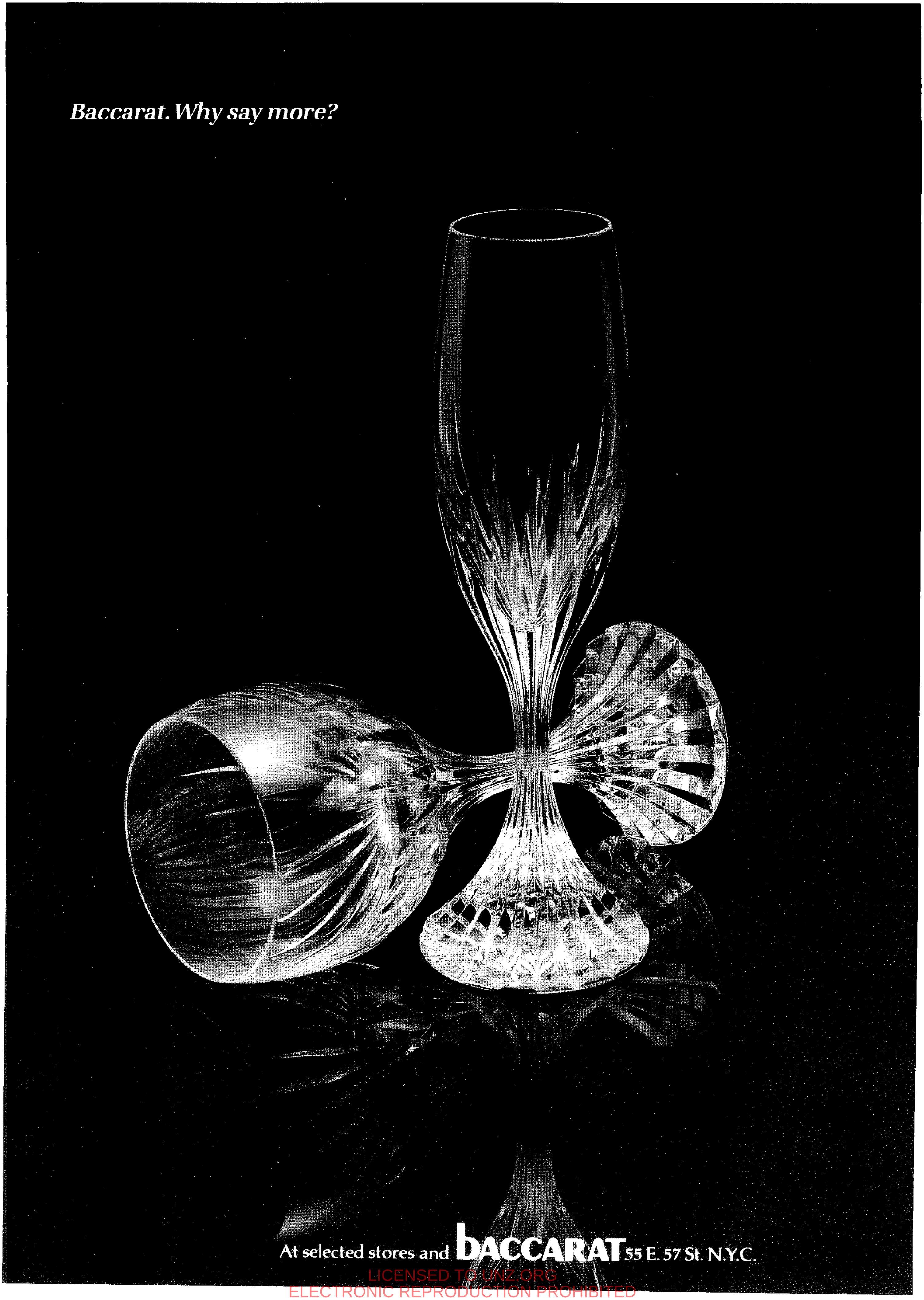
So many alien stars, red coral reefs growing
From the glass floor of the garden,

Drinks flashing, one or two watchdogs, cats
With their strange fixed stare.

—Patricia Goedicke

• •

The room was packed. Bleibermacher and Praeger were sitting next to each other in the front row and talking amiably. Bleibermacher's hair, newly transplanted, had the burnished sheen of a vervet's tail. He was wearing a mauve foulard, no doubt woven by Lang's microbes. Praeger showed all the false bonhomie of a television weathercaster as his eyes wandered over the room counting votes. He stood up and called the meeting to order. The first piece of business, it turned out, was a proposal to merge the astrophysics and economics departments. A joint degree in "astronomics" would be offered, thus, in Praeger's words, "unifying two areas of fecund speculation." The proposal passed unanimously. The next item was pure Feist. It seemed that Edwina Gwan had applied to our place for graduate work. The only difficulty was her academic report, which, when plotted, had the wild inconsistency of a graph showing the changing price of shares in a small semiconductor com-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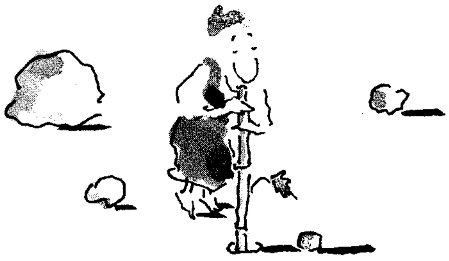

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In modern times, when most beverages are made with water that's been disinfected, softened, oxidated or chlorinated, it's nice also to know that Perrier is naturally filtered as it rises to the surface from its deep underground source.

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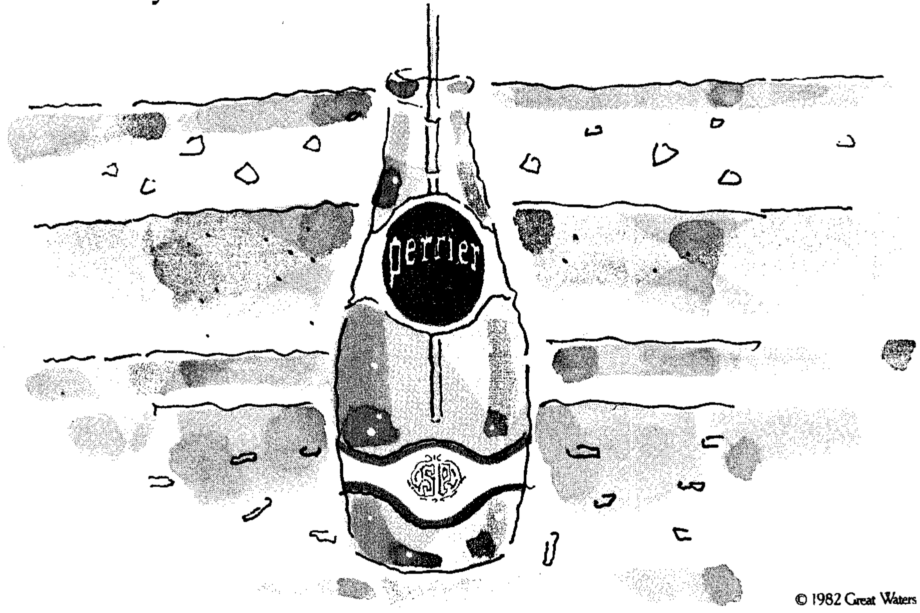

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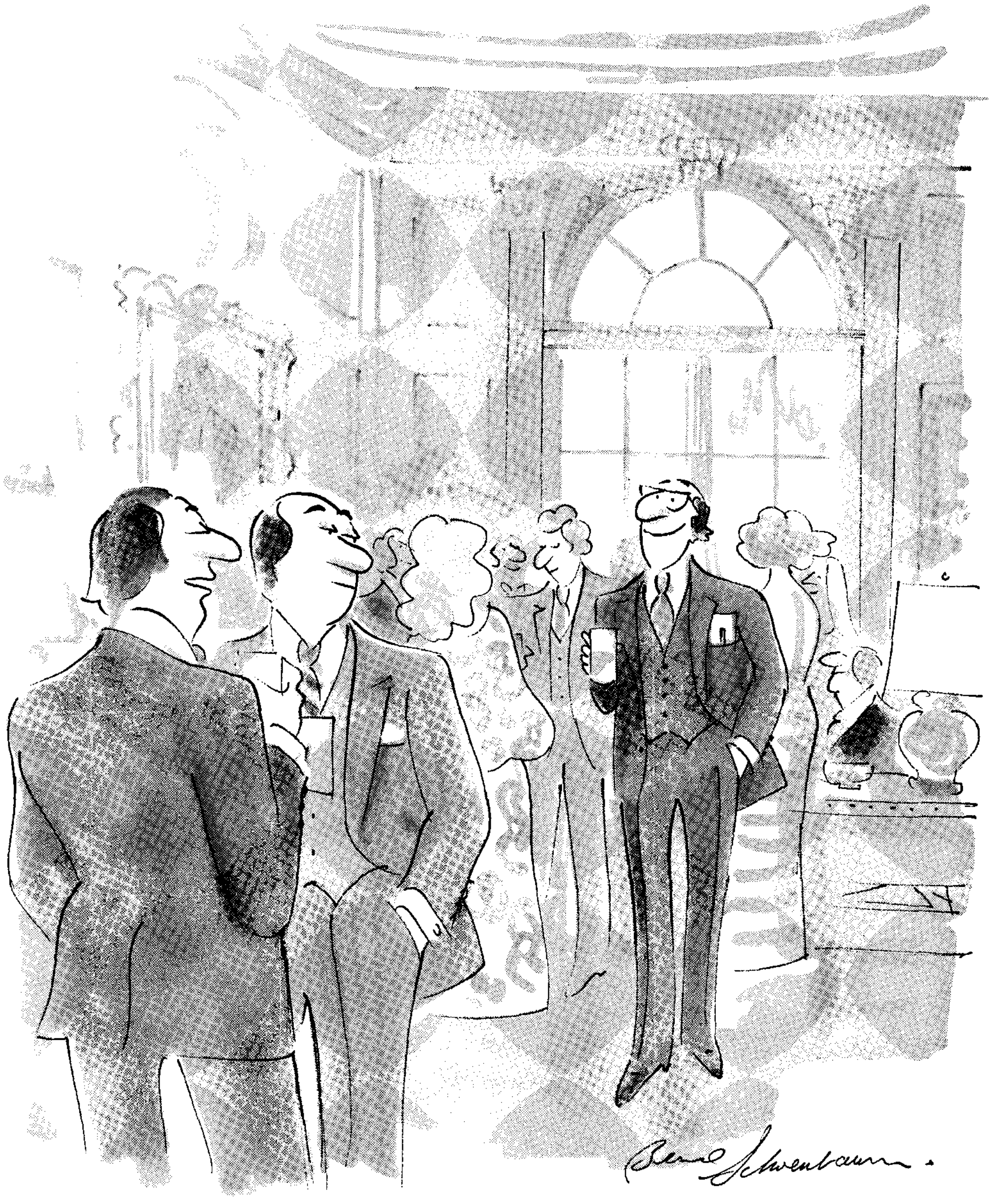


"Better watch what you say.
He always carries a pad and pencil."

• •

pany. She had, needless to say, A's in the several courses she had taken with Feist. Bleibermacher had given her one A, followed by three D's. Feist introduced a special petition that would allow her to continue her "important work" as his graduate assistant. Bleibermacher made an impassioned speech in which he compared the Apollonians and the Dionysians. His voice rose as he thundered, "Let no one ignorant of geometry enter here!"—a monumental irrelevance, since Gwan is studying comparative literature. But as he sat down there was a volley of applause, led by Praeger, who commented on the importance of maintaining academic standards "against a rising tide of philistinism." This carried the day, and Feist's proposal was narrowly defeated. He looked as if he had been hit by an arrow. Alice Dodd passed me a note that read, "After many a semester dies the Gwan." Then we turned to the main act—Lang's degree.

First, Praeger made an endless speech. For some reason, he pronounced the word "clone" as if it had two syllables: "clo-un." He said that he saw in Lang a sort of modern Henry Ford, and he added that Lang had a new strain of bugs, which produced a substance that bore an eerie resemblance to stainless steel. At every mention of Lang, Praeger almost visibly salivated. Bleibermacher looked like a giant cat swimming in a pool of cream. His contented smile became positively Buddhic. In front of him were endless years of comparing things on a salary greater even than that of the football coach.

Praeger sat down to scattered applause, which indicated that the vote might be close. Feist stood up and delivered a bitter speech arguing that Lang should first obtain his high-school-equivalency diploma. He and Bleibermacher exchanged glances that could have bored holes in a diamond. I thoroughly enjoyed every minute of it. Then Praeger called for a vote. Hands were raised, and the registrar took a count. It was a tie, which meant that Praeger would get to cast the deciding vote. But just as he was about to do so, in staggered Lash, his face the color of the warning lights on an ambulance. He had to be helped to his chair, and no sooner was he seated than he stood up and demanded a reading of the minutes of the last meeting. The situation was explained to him, and he said in a loud, clear voice, "I will have none of it." There was a stunned silence, and we all filed out. As I passed him, Lash said to me, "I never liked the circus much, George—not even when I was a boy."

IT took some time for the dust to settle. Edwina Gwan is now our department secretary. Nafken has gone to the Harvard Medical School. The Herschel J. Lang Chair in Cognitive Studies, with Bleibermacher still firmly attached to it, was moved bodily to a large university in Texas. Bleibermacher sent me a photograph of the ceremony at which Lang was finally awarded his honorary degree. With his right hand Lang is accepting his diploma. With his left hand he is slipping the president an envelope. He has the look of someone who has finally arrived.

—JEREMY BERNSTEIN

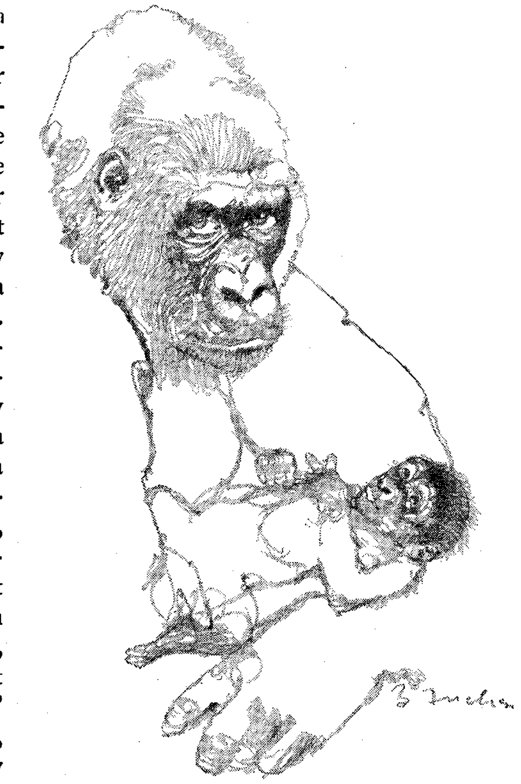
•

The new digital scale will sell for $49.95 and gives readings in both pounds and kilograms. The thermometer, to cost $24.95, doesn't use mercury and gives a large, easily read result in under 10 seconds. "Even my 34-year-old daughter can stay still for 10 seconds," said Timex operations director Bruce Dodson.—*Wall Street Journal.*

It's called the "terrible thirty-fours."

ANNALS OF ZOOLOGY

A MOODY GIANT—II



As recently as 1956, no gorilla had ever been born in captivity—a state of affairs for which biologists and zoologists offered various explanations. For one thing, there weren't many of the animals around in zoos, and, for another, even among those that were in zoos it did not necessarily follow that if a male was put with a female mating would take place. Wild animals are not like domesticated creatures—dogs, sheep, cattle, or men. They are more choosy about their mates. Then, too, a number of gorillas, like Gargantua and Toto—both publicized by Ringling Brothers' circus—and Congo, described at length by the psychobiologist and primatologist Robert Yerkes, had been reared by human beings rather than by other gorillas, and some scientists would argue that as a result they were "imprinted" on human beings; which is to say, fixed on our species, sentimentally and sexually, rather than their own.

In 1930, C. Emerson Brown, the director of the Philadelphia Zoo, which had a notably good record with primates, expressed optimism about someday breeding one of these rare animals, and in a way his faith was justified. A gorilla baby *was* ultimately born in a zoo, but not in his, and not for twenty-six years. The report on this exciting happening—a classic in zoo literature, titled "Observations on the Breeding in Captivity of a Pair of Lowland Gorillas"—was written by Warren D. Thomas, then a veterinary student at Ohio State University, now the director of the Los Angeles Zoo, and appeared in *Zoologica*, a quarterly publication of the New York Zoological Society, in the issue for November 20, 1958, by which time everyone in the zoo world had heard of the event. The article starts out, "On December 22, 1956, a pair of lowland gorillas, *Gorilla gorilla gorilla* . . . gave birth to a healthy female baby in the Columbus Zoological Garden, Columbus, Ohio. This was the first reported birth of a gorilla bred and born in captivity." The infant was named Colo, in honor of her native city and state. Her parents, Baron and Christina, had been captured in the French Cameroons late in 1950 by a collector, who brought them, along with a small male named Christopher, to New York, and the Columbus Zoo bought all three. They were all in bad condition when they arrived there, with severe upper-respiratory infections; Christopher had also been wounded in one arm and one leg. However, they all eventually got better. Christopher left the party in 1954, having been traded to a zoo in Europe. Until then, he had occupied quarters with Christina, more commonly called Millie. Baron, who was more commonly called Mac, had lived next door. Now the two remaining gorillas were moved into new cages, still apart but adjoining, where they were able to see each other and push their fingers through the bars. At this stage, the zoo attendants witnessed what might be called the dawn of love—or, in their parlance, sexual activity. Millie was about five years old—young for breeding—Mac about eight. After a few months, it was decided to risk injury to the precious animals by putting them together, and this was done on August 10, 1954. No injury resulted. "They played together for some time, and intercourse was attempted but was not successful, and they were separated," Thomas wrote. "On several other occasions they were put together with the same result. Successful coitus was not achieved until January 9, 1955." Thereafter, whenever Mac showed signs of playing rough, which was usually after coitus, the lovers were again separated. One of the remarkable aspects of the paper is that it is illustrated with photographs of the gorillas making love, both in the traditional animal fashion and in a startlingly human posture. Indeed, it is so human that one of my friends, viewing it, said angrily that nobody—not even a scientist—had a right to intrude on the gorillas' privacy like that.

"Conception probably took place on April 6, 7 or 8, 1956," according to Thomas. Pregnancy tests of various kinds were made, and most were negative or inconclusive, but Millie was pregnant just the same, and soon the happy zoo staff was sure of it. "Changes in temperament shown by Christina . . . were very noticeable," Thomas reported. "She became sullen, irritable and at times even belligerent. She had long periods of depression and lethargy. . . . She was acutely responsive to loud noises and was continually irritated by the commotion caused by Baron in an adjoining cage. Her appetite decreased." Female gorillas do sometimes appear to be pregnant when they are not, but this time the staff had no doubt about it. For one thing, Millie's feet and ankles swelled noticeably—something that is also a common human symptom under such circumstances.

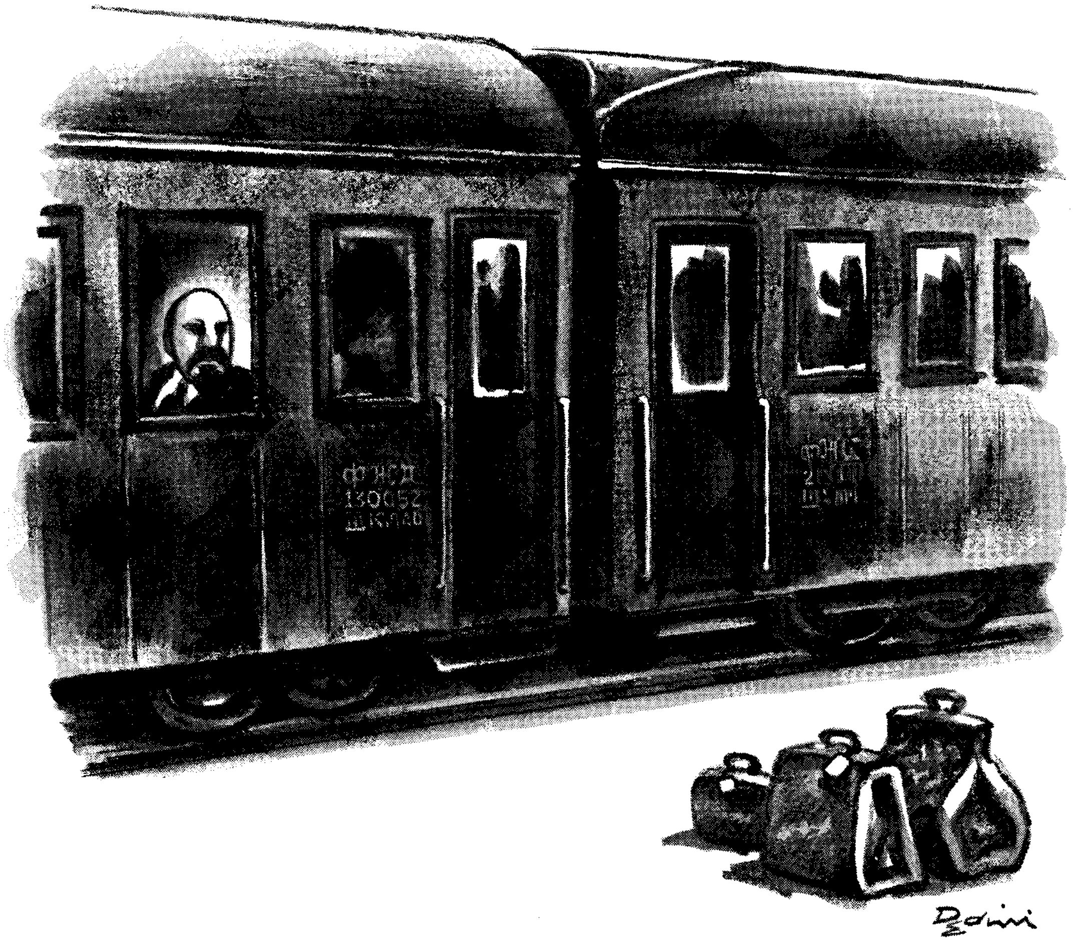
Two weeks before the delivery, Millie frightened everybody by having a convulsive attack, but it passed. On December 20th, she was very restless and paced the cage all day. On December 21st, she was calmer, but she ate very little. At 8 A.M. on December 22nd, she refused breakfast and stayed motionless, standing on all fours, in her "rest cage"—a small enclosure off the main cage. At eight-thirty, she was still there, unmoving. When the cage was checked again, at eight-fifty, (O miracle!) a baby gorilla was found, still in the amniotic sac, in the middle of the main-cage floor. Millie stood in the rest cage with "a dazed, glassy expression on her face." Locking her in the rest cage, attendants took the baby to the kitchen, removed the amniotic sac, and examined the infant, a female. She was not breathing, and her face was blue. They held her upside down in the classic fashion and spanked her on the back, whereupon she gasped twice, then again stopped breathing. She was getting bluer every moment, so they resorted to artificial respiration and the kiss of life. "After a minute or two," wrote Thomas, "[she] gasped again and began breathing erratically." For some days, Colo lived in an incubator. Her mother continued to look quite bad, seeming depressed and lethargic for about five or six days. Then, gradually, Millie recovered her old spirits.

APART from everything else that was good about Colo's birth, the zoo's officials were able to add to general knowledge with the news that Millie's gestation period was between two hundred and fifty-seven and two hundred and fifty-nine days. At a time when so little was known about gorilla obstetrics, this was important; later observations, though, have pared the period down slightly. Even more important, of course, was that Mac and Millie had broken the jinx on births in captivity. Other zoo people learned from their example, and as more and more wild-caught gorillas became available breeding increased. It was as if the world of zoo gorillas had simply been waiting for some mysterious signal, for before very long the people responsible for gorilla birth records (such records are kept for captive-bred wild animals) had almost more than they could do. The first baby to be born after Colo was the son of Achilla and Stefi, in Basel, Switzerland. For years, people had thought Achilla was a male. Now, though, at thirty-five, she has had six children (two died within three months, but four are alive), and reared all but the first herself.

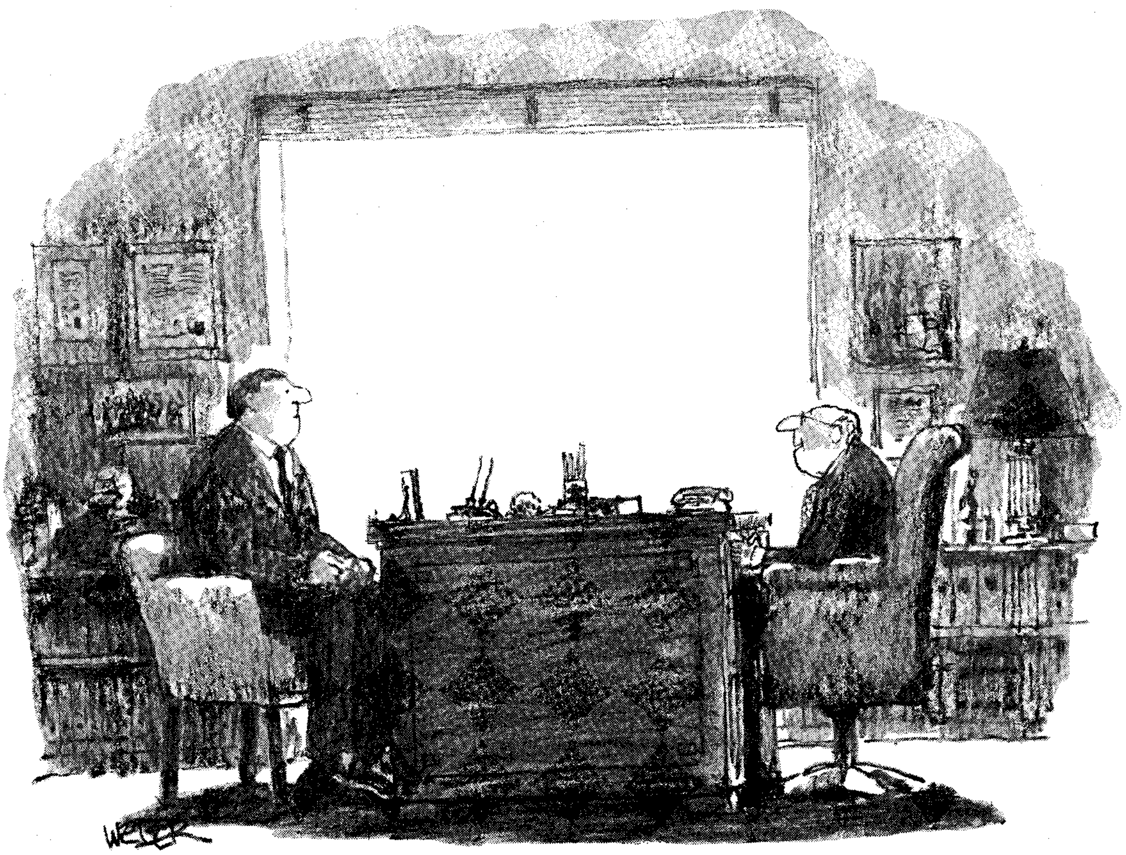
A year after the birth of Goma, Achilla's first, in October, 1959, came a horrid report from Lwiro, in what is now Zaire, that a mountain gorilla in captivity who had given birth killed her child immediately afterward. Better news, in 1961, was that of the arrival of Tomoka, the son of Nikumba and Moka, lowland gorillas in the National Zoo in Washington, D.C. His parents repeated their feat in 1964 with a male named Leonard, and, from then on, the list of gorilla births in captivity, compiled by Gary Clarke, director of the Topeka Zoo, and Marvin L. Jones, became more and more crowded. Each report of a successful birth is a triumph, since—as many a biologist has pointed out—the practice of collecting wild animals too often involves killing others of their kind, and might well end in complete extermination of several species.

The United States contains the world's largest number of zoos, and, not surprisingly, the greatest number of captive gorilla births have occurred here. In 1965, for example, there were a hundred and twenty-four captive gorillas here, and a hundred and eight in collections abroad. At that time, I was doing a lot of travelling among zoological gardens, writing about them and about primates in particular, so I soon became aware of the new phenomenon of gorilla births; indeed, I could hardly miss it because of the attendant rejoicing. I was in San Diego in the summer of 1965 just when the director, Dr. Charles Schroeder, announced happily that two of the zoo's gorillas, Albert and Vila, had become parents of a healthy female, named Alvila. According to a detailed account of the event in the magazine published by the Zoological Society of San Diego, which bears the palindromic name *Zoonooz*, the rejoicing was tempered by the fact that Vila seemed perplexed as to what the baby was, and, at great risk to the infant, tried to learn.

The Swiss psychobiologist Heini Hediger, former director of the Zurich Zoological Gardens, once advanced a theory to explain why so many of the first offspring of wild animals in captivity die of neglect or mistreat-



Lenin, Anticipating His Arrival at Finland Station, Sees His Baggage Taken Off at Beloostrov



"Your job would be to be my bodyguard and all-around good company."

• •

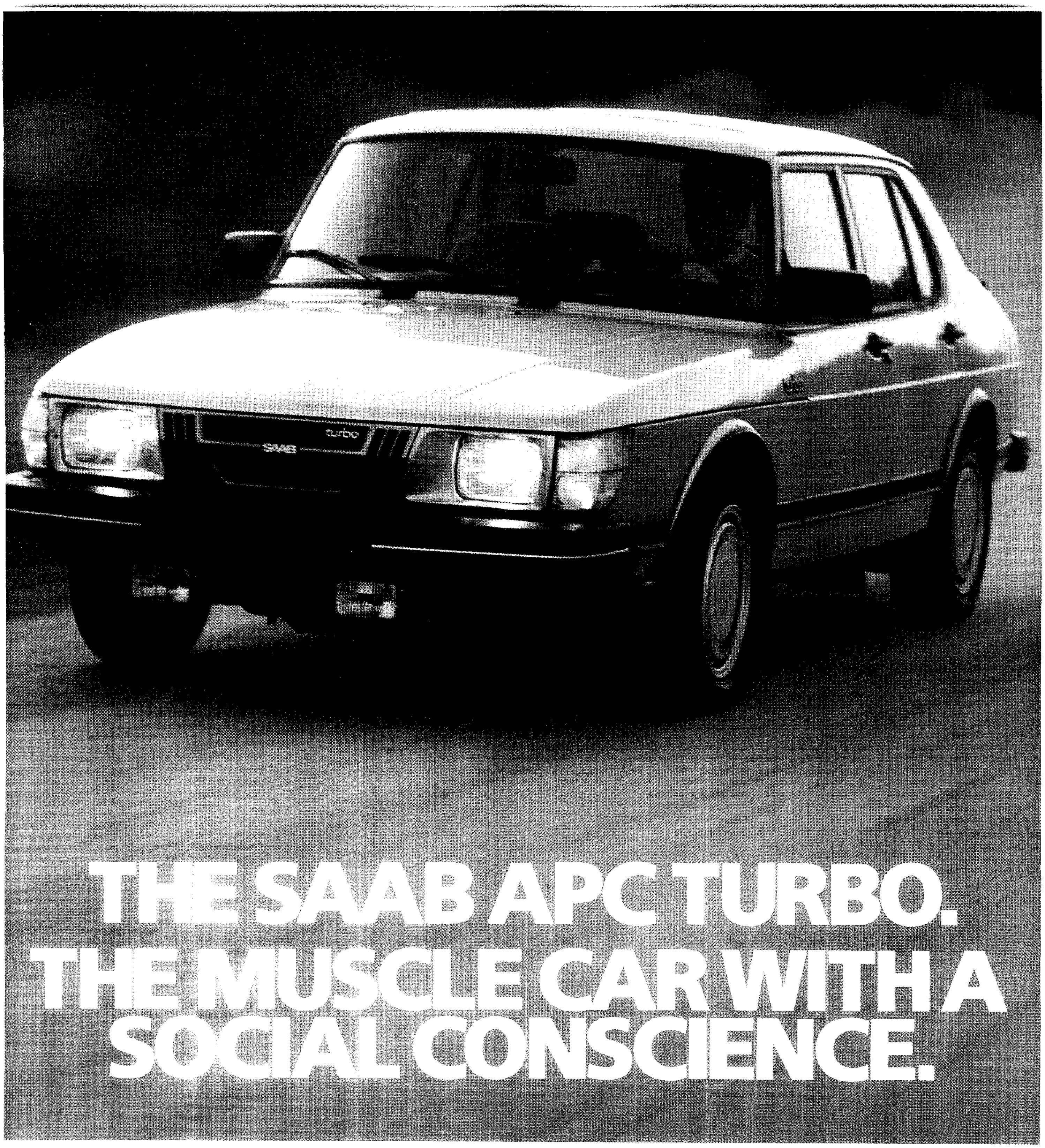
ment. He thought that the female animal's first child might be considered a kind of dress rehearsal. With rare species such as the gorilla, zoo people feel that they can't afford such rehearsals, and it was with real agony that the San Diego director, keepers, and veterinarians watched the new baby's ordeal. During the first half hour after birth, Vila used the umbilical cord as a rope for dragging Alvila around, when she wasn't carrying the baby carelessly under one arm. (Though two minutes after the birth, she had licked Alvila's head and then wrapped her in bedding straw.) During the second half hour, everything looked brighter, for Vila licked the infant more; she also embraced it tenderly once or twice, though at other times she let it slide down her body and get lost. Fortunately, after an hour or so, the infant, which was learning to cling to its mother's hair, began to whimper when it fell. Vila answered with a guttural note, and now and then this dialogue was repeated. Every so often, she bundled Alvila in straw, occasionally peeling off the straw to stare at what she had. Next, Vila made a nest in the straw and took a nap in it, and though half a dozen times the baby was in the right place to nurse, neither animal seemed to know quite what nursing was. By evening, when Alvila was obviously weakening, the zoo people reluctantly decided to remove her from her mother. This was done when Alvila was fourteen and a half hours old. As soon as she was put in the nursery and fed, she showed signs of improving, and she has flourished ever since.

As the months went by, Vila's heavy responsibility was shouldered by more and more gorilla mothers. Another surviving baby was born in Frankfurt, another in Dallas—in 1965. During the following year, two more arrived, and 1967 again produced two, though there were several stillbirths. The next year was better, with four—one of these being the child of Colo, of Columbus. Now the world had two generations of captive-born gorillas, a state of affairs undreamed of a dozen years earlier. Things went on looking up, and three years later the *Newsletter* of the American Association of Zoological Parks and Aquariums reported, "More than fifty gorillas have been born in zoological gardens since 1956, and half of them in the past three years." Two dozen in three years, I mused, could almost be called a population explosion. Most of the zoos represented were American, though gorillas in Japan had not been idle, and, of course, Basel at that time had what might be called a gorilla factory in Achilla. Still, I was especially interested in the American institutions. It seemed fitting to begin my investigations in Columbus, where history had been made by Colo. Colo, at fifteen, and her mate, Bongo, who was thirteen or fourteen, had produced three infants in only four years; normally gorilla young are born only every three or four years in the wild. An attractive young woman, one of the keepers looking after Columbus's six gorillas, told me about the couple.

"They're both very friendly, but Colo is much more demanding of attention," she said earnestly. "She'll spit or throw things to make you look at her—not out of malice but just to get noticed. Bongo is different. He's never tried to be bad with me—sometimes, though, he acts up with the men. Colo sometimes grabs me when she gets a chance and hangs on, to tease, but Bongo's beautiful. He makes up games, too. Sometimes he pretends to be blind, holding out his arms and staggering around."

We stood in front of the cage and watched the first-born of the new generation, named Emmy, and her brother Oscar, a year and a half younger. Things were different here from what they were in the wild, I reflected: Colo didn't nurse her young, and this hurried up the breeding. The third baby, another female, was born at the end of 1971, on a day when nobody was expecting her—nobody, that is, but Colo. "She just got up on the platform, and somebody yelled, 'Careful, she's having a baby!'—and she was," the keeper said.

CINCINNATI, I found, was also proud, and with good reason. In 1970, two of their females produced young just a week apart—a male and a female, at that. Sam and Samantha were very appealing little creatures. Dor-



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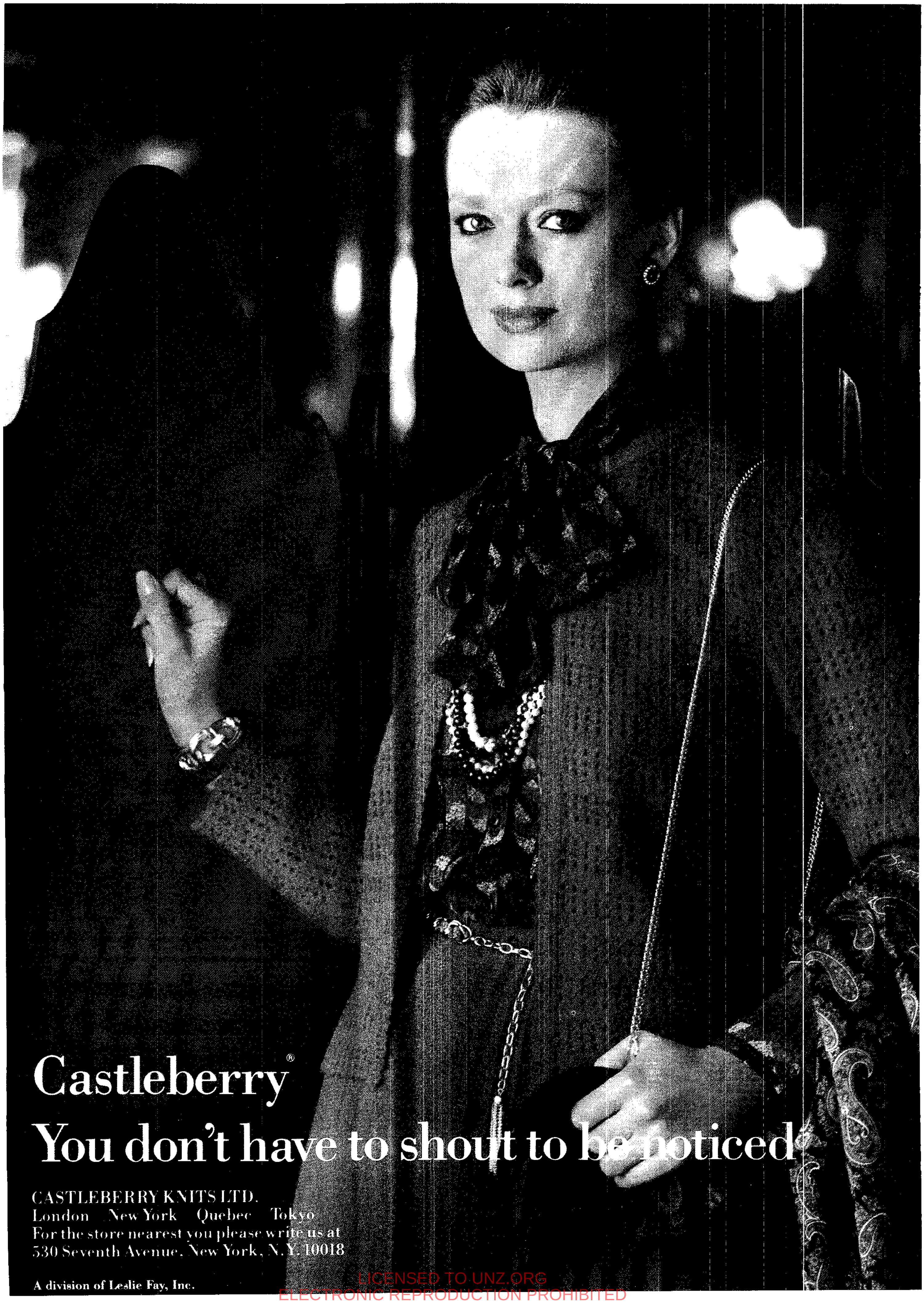

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othy Visser, the zoo representative who showed me around, commented, "Sam and Samantha play together all day," as we peered at the two of them, who were wrestling and chasing each other.

"You aren't afraid of a sibling complex?" I inquired. "Perhaps they'll never be attracted to each other in the right way."

She shook her head, and I gathered that Samantha's mother, Penelope, had caused the people at Cincinnati to give up such pseudopsychological theorizing. Penelope, who was raised in a human family, had been generally regarded as too "people-oriented" ever to become a normal mate or mother. At the age of thirteen, she had proved everyone wrong by taking up with an old male, named King Tut, and producing three live offspring by 1972. King Tut, whom I was now taken to see, was twenty-two years old, and was in the best of health—he weighed four hundred and fifty pounds, which he carried very well—but he had given his keepers a bad fright some years earlier. He developed a chronic stomach ailment and went down drastically in weight, losing a hundred and fifty pounds. Then one of the pediatricians consulted by the staff suggested that he might be suffering from sprue, which is an allergy to wheat glutens. Much of Tut's diet had consisted of wheat in one form or another, and a dietitian quickly made up a new menu for him. Sure enough, Tut got well.

"At great personal risk, I'd like to compliment you on your perfume."

• •

Gorillas in captivity suffer from many of the ills to which man is subject, and this is both good and bad—good because we know something about how to treat them, and bad, of course, because unless they are isolated they can catch many of our diseases. They can suffer from most of our chest and nose complaints: colds, influenza, pneumonia, tuberculosis—the lot. They have diarrhea and stomach ailments familiar to us. They get arthritis, polio, hepatitis, epilepsy, dental disease; in fact, it is hard to think of anything, offhand, that they may not get. A fine male, Hercules, fell dead in the Cheyenne Mountain Zoo, in Colorado Springs, in 1971, of an aortic aneurism. This, like epilepsy, diabetes, and certain other complaints, can hardly be blamed on contagion, but tuberculosis is a particular threat to captive gorillas.

Most zoos now use plate glass to keep the public from the animals, or else have wide moats, or some grottolike arrangement, such as that which separates the people from the apes in San Diego. In San Diego, the animals are beautifully easy to see, moving about on a kind of stage that is open to the sky—easy to see but a long way from the observers, who stand at railings and stare or take photographs but cannot throw peanuts, popcorn, or potentially harmful items to the apes. At San Diego, I was permitted to go closer, under the chaperonage of a veterinary surgeon. A large male—known as a "silverback," because, with maturity, his fur in that area had turned a characteristic silver-gray—watched my companion closely, and as we drew nearer he suddenly did a pirouette, whirling around several times. My escort chuckled. "That's Albert, Alvila's father," he said. "He does that because he's seen me. It's a nervous reaction. He never trusts me, because I'm always there when something's got to be done for him, or to him—some kind of treatment. He blames me. Now, watch. We'll go all the way along this road past the rest of the apes, and he'll never take his eyes off me." It was true. Though we walked three or four hundred yards along the pavement, whenever I looked back Albert was staring after us distrustfully.

I MOVED on to Denver, where the director, Clayton Freiheit, had recently bought a little wild-caught female he called Maguba, who was about two years old. Out of her cage as much of the time as she was in it, Maguba ran around the rooms back of the displays, usually upright on her two feet. She paused now and then in passing to slap my leg, but much preferred to play with a baby tiger who had been brought in for her amusement. She reminded me of my first little gorilla acquaintance, many years earlier, in the Bronx, and I thought of her as I continued my safari to the Oklahoma City Zoo. There, I learned from the director, Lawrence Curtis, that since the 1960s something had been going on that might be unusually important: an attempt to breed what were believed to be mountain gorillas (it is still hard to differentiate among the three known subspecies), in captivity—something that had never been accomplished. In 1963, Oklahoma City had acquired a pair of these magnificent animals, but soon the female died, widowing the male, appropriately named Mkubwa, which is Swahili for "big."

Curtis took me to visit Mkubwa in his rather elaborate cage, and showed me how the gorilla could be moved from the inside part to the outside part by a door operated by remote control.

"One of the keepers was in here in the inside cage scrubbing the floor," Curtis told me. "He thought he heard the gate going up, but he felt sure there must be somebody in control of it, and he didn't bother to look around. Then he felt a hand on his shoulder, and turned his head to find himself staring right into Mkubwa's face. Somehow or other, that gate had gone up by itself. Well, Mkubwa gently pushed him to the floor."

"What happened then?"

"Oh, when we got to the keeper he was still lying low, but Mkubwa had strolled out, and we found the old boy down at the other end of the cages making up to some lowland females. He managed to push out one of their plate-glass windows. Otherwise, he made no trouble. After the superintendent brandished an empty tranquillizer gun, he went right back."

In 1970, Curtis wrote to tell me jubilantly that he had arranged to borrow as Mkubwa's mate, for an indefinite term, the only suitable female mountain gorilla he knew of—a young creature named Josepha, who belonged to the zoo in Tel Aviv. Every so often after that, I got news of how the arrangements were going. Josepha's trip to the States was a complicated proceeding, but at last she arrived, to be put in the cage next to Mkubwa.

On my next visit, I found Curtis less optimistic. "You can meet her, all right—she's a sweetie," he said. "But I don't know—that big old lug of ours is too fat, for one thing. He's obese. Before we can think of mating him, we'll have to cut down on his weight."

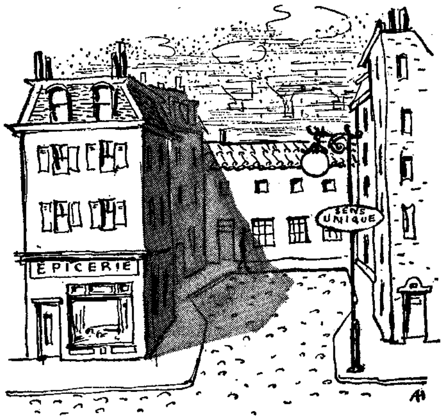
As we walked over to the gorilla's cage, he added that Mkubwa's mood had undergone a change since Josepha arrived. "She's young and skittish, and she teases him," he said. "A couple of times, we put them together, but she just hit out at him and climbed the bars. He did catch her at least once and gave her a good bite, so now we don't even try putting them in the same cage."

Josepha, a pretty young animal, was sitting on a floor covered with shredded newsprint. As her next-door neighbor looked on glumly, she scooped up an armful of the shredded paper and shoved it through the bars to me in an obviously friendly gesture. Mkubwa lumbered over to the corner of his cage nearest us and tried to snatch some of it.

"Well, that's something, anyway," I said. "He registered."

Much more recently, I encountered Curtis at a gathering of zoo people, and asked him if the mating had been successful. "No, nothing ever came of introducing Josepha to Bwana Mkubwa," he said. "It turned out the old boy was sterile. It also turns out that a lot of other male gorillas in zoos here and there around the world are, too. Naturally, this fact has given rise to a good deal of uneasiness and speculation among zoologists, and at a conference not long ago it was suggested that powers beyond our control have decreed that the gorilla may be on the way out. I don't mean to say it's due to mankind—though, for a while there, we may not have done enough to help them survive. No, there's an old theory discussed by Richard Swann Lull, who was a professor of vertebrate paleontology at Yale back in the twenties, that, surprisingly, is not known to many zoo biologists. It's called racial senescence. You might be interested in reading about it, but whether it applies to gorillas or not is open to conjecture."

He had the relevant passage copied out of Lull's 1917 book, "Organic Evolution," and sent to me. To put it as briefly as possible, Lull argues that each species has a typical pattern of emergence, vigor, and decline, which he divides into stages he calls Epacme, Acme, and Par-acme. Par-acme is subdivided as senescent, gerontic, and phylogerontic. These stages are by no means of a similar length in the different species, but the patterns, he thinks, are the same. He wrote:

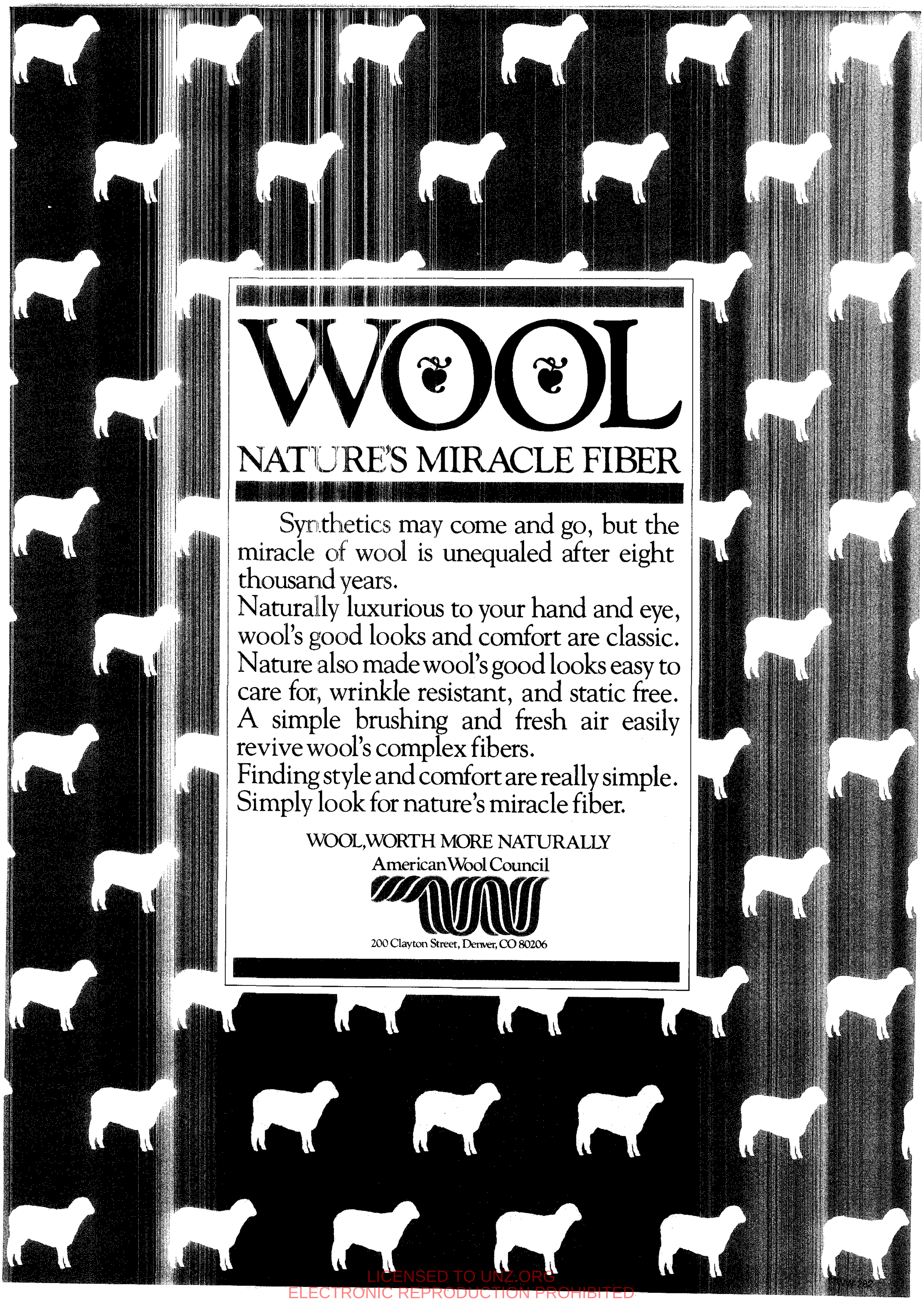


"Just as senility may readily be recognized in the individual by certain characteristics such as the graying of the hair, loss of teeth, of upright carriage, of vigor and elasticity of step, so to the trained eye characteristics are discernible which point to racial senility. These have been recorded by the English paleontologist, A. Smith Woodward, who says: '. . . One of the characteristics recognizable as belonging to racial senescence, although having no parallel in that of the individual, is relative increase of size far beyond that which is usual in the group to which the animal belongs. . . .' "

Not that Lull himself was thinking especially of gorillas. He went on, in fact, to point to the various fossil remains of gigantic brachiopods and dinosaurs. Among living mammals, he said, the giant whales (sperm, Greenland, and sulphur-bottom) were rapidly nearing extinction, as were the hippo and the elephant. Finally (he quotes Woodward), "Of primates, the gorilla exceeds all others in size, with the exception of occasional men, and he is now making his last stand against fate in the dismal fastness of the dark continent."

"Racial senescence," said Lawrence Curtis. "It may very well apply to gorillas, specifically what Lull refers to as a phylogerontic trait, reflected in what appears to be the high incidence of sterility. Some of it may be due to captive diet or other factors of captivity, but the number of sterile males is cause for speculation."

THERE are two zoos in the Chicago area—Lincoln Park and Brookfield—and both have had success with gorilla breeding. Lincoln Park has produced fifteen home-bred babies. Their total gorilla population is now twenty-two. Lincoln Park's first breeding pair were Kisoro and Mumbi, and when I visited the zoo in the nineteen-seventies Saul Kitchener, then assistant director, told me about them. "Kisoro used to be nice, but he's not so sweet-tempered since they had the kid," he said. "See the spy hole in the solid wall between those two cages?" I said I did. "Well, Mumbi was in one cage and another female, named Helen, was in the other while Mumbi was expecting," he continued, "and while Mumbi was giving birth Helen never took her eye away from that spy hole. As it happened, she and Kisoro had the second infant, just—Let's see now, how long afterward? Kumba was born July 22, 1970; Helen



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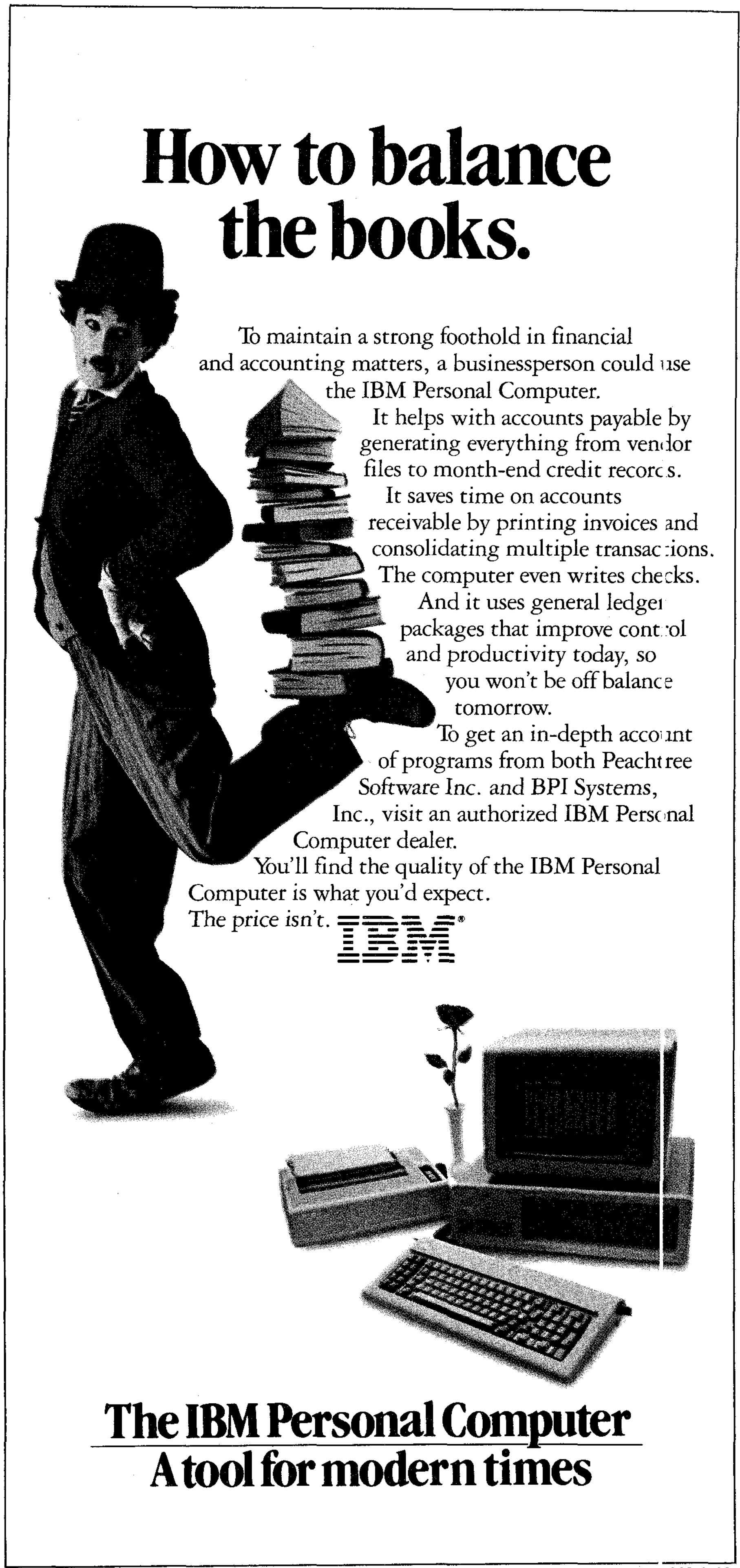
had her baby, Benga, April 21, 1971—about two hundred and forty days later. It makes you think, doesn't it?" It did. I watched Helen for a while with her little daughter; then the two of them, walking hand in hand, entered their sleeping area at the back. "That's the first time I've seen her do that," said Kitchener. "She doesn't like Kisoro much. We had to tranquillize her before she would mate with him. Then she gave birth unknown to us. We got the news from an electrician who was working here. He came into the office and said, 'You've got a baby gorilla over there.' Gosh, how we ran!"

We paid a visit to the nursery, and there I was permitted to cuddle Kumba, who had a most appealing way of kissing my neck. Then I went to see Dr. Lester Fisher, the director, who was an old friend. "I used to work here in a humbler capacity, you know," he said. "I was a veterinary surgeon back in the old days, in 1947. I remember Bushman well." Bushman, who died on New Year's Day, 1951, at the age of twenty-two, was one of the most famous gorillas of his time. In those days, any gorilla living in captivity was news, and he was ballyhooed much as Gargantua was. He may have been even better known around Chicago. The keepers, having discovered that he was good at football, used to take him out on a lead and play with him with a football now and then when he was young. But Bushman grew too enthusiastic, and put one of them in the hospital. After that, he didn't go out anymore. He weighed five hundred pounds when he died.

"Once when Bushman got out, my predecessor called me: 'Bushman's out!' " Fisher said reminiscently. "My first impulse, I admit, was to retort, 'Why tell me?' Bushman's special keeper, a man named Eddie Robinson, tried to persuade him to go back, and Bushman nipped him. Then somebody remembered that gorillas are afraid of reptiles. They got a snake out and showed it to him, and he turned right around and went back into his cage. It was much simpler later on, when the tranquillizing gun was invented. When our bad-tempered old fellow Sinbad escaped from his cage, all we had to do was shoot him with a tranquillizer, and he fell asleep."

Brookfield Zoo—the familiar name of the Chicago Zoological Park—is out in the suburbs, and on the day I went there it was winter-bound. The frost had turned the ground to iron,



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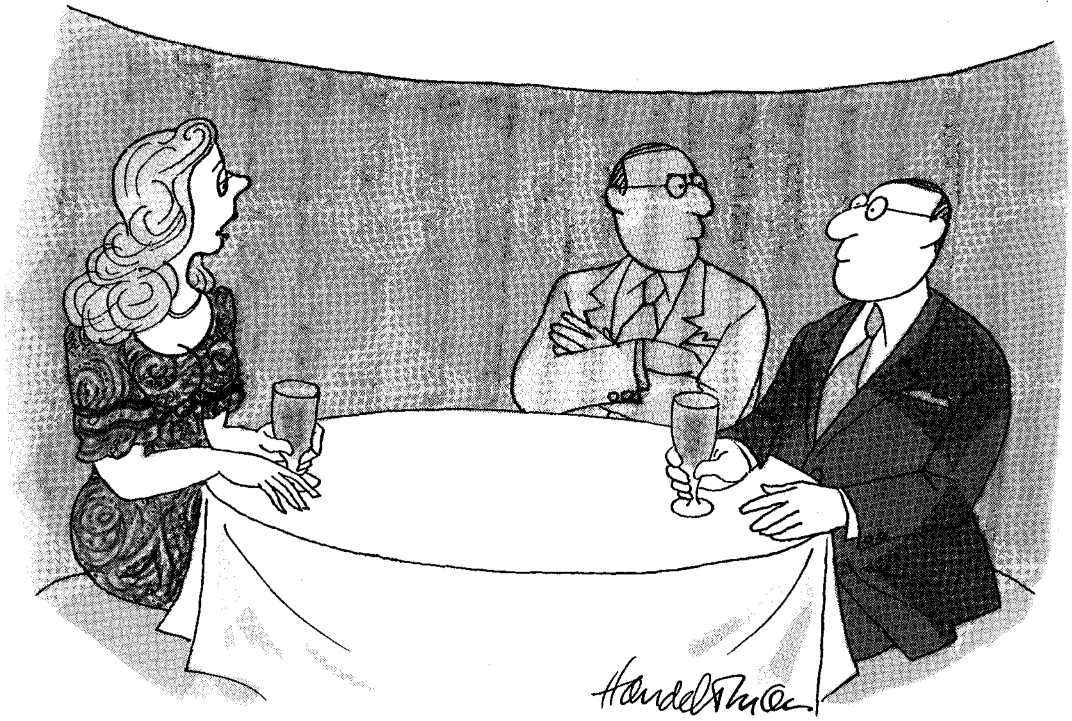
and a number of building projects looked as remote and miserable as neglected ruins. I hurried past them into the ape house. A gorilla infant—a male, not quite a year old—was being reared by its mother, and was trying that morning to take a few independent steps. As I was watching this, suddenly there was the most earsplitting, high-pitched scream I have ever heard. I whirled around—I was almost alone in the great room—and saw that a female gorilla was showing her displeasure at a male who was attempting to mate with her. The scream continued, and so did he, unperturbed, until suddenly she turned and went for him furiously, aiming blows at him. He backed up, one great arm shielding his face, which wore a surprised—even hurt—expression. A moment later, the storm was over; both animals seemed to forget all about it, and as the male moved to the front of the cage to sit down the female walked perkily over to a spy hole to peek at the mother and infant next door.



"Why, Martin, I'm not bored in the least. I've had a lovely evening with you and your conscience."

• •

EVERYONE I had met along the road told me that I must not fail to visit the Henry Doorly Zoo, in Omaha, where the director, Dr. Lee G. Simmons, had a good record for gorilla breeding and was also known for his unusual collection of animals, so, obediently, I went to Omaha. The zoo is built on pleasant terrain, hilly and green and covered with trees. One soon forgot the busy roads outside—not that the roads inside were particularly quiet. Even before the car entered the zoo confines, a telephone in Dr. Simmons' car began squawking agitatedly. A bontebok, a rare antelope, had just given birth, the telephoner said, and a young male bontebok was threatening the infant and its mother. Dr. Simmons, a lean, youthful man, stepped on the gas, and we careered around corners, past many animals of unfamiliar species, until we came to the enclosure where the bontebok lived.

"There it is," Simmons said, slamming on the brakes and leaping out. He had loped over to the fence and vaulted it before my feet touched the road. In the middle of a richly green undulating field, a small animal was just trying to lift its head after birth. Standing protectively over it was the mother, eying a young beast that was trying to get closer. Every so often, the mother ran at the young male and chased it away, but it never went very far. Nearby, other bontebok grazed. Several keepers were on hand to try to herd all the antelopes except the mother and infant. At last, they succeeded in getting the others into an adjoining fenced-off meadow. A gate was closed on them, and the mother relaxed.

"That interloper was her last year's young," said Simmons. "It might have killed the new one."

Again we started up, only to be interrupted by someone on the telephone with a bulletin about a sick flamingo. Simmons gave some orders, and the phone fell silent.

"You may have heard about this zoo," he said. "We have a lot of animals you don't see everywhere—those bontebok, for instance. Now, let's see—it's the gorillas you're interested in. Well, it's a mixed story about them. We've had five births, all from three animals—Casey, the sire, and two females, Bridgette and Benoit. The trouble is, after the infants were born we had a lot of bad luck. Let's go and look at them."

We found Casey, a fine-looking male, alternately sitting and pacing around in a yard that looked pleasantly grassy, like a garden. "He weighed five hundred and seventy-six pounds on arrival, which was too much," said Simmons. "But the girls took care of that. He was scared to death of them, and they chased him all over the place. Poor old Casey! He lost a hundred and thirty-two pounds in six months. Now he's about four-eighty, and not an ounce of that is unnecessary. He loves to throw things. He's a rough thrower, a thrower of the first quality, and he's got marvellous aim. We have to police his living area before we let him into it, because if he finds a rock or a ball he'll get somebody. The other day, he threw a rock at a little old lady and split her forehead. She wouldn't go to the hospital for it, though. Fortunately, it didn't bleed much. Casey pitching—not at the bat!"

Casey pounded his chest, *pok-pok-pok*, and ran away.

"It's a funny thing," Simmons continued. "Most male gorillas that have lived in isolation for years, the way he had, are supposed to be hopeless for breeding, but he started in pretty soon after he stopped being scared of the girls, and he's kept busy ever since. I

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Wine does not come naturally to Germany. In fact, it's almost a miracle wine can be made here at all, considering the natural odds against the growers. The northern climate means there is less sunshine. To make maximum use of the sun, vines must be grown on the steep hillsides along the Rhein and Mosel Rivers. Making wine under such conditions is more than a skill, it's an art. And the patience and toil of German winemakers results in some great wines.

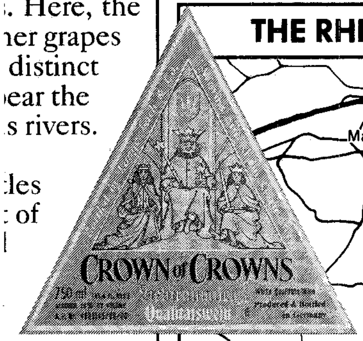
HYACINTHS AND HONEY.

The bouquet of a fine German wine is flowery and full, often with the incomparable smell of fresh spring flowers. It's clean and light on the palate, with a light alcohol content that makes it the perfect aperitif or summer luncheon accompaniment.

Unfortunately, German wines are sometimes rejected out of hand by inexperienced wine drinkers because of their reputed sweetness. To reject German wines for such a reason is to deprive yourself of a wonderful taste experience. There are German wines for any taste, from semi-dry to rich and luscious.

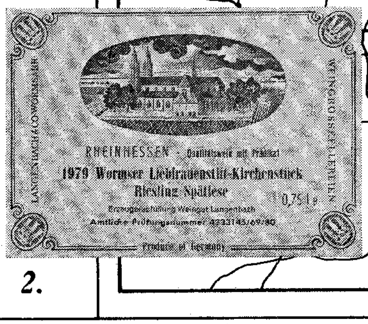
TWO GREAT RIVERS, TWO GREAT WINES.

The hillsides of the Rhein and Mosel Rivers produce the best-known German wines. Here, the noble Riesling and other grapes are made into the two distinct types of wine which bear the names of these famous rivers. Most Rhein wines are shipped in amber bottles which are reminiscent of the soft, semi-dry and full-flavored wine to be found inside. Conversely, Mosel wine comes in green bottles, which suggests crisp, fresh apples.


CROWN of CROWNS
750 ml

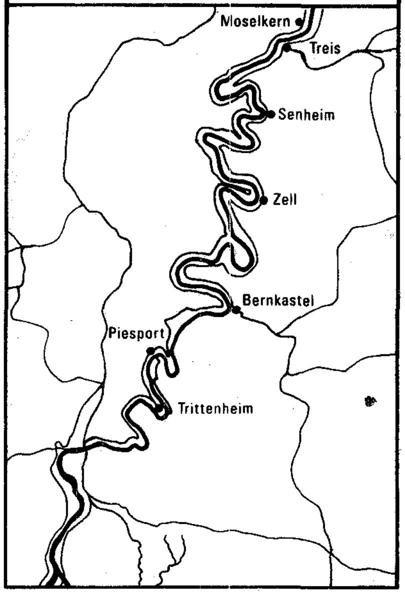
1.

1. CROWN OF CROWNS LIEBFRAUMILCH. From the Rheinhessen region. The most popular German white wine. Delightful. Semi-dry. An excellent introduction to German wines.

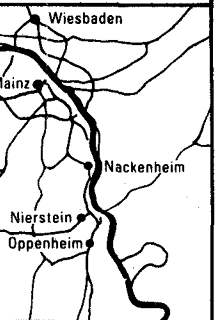

RHEINHESSEN · Qualitätswein mit Prädikat
1979 Wormser Liebfrauenstift-Kirchenstück
Riesling Spätlese
0,75 l
Product of Germany

2.

THE MOSEL RIVER


Moselkern
Treis
Senheim
Zell
Bernkastel
Piesport
Trittenheim

THE RHEIN RIVER


Wiesbaden
Mainz
Nackenheim
Nierstein
Oppenheim

COURSE
E • WINE

3.
Langenbach
White Sparkling Wine
Silver Crown
Deutscher Sekt
75cl
4.
Crown of Crowns
750 ml
Bereich Bernkastel Riesling
White Qualitäts-Wine
5.
Mosel-Saar-Ruwer Qualitätswein
1980 Zeller Schwarze Katz
750 ml
White Qualitäts-Wine
Worms am Rhein
6.
Langenbach
Piesporter Michelsberg
750 ml
Mosel-Saar-Ruwer Qualitätswein

2. WORMSER LIEBFRAUENSTIFT-KIRCHENSTÜCK "RIESLING SPÄTLESE." From the world-famous Liebfrauenkirche, the "Church of Our Lady," in Worms. Soft fragrance with a fine aromatic bouquet and a hint of sweetness. From late harvest (spätlese) grapes.

A LITTLE SHAKESPEARE, A LITTLE BUBBLY.

Sekt, the German sparkling wine, allegedly got its name from the joke of a famous German actor in the 19th century. When playing Shakespeare's Falstaff, he called for his Sekt, or cup of "sack," as Sherry wine was called in those days.

The actor took to using the term when calling for his favorite champagne in restaurants and soon all German "champagne" was known as Sekt, as it is to this day.

3. SILVER CROWN DEUTSCHER SEKT. The wine tasters at Langenbach carefully select a variety of grapes to produce this semi-dry, elegant wine. Serve very cold. Try instead of American sparkling wine for a pleasant surprise.

MIRRORS OF STONE.

The slate soil along the Mosel River and its tributaries, the Saar and the Ruwer, produces world-famous wines characterized by an apple-like freshness, a mingling of honey in the scent and steel in the finish. Mosels (accent on the first syllable) are wines of great elegance and character, more delicate than the fuller Rhein wines. These wines exhibit an extraordinary finesse, unique among the world's white wines.

Here, along the Mosel-Saar-Ruwer, some vineyards are so steep that pickers have to be lowered by ropes from the top during harvest. But this steepness catches and holds the rays of the sun, which the slate stones reflect onto the grapes, enabling them to become riper than those on the lowlands.

4. CROWN OF CROWNS BEREICH BERNKASTEL RIESLING. From Bernkastel, one of the greatest wine-producing areas of the Mosel-Saar-Ruwer. Full Riesling bouquet. Elegant taste.

5. ZELLER SCHWARZE KATZ. Clean and lively. Light and fruity. Named for the village of Zell, this white wine boasts one of the world's most well-known labels, the Black Cat.

6. PIESPORTER MICHELSBERG. Piesport is a famed Mosel village. Its wines are elegant and fragrant, typical of the best of the Mosel.

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harles Lefranc Cellars Masters Collection. Charles Lefranc Cellars, San Jose, California guess it goes to show that it's never safe to generalize."

We moved on to look at the girls, who behaved in exemplary fashion. Simmons said, "Before the first birth, I or one of the keepers slept right in there."

He ran over the record for me. Benoit had had the first living infant, on August 27, 1969, but when it was about three minutes old she carried it up to the top of the cage in her mouth and let it drop to its death. Bridgette gave birth to a living female in March, 1970; after three months, it died of hemorrhagic enterocolitis. Benoit gave birth again in August, 1970, to a female, who was immediately "pulled"—zoo terminology for removed from the mother—and seemed to be thriving until, at the age of three months, she became terribly ill with acute gastric dilatation, but she survived. The fourth baby was Benoit's, and it had been found dead at three months of age from the same gastric problem after its keeper was forced to leave it untended for a brief while. Simmons shook his head sadly. "What drives me crazy is we can't find out what caused it. Well, come on and look at the latest one. We're keeping a round-the-clock watch on her."

It was Bridgette's child, a month-old female named Tamoo. She lived in a baby's crib in a sequestered room, and when we arrived a young woman in a white coat was giving her her bottle—a very small one.

"She's the sweetest thing," the young woman said enthusiastically. "Never a bit of trouble. When I put her back in bed, she doesn't cry or anything."

"A month old," Simmons said gloomily as we departed. "If she runs true to form, we'll have to start looking for trouble in two months' time." As things have turned out, Tamoo now lives at the Gladys Porter Zoo in Brownsville, Texas, and on June 28th of this year gave birth to her first baby, a male.

St. Louis cheered me up, because at least one of its enclosures could not be improved upon, I thought—a long, spacious one with artificial trees here and there and a couple of young gorillas scampering among them. A keeper there talked about the collection: two adults and two teenagers, with one native birth—a male named Mzuri, born to parents named Rudy and Trudy. "No, I don't know why some animals never breed, but I have theories," he said. "I think they ought to be raised in social groups. If they've been isolated all their lives, it often doesn't work. They should be used to each other— Oh, you would, would you?" He laughed, and swung around toward a big gorilla, Rudy, who was rushing past after clapping his hands loudly close to the keeper's ear. "He's a born tease," the keeper said. "Waits till there's a big crowd watching him, crowding up as close as they can get, and then throws water all over them." Again the gorilla loped past, looking out of the corner of his eye over my shoulder; he gave a resounding slap to one of the tree trunks. The keeper continued his discourse on breeding. "Looks haven't got anything to do with it," he said. "The other male we had, Om Bom, was a real prize to look at—gorgeous figure—but he was no good at all as a breeder. But Rudy and Trudy are genuinely devoted. When she had her baby, we separated them, of course, for fear he'd kill it, but she began treating it badly because she missed Rudy so much. So we pulled it and let him in, and everything was all right."

En route to my next stop, the Topeka Zoo, I was met at the Kansas City International Airport by Gary K. Clarke, the director at Topeka and another old friend. "What I find most fascinating about gorillas is the variation in their personalities," said Clarke, as we drove along the straight, flat road to Topeka. "Take Tiffany, our prize female. She could do a lot of things at four months that her half-brother, The Colonel, couldn't do at five. At six months, he was walking gorilla fashion, on all fours. Then both of them, by the time they were nine months old, were walking upright."

When Tiffany, at five months, was shown pictures of apes, he continued, she would pat her own mouth and then the mouth of the pictured ape, or do the same with her nose and the pictured nose. This was not really surprising, he said, because her mother, Jungle Jeannie, was very bright.

We talked about gorilla behavior as the road sped by, and I asked about a phenomenon that had piqued my curiosity after I had observed it—or pictures of it—several times. I said, "Why do gorillas like to stand on people?"

Clarke looked surprised, and was silent for a while. "I don't know," he replied, at last. "I guess I'm so used to the fact that they stand on people that I've never wondered why." He went on looking thoughtful for a bit, then brightened up. "We'll ask around, shall we?" he said. "It'll be interesting, collecting theories."

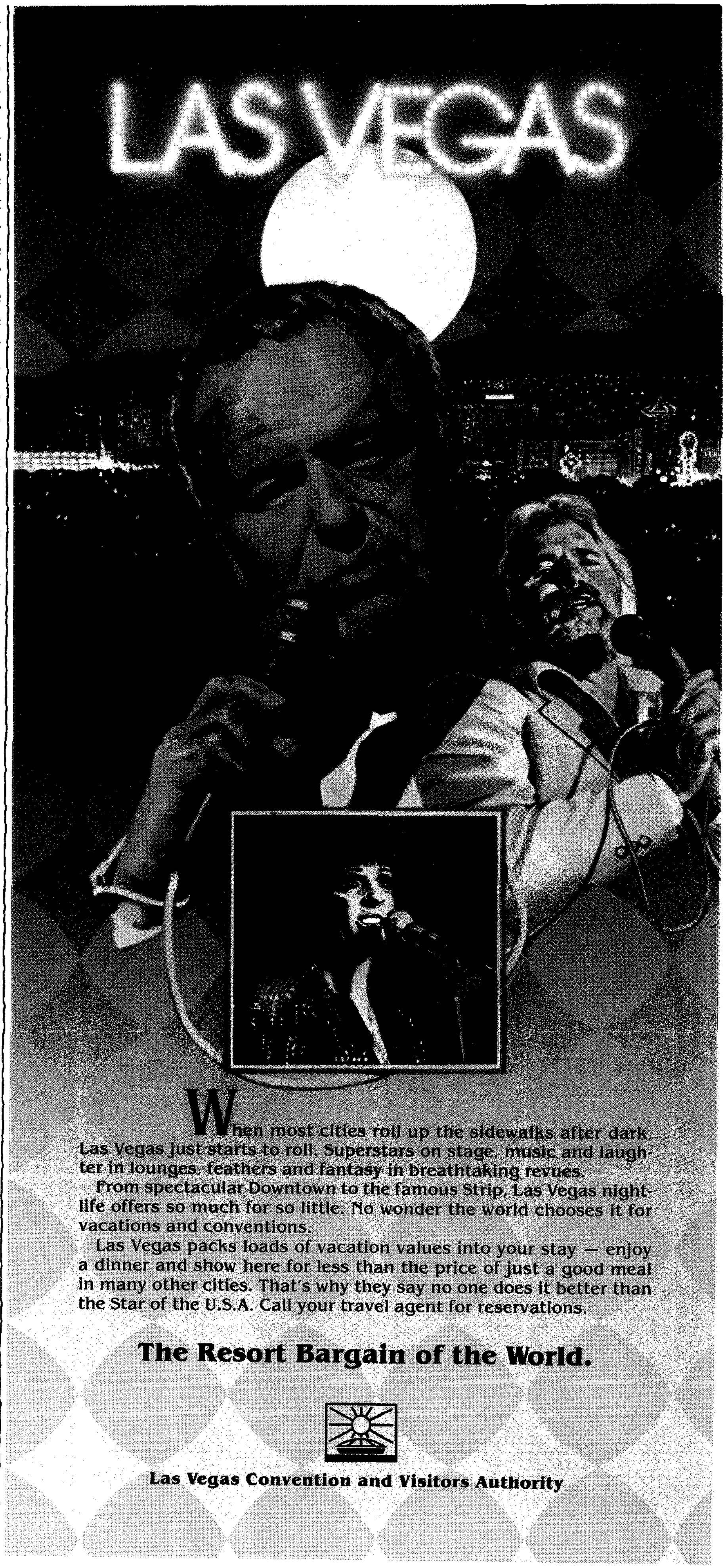
At Clarke's house, he showed me some of his enormous collection of books and pamphlets pertaining to zoos. Many dealt with gorillas, and we looked at them for a long time trying to discover, among other things, why gorillas stand on people. We saw a number of photographs of the phenomenon, and even a few of gorillas standing on other gorillas—I believe there was one of the white gorilla, Snowflake, in Barcelona, standing on his black-gorilla companion's back—but nowhere in what is called the literature did we find any comment on, let alone explanation of, this strange habit.

The next morning, as Clarke and I drove to the zoo to visit Tiffany and Max, her mate, Clarke told me something about Tiffany's early upbringing at Topeka. In her enclosure, he said, she had had a playmate most of the day—John Wortman, who was then head keeper of primates. He wrestled with her, cuddled her, fed her, and generally kept her company. "A lot of infant gorillas used to die of marasmus," said Clarke. "The dictionary says marasmus is a 'general wasting away'—progressive emaciation, as in babies and children. In my opinion, it's due directly to a psychological condition. Keep a baby gorilla occupied and happy—with human company, if necessary—and it won't waste away."

I told Clarke I had read that in Bristol, England, one of the keepers' main duties was to play with two new young gorillas the zoo had recently acquired. He nodded approvingly. The subject of English zoos reminded me of a fascinating case I had heard about at another zoo in the west of England—that in Chester—when a female mountain gorilla, Noelle, had, it seemed, become pregnant. At least, that is what the staff jubilantly thought, and, to judge from the newspaper photographs of Noelle at the time, they had every justification. Indeed, from Noelle's complacent expression, she shared their belief. The reporters reminded the public that this was an especially important event, because Noelle was at the time one of only fourteen mountain gorillas in captivity. I have a photograph from the London *Times* of March 5, 1969, in which Noelle, who should, by all reckoning, have been very near her time, is sitting in heaps of straw and has draped a lot of it over her head as well. She frowns a little through the decoration. The caption told us that zoo staff were keeping a twenty-four-hour watch. A good deal later, in the *Times*, under the headline "DOUBT ABOUT GORILLA'S PREGNANCY," there was a hint of what soon proved to be the truth—that Noelle was suffering from the phenomenon of false pregnancy, not unknown to *Homo sapiens*, cattle, and dogs. Not long afterward, she regained her normal figure.

At the Topeka Zoo, a very verdant place, I was introduced to John Wortman and other members of the staff. I asked my question: "Why do gorillas stand on people?" It evoked the same reaction it had always evoked—blank puzzlement, followed by a slowly shaken head. But Wortman came up with a theory, or, at least, a plausible term. "Playful dominance?" he suggested. Clarke and I agreed that this might be as good an answer as any.

We found Max and Tiffany chasing each other, with gorilla dignity, from one part of an outsize jungle gym to another. After admiring them through the glass—"See how different they are?" Clarke asked. "See how much more delicate her features are, even though she's bigger than Max?"—I attained an ultimate enjoyment that members of the public seldom experience: I was ushered into their enclosure, along with Clarke and Wortman. The little apes—each then weighed about fifty pounds—greeted us with great enthusiasm, pausing in their gambols to hug us, hang around our necks, or playfully wrestle. As suited her superior age, Tiffany was always the more forward of the two, but Clarke said that it was not only a question of age. Their temperaments were completely different. A small platform ringed one of the jungle gym's uprights, about a foot above my head, and as we talked I noticed Tiffany standing on it, eying me with a purpose clear to see. She was going to jump on me—fifty pounds of healthy gorilla. There was only time to realize it, not to move out of the way, but at the next-to-last second Clarke, too, saw what she had in mind. "Oh, no, you don't!" he said, and he reached up and pulled her down. He added to me, "And don't think for a minute she



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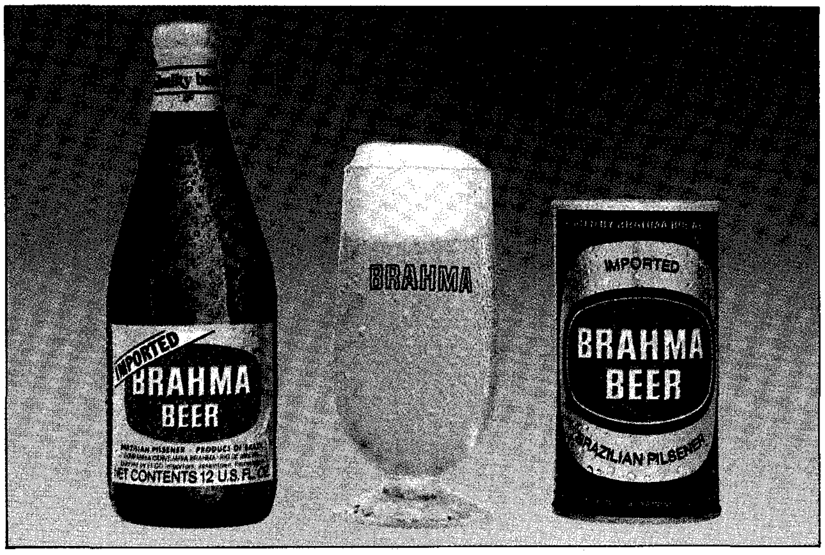

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wouldn't have done it, either." A few moments later, he told me, "Look, I want to take your picture" and said, "John, give me a hand here, will you?" Following his orders, I bent over, hands on knees. Wortman put both apes on my back, and Gary Clarke took a photograph of two gorillas standing on me.

ON September 3, 1972, an unusual event occurred in the Central Park Zoo, in New York City: a gorilla was born. Gorilla births in captivity were, of course, no longer so rare as to create a sensation, but this one had aspects that merited newspaper stories, and I hurried over to interview the zoo's director, John W. FitzGerald. On the way, I thought the matter over. Central Park Zoo is not, and was never intended as, a big showplace for "postage-stamp items"—a zoo man's way of saying one of this and one of that. It is supposed to be a good place for adults to take the kids: a popcorn-on-Sunday-afternoon zoo, with the usual standbys—a camel, a big cat or two, monkeys, a few chimps, that sort of thing. A project is now under way to remodel it altogether. But in 1972 Central Park happened to have gorillas, and one of them, a seven-year-old named Lulu, happened to have a baby, surprising everybody on the staff.

"I never expected to talk to you about *this* kind of thing," I said to FitzGerald, with what I now realize was a regrettable lack of tact.

He did not resent it. "No, and I never expected to have anything like this to talk about," he agreed readily. "We've had two old females for years. Then, in 1966 we acquired these two young gorillas, you see, named Lulu and Kongo, who were born in the Cameroons and had lived in Holland for a year with a family there. They've been together most of their lives. The reason I didn't expect this so soon was that I just assumed Lulu was too young, at seven. But now I discover that seven's quite old enough, though it isn't the average." He indicated a stack of reference books on his desk. "There have been two other captive gorillas who gave birth at seven, I believe. The oldest known gorilla to give birth was fifteen, and the average is, I think"—again he looked at the literature—"nine or ten. As for males, King Tut was a father at seventeen. We did notice that Lulu was getting fat, but that happens to gorillas in captivity—our two old ones are really obese—so we thought nothing of it. If we'd been on the ball, we might have suspected something, because two weeks ago she bit Kongo hard, and that isn't like Lulu. Now, of course, we understand. The baby appeared suddenly. Richard Regano, Lulu's favorite keeper, was there, and so were quite a few of the public. Regano was outside the cage, and she reached out and gently took his hand. At first, he thought she was playing, but then, all of a sudden, he realized what was happening. She still held on, but she reached down with her other hand to where there was something black, and she just pulled it out and there you were—a baby! Then she let go of Regano's hand. She held the baby up and cuddled it; she knew exactly what to do, too, with the umbilical cord and all. Kongo, who was watching the whole time, appeared to be in shock. Now, how do you suppose she knew all that? Most people just say 'instinct' and let it go at that, but instinct doesn't always work. I've been reading. A lot of gorillas neglect their young, or even kill them. It isn't as if she'd been living with other gorillas, either—where she could see what to do. She's a great little mother. The baby's nursing. At first, I was worried whether it was really doing it, and then I saw its cheeks going in and out and I knew it was all right. We'd taken Kongo out, of course—didn't know what he might do to the baby—but I read about one place where they'd let the male in with the female, so one morning we tried it out. At first, Kongo was O.K. with the baby. He just touched its head and smelled its fingers. But then he started to beat up Lulu, so we removed him. We'll try it again later on, when she can take care of herself better. Let's go over and see them."

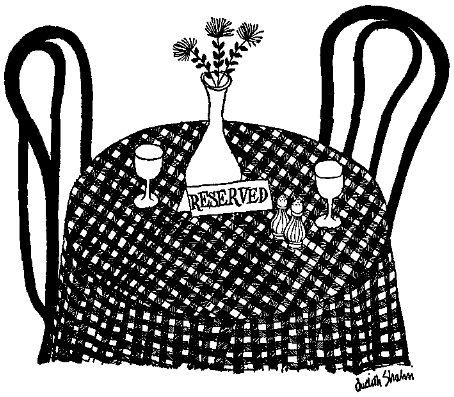
Walking across the prettily landscaped zoo center toward the Lion House, where the gorillas were kept, I learned that FitzGerald had started out in 1954 as a keeper and had been there ever since. I also learned that the new baby, first reputed to be a male, was a female and that her name was Patty Cake. FitzGerald paused before a cage to show me the old females, sitting like two Buddhas, each in a corner.

By this time, we were outside Lulu's cage, where a hastily improvised barrier of ropes kept people farther away than usual. It was early in the morning, and only a few children with a teacher stood gaping at the gorilla as we stooped under the ropes and approached Lulu. Richard Regano was already there, chatting with her. At his request, she obligingly shifted around so that we could get a good look at the infant's face and its pink-mottled feet.

"Lulu looks happy, doesn't she?" said FitzGerald. She did appear happy. Her mouth was relaxed in a way that suggested a smile. She cuddled the baby, moved it around, and lifted it to her head, where it balanced like a hat, unperturbed. The children screamed with delight.

THERE remained one more zoo on my agenda—the Bronx—but I postponed that visit, because something else was on my mind. I had at last learned something about a picture I had seen earlier, of a woman with a gorilla on her lap, which had helped arouse my interest in the whole subject of gorillas. I had learned from Dr. William Lemmon, a professor of psychology at the University of Oklahoma in Norman, who is the director of the Institute for Primate Studies, that she was Anna Mae Noell—Mrs. Robert Noell—and that she and her husband had a private zoo in Tarpon Springs, Florida. Every summer, they took some of their animals out on the road and showed them at carnivals, Lemmon said. He added that they had a surprisingly good record for breeding chimpanzees—indeed, the chimpanzee Lucy, who learned the American Sign Language that has been taught to a number of chimpanzees, beginning with the famous Washoe, had come from Noell's Ark, as the place was called. They had gorillas, too.

A lot of people knew about the Noells. One of them was Clayton Freiheit, the director of the Denver Zoo, and he had once told me of his first contact with them. He was in charge of the zoo in Buffalo at the time, he said, and one afternoon he had a telephone call from Mrs. Noell, whom he had met several years earlier. "She told me that they were on tour and needed a doctor for a gorilla," he said. "We didn't have a full-time vet, I explained, but used an awfully good local man, and I thought he could treat her gorilla. So she phoned him and arranged to take Topsy in to his hospital right away. She sounded very upset—crying. The vet asked me to come over to the hospital and assist. A few hours later, there came a station wagon, driven by a man who turned out to be Bob Noell, and in the back seat was a woman with a gorilla lying there with its head on her lap. A great *big* gorilla—about three hundred and fifty pounds, it looked to be." Years after the event, Freiheit sounded incredulous. "She said something to the gorilla, and it walked into the hospital with her and sat down on the operating table like any human being. It certainly looked miserable. Doc was apprehensive about how to proceed with the examination, he said, but Mrs. Noell said she'd help if he'd tell her what to do—he gave her the chest-piece end of the stethoscope while he wore the earpieces and he told her where to move it. Topsy, the gorilla, was really sick. Doc couldn't save the animal, though he tried his best, and Mrs. Noell took it hard. She saw to a decent burial, and I can tell you it isn't easy to fix up a burial for a gorilla in New York State. Still, I doubt if anything like that is likely to happen to me again."



I arranged with Mrs. Noell by telephone to make a trip to Florida, meet her, and see the Noells' apes; she sounded very warm and friendly. After I hung up, I realized that I hadn't asked where I could stay near their place, so I telephoned again. Mrs. Noell had just gone out, and I talked to her daughter, who told me she lived next door. I asked if she knew of some motel in the neighborhood, and she said, "Oh, don't bother. I know Mother means to put you up here."

"You're sure that won't be an imposition?"

"Absolutely," she said. So I left it at that.

Mrs. Noell met me at the airport—a big woman in pants, with the pleasant face I remembered from the photograph. She smiled as we shook hands, saying, "Well, it's certainly nice to meet you. You're a really good sport. It isn't everyone would be willing to sleep in a trailer with a gorilla."

As this was the first I had heard of that plan, I was perhaps slow in reply-ing, but it didn't matter. She had plenty to talk about, all the way to the Ark. The Noells were hurrying to get ready for their annual summer tour, and they still didn't have anyone to stay at home and take care of the animals that had to be left behind, she said. It was a great worry. They seemed always to be in a rush; she and her husband had decided that it was time for them to stop doing the carnival circuit.

Noell's Ark was a large, fenced-in expanse a long way from town. We entered through big white-painted wooden gates, on the approaches to which were numerous signs advertising the attractions—"CHIMP FARM" and "ALLIGATORS," among others. A complex of cages and trailers stood close to the gates, and some way off was another group of trailers. One of these was the Noells', and another served as a storeroom. The ones close to the gate were heavily reinforced with metal, and here and there I saw bars; this, it seemed, was the sleeping quarters of the big apes. The rest of the zoo consisted of stationary cages containing some chimpanzees, a baboon, and various other animals. Near the gate was a pool in which a couple of alligators lived.

Mrs. Noell ushered me through the door of the house trailer. She showed me my room, one of three rooms in a row. "You're going to sleep in here. We use the back room. Do you mind the smell of gorilla? Some people hate it."

"I don't mind it a bit," I said, peering nervously around the room but not seeing what I expected. "Where *is* it? The gorilla, I mean."

"Oh, Otto—he stays outside until he gets sleepy, and then he goes into this cage here." She pointed to a reassuringly small, boxlike cage. It was close to my bedroom door, but outside, not inside.

I said, "He must be a *little* gorilla."

"Yes, Otto's small." She said it reluctantly. "He ought to be bigger if he's as old as they told us he was—five. He has arthritis, and we think his previous owners gave him some kind of drug for it that stunted him. But he's getting a lot better now that we've got him on aspirin and nothing else; it seems to help. He has the arthritis in his hands, poor baby. How can a gorilla manage with crippled hands? Never mind, we'll fix him up in time."

Over at the animal trailer, we found her husband, a big man, communing with a huge gorilla who occupied a cage of his own in the shade of a large tree. A youth was cleaning out a nearby enclosure. The gorilla, I was told, was called Tommy. Mr. Noell said he was about fifteen and somewhere around six hundred pounds. As we talked, Noell brought from behind his back, where he had been hiding it, a can of corned beef. Tommy's face and attitude grew alert.

"Watch this," Noell said as he used a can opener. The meat neatly exposed, he began scooping it out and feeding it to the gorilla through the cage bars. Tommy ate eagerly, and soon Noell handed him the whole can and left him to manage by himself.

"Now come and meet Tarpie and Otto," said Mrs. Noell, leading me to another tree. Here, tethered to the trunk, was a female gorilla about seven years old, and near her, tied to another tree, squatted a really small gorilla. This was Otto.

"We want them to get used to each other," Mrs. Noell explained. "They've already been married—we had a party, and reporters took pictures. Tarpie wore a wreath and a veil, and looked awfully sweet, but I'm afraid Otto's still too young to get any ideas. Still, we can hope. Wouldn't it be wonderful if we could have a baby gorilla? We've had other ape births, you know—thirty-seven chimp babies and one orangutan. Our record beats those of a lot of zoos. The orang baby's asleep; you can see her tomorrow."

Bob Noell then did something that made me stare. With a little chain in his hand, not much thicker than a dog's leash, he opened the door of Tommy's cage, went in, and came out with the huge animal on the chain, trotting as nonchalantly as a poodle. The pair of them disappeared into the animal trailer.

"He takes him out every morning and puts him back at night just like that," said Mrs. Noell. She called out to her husband, "What about Otto?"

From the depths, he replied, "In a minute. I want to give him a run."

Mrs. Noell and I retraced our steps to the house trailer, and she went to the telephone to call her daughter next door. "They're show folks, too, but not animal people," she said. "They do water games, where you pay twenty-five cents and win a prize—that kind of concession. I want our granddaughter to come over and play with Tarpie."

A moment later, Tarpie came loping into a fenced-off place that marked a yard in front of the trailer, with Noell after her, and, at the same time, from around the back came a pretty little girl with long hair. It was early evening, and was cooling off a bit. Settled back in garden chairs, with soft drinks, we three adults watched the children—Tarpie and the girl—play tag. Gorilla and child seemed to have an understanding: one would chase the other, and as the quarry tired she would lean against a certain place along the trailer, as if it were "safe," and the other would observe the truce. Then the chase would begin again, ape after girl, or girl after ape, each taking a turn. Now and then, I could hear Noell chuckle. The child got bored and wanted to stop; her grandfather insisted that she continue. Finally, Tarpie, too, was bored, and showed it by sitting on the ground.

Meanwhile, Otto, who had been watching, caught Noell's attention. "He's tired, poor little fella," said Noell. He carried Otto into the trailer and put him into his bed-cage near my door. There he slept quietly—all night, as it turned out, stirring only when I got up in the morning.

As Noell returned to his chair to finish his soda, there was a horn blast from the road outside the gate, and he went to open up. A large, dusty car with Georgia license plates rolled in and stopped.

Mrs. Noell peered through the dusk as we followed Noell to the gate. "Why, it's the Joneses," she said—or some such name. "They called up a month ago and we've already made arrangements—they want another chimp. They already have a female."

As we approached the car, the family stepped out—a boy and his parents. Yes, they explained; if possible, they would like to pick up the chimp then. Did the Noells have a boy chimp small enough to handle, so their female could have somebody to play with? The boy stood silently, staring around.

Mrs. Noell said to her husband, "I thought Peter. What do you think?"

"O.K.," said Noell, and he said something to the youth who swept out cages. The youth disappeared and came back carrying a young chimpanzee.

"Awww," said the Jones family in chorus. Mrs. Jones held out her arms, and Peter, after a short hesitation, climbed into them. Mr. Jones signed a yellow card that Mrs. Noell gave him, then silently pulled out his wallet and began counting money into her hand. He counted a long time. After that, they got back into the car with Peter and drove off.

"Do you usually sell chimps as fast as that?" I asked.

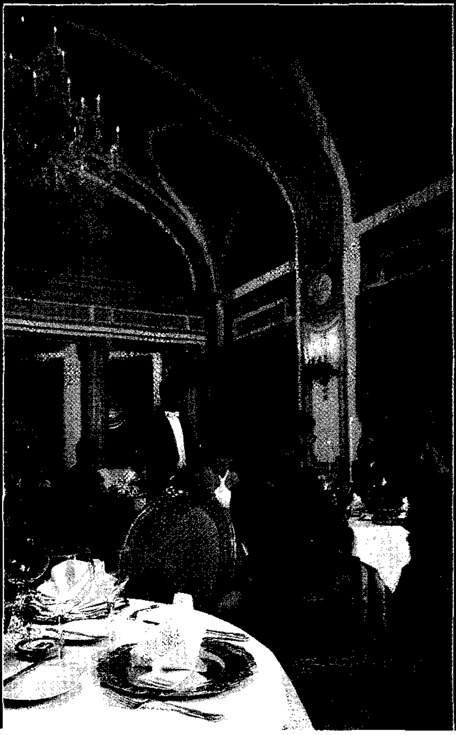
Mrs. Noell said, "Oh, no, but they phoned ahead. We always ask a lot of questions. Here—you want to see what he signed?"

I was curious, remembering with regret that I had failed to follow up an advertisement I once saw in England for a book called "How to Keep a Gorilla." Mrs. Noell now handed me a brochure, carrying the words "So You Wanna Buy a Chimp?!," and a copy of the yellow card that Mr. Jones had signed. The text of the brochure was surrounded by little round photographs of a baby chimpanzee waving a milk bottle, and it read, in part:

> DEAR ANIMAL LOVER,
>
> Chimpanzees are affectionate and mischievous. Highly trainable and intelligent while young, they can be big and dangerous when adult. An infant can weigh as little as two or three pounds at birth, and is as helpless as a human new-born. The little hands and feet are designed by nature to act as holding devices. The baby attaches itself to its mother's fur, soon after birth, and hangs on. . . . This inborn tendency to grasp something . . . makes a "Linus Blanket" a necessity. A cloth doll would not last long so a big, tough, bath towel is an excellent "teddy bear." Only be sure it is good and tough so it can not be shredded and then accidentally choke him.
>
> With infinite patience, chimpanzees can be taught to use bathroom facilities, to wear clothing day and night, to eat at table using silverware, to sit quietly and obediently while riding in a car—in fact, anything that a five or six year old child can do except read, write, or carry on a conversation!

There was much more of this, including mention of the Noells' chimp farm and an announcement that newborn infants would be available to the public "in limited numbers." ("Remember, the gestation of a chimpanzee is about eight and one half months!") In the second half of the essay, the author came to grips with an awkward fact not always mentioned by animal dealers:

> One of the most important things about the acquisition of a chimp is the fact that you simply *must* prepare yourself—daily—for the time when it will be absolutely necessary for you to part with your friend. At the age of six or seven years, chimps become adolescent, which means they arrive at an age where they choose to be Boss—rather than *Bossed*. By the time this



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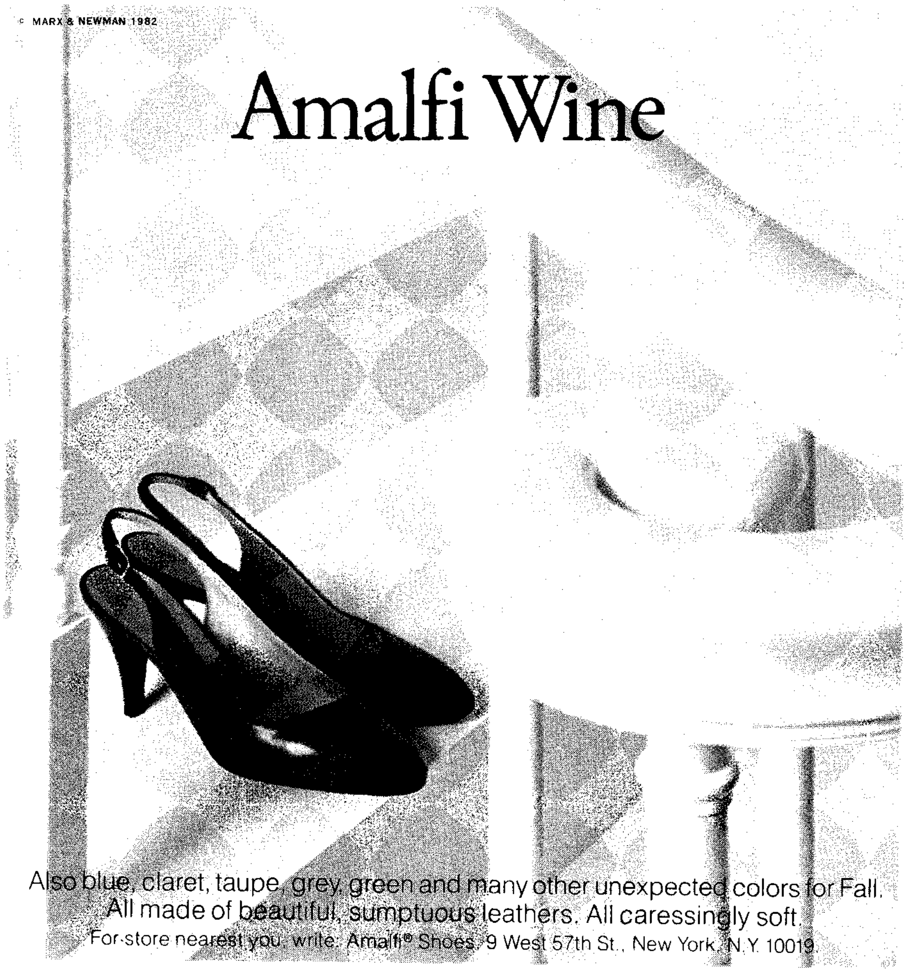

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happens, he has developed muscle power, and fearsome canine teeth that give him the edge over even a Big Man, in a contest of authority. The day comes when the animal suddenly refuses to do something he has been doing routinely. And it usually happens at the most embarrassing time possible; your friends drop in, and our little fellow (not so little any more, at six or seven; I have seen adult chimps that weighed up to two hundred pounds—the exception rather than the rule, though; normal chimps go between 90 lb.-125 lb. at about ten to 12 yrs. of age) who has always offered to shake hands with guests, suddenly decides he doesn't want to do so any more. This causes "Mama" or "Daddy" a moment of embarrassment. Better to let it go at that and decide it is now time to make plans for his future, because if we insist to the point of fierce resistance, someone will surely be bitten! And this can be a serious accident—*especially* if a *child* should be the victim!

The best advice, at this time, is to decide that he has now become a "cage animal" and can no longer be trusted among humans! Off come the clothes! Out the window goes all the years of effort at training! Our little fellow is now thinking of marriage and really doesn't *know what* is disturbing him!

If you can prepare yourself for this eventuality (and it IS a *positive eventuality*) and resign yourself to the idea that you must part company after six or seven years (more or less according to the individual, and to the people who own him) then you are mature enough to have the pleasure of possessing one of nature's most wonderful pets....

I am, most sincerely and Respectfully
MRS. MAE NOELL

The yellow card, headed "Agreement to Purchase Chimpanzee," was shorter but no less remarkable, stating that the signer had read and understood the brochure, that it was his or her desire to purchase one infant chimpanzee from Mrs. Mae Noell, and that he or she understood that he or she would be placed on a waiting list. It continued:

> I understand that new-born infants start at $1,500.00 and this is the price I agree to pay... I further agree that I will not use the animal for any scientific or medical research (psychology excepted) whatever, and that I will use humane methods of teaching and correction, at all times.... I further understand that the market price of Jungle Bred animals may be somewhat less, however, I realize I am buying a Captive Bred infant, of very tender age, and am assured that this will make it a better pet, so am therefore willing to pay the difference.

Next morning, Mrs. Noell and I sat in the living-room section of the trailer going through her photographs, newspaper clippings, and books, and talking our heads off all the while. As I shuffled through the photographs, I suddenly paused, with a cry of recognition, when I found the familiar pose of Mrs. Noell with an absentminded-looking gorilla on her lap.

"You know who *that* is," said Mae Noell fondly. "Tarpie. Do you recognize her? Of course, it was taken some time ago, when she was smaller. And here she is when we first got her." In the next picture she showed me, her husband held the little gorilla, wrapped in woollen clothes and wearing a Balaclava helmet, while she stood next to him with an equally swaddled infant chimp. Mrs. Noell said, "She was a very sick gorilla when we bought her. We nearly didn't pull her through. But there's nothing wrong with her now."

I said, "I haven't got around to asking you yet—how did all this begin?"

She told me. Both she and Noell were children of medicine-show performers—Southerners. Her father, Jack Roach, was a medicine showman and vaudevillian, and Noell's people were in the same line of business. The young people met on her father's medicine show when they were teen-agers. For some reason, Mr. Roach did not take to Noell—"He never took to anybody, really, as a beau for me," said Mrs. Noell—so the sweethearts eloped and set up in the medicine-show business for themselves. The idea of having apes as an attraction in their show was born in Noell's brain simply because he saw a chimpanzee and thought it would be nice to own one.

"There we were, with two young children in New Orleans, and we saw this chimpanzee, Snookie: not such a young one, either—about half grown. The man who owned him was willing to let him go for a few hundred dollars—just about all we had in the world. And what do you know? Bob bought him." I gathered that she had not been overjoyed at the time. Soon, however, she capitulated to Snookie's charm, and from that time forward the Noells had an animal show. The gorillas came later—about 1950. The main part of the animal collection stayed at the Ark the year round, but from mid-April to mid-November the Noells took the gorillas, the orangutans, and the performing chimpanzees on tour as well as all of the baby primates.

"We used our gorillas in the performance," Mrs. Noell said. "Bob used to wrestle with Tommy. Here they are." She shuffled out a few pictures, postcard size, of her husband's face side by side with that of Tommy, who was grimacing in an awe-striking way. Even more impressive was a bigger photograph of Noell and the gorilla in a playful wrestling embrace. In this, one of Tommy's huge, hairy arms encloses Noell's neck; his great mouth gapes wide, full of teeth, and Noell's face, nearly engulfed, is convulsed with mock fear.

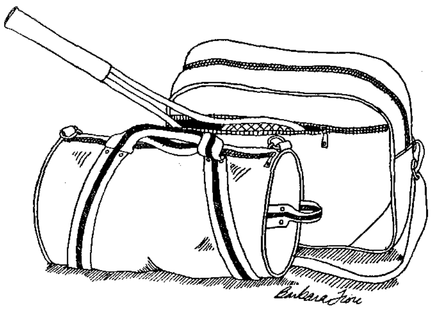
"My goodness," I said. "Wasn't there something about your husband losing some fingers when a chimp bit him?"

Yes, Mrs. Noell said, but she would let him tell me about that himself.

Waiting for Noell to come in for lunch, we discussed the possibility of my catching the show before they stopped doing it. The arrangement would have to be a last-minute one, I understood, because, as the Noells moved from one carnival to another, they sometimes changed course on the basis of sudden offers. We agreed to keep in touch about it. When Noell came back, I asked him about the accident and the loss of his fingers, and he readily spread out his damaged right hand. "It was Joe," he explained. "My oldest boxing chimp. I'd been working him for thirteen years, and he'd never turned on me like that before. He was just feeling mean that day, I guess, and he wasn't wearing his muzzle, or his gloves." This was all mysterious to me. Just what, for instance, was a boxing chimp? But no doubt, I thought, I would find out in due course.

I RETURNED to New York that evening. Late the following summer, Mrs. Noell telephoned to give me a fixed date to see the show. If I came to Jacksonville, near the coast of North Carolina, within the next few days, she said, she would meet me and take me out to the fairgrounds near Beulaville.

I arrived to find the Noell ménage camping at the edge of a fairground, their vehicles strung out in a clearing among some trees. I recognized the big trailer for the apes, which had an elaborate system of folding flaps, partitions, doors, and railings for use during shows. It was morning when I got there, and not much seemed to be happening publicly, but behind the scenes one could see men and women at various pursuits. Some hammered at tent pegs, and others were busy with power tools; quite a few just lounged. From all over came the humming of electric motors. I had never yet seen the exhibition trailer—the place where the gorillas and orangs slept—with the fronts of the cages exposed to view. Now it was half closed. Behind the closed part, I learned, the two big gorillas, the three chimpanzees, and the orangutan pair were resting. But half of it was opened up to show a barred stage or arena with clean straw on the floor. Spectators could peer in from either side but were held away at a safe distance by picket fences. At one end of the trailer was a diminutive porch, divided from the arena by a strong door: I gathered that this part faced members of the public who had not yet paid to get in. Over all, on both sides, was a flapping canvas that obscured the view for all but ticket-holders, and an outer railing marked the limits of this gypsy theatre. On both sides of the porch and down on the floor above the truck wheels were placards bearing photographs, drawings, and various notices. A large one depicted a chimpanzee in boxing trunks, mask, and boxing gloves, standing in a belligerent posture. Above his picture, in black letters three inches high, was a sign headed "WANTED!" and underneath this the legend "Athletic Men to Earn $5.00 per Second by Holding 90 lb. Ape's Shoulders on the Floor (up to 4 seconds). Also Wanted: Boxers to Earn $1.00 Per Minute." There were other signs: "ADMISSIONS: 'Fights:' 'Specials:' 'Some shows $1.00,' 'Some shows $2.00,' 'Prices posted at time of opening.' " I also read, "Fighters must 'sign up' a day ahead" (Mrs. Noell was evidently fond of quotation marks), and I saw several rather sinister legends, such as "WE RESERVE THE RIGHT TO REFUSE ADMITTANCE OR FIGHTERS FOR OR WITHOUT REASON," "No show guaranteed to last over 5 seconds. Maximum 5 minutes," and "PLEASE: If You Are Drinking Please Stay Away."



I had arrived in time to find Bob Noell exercising the younger apes. Otto was in the arena frolicking with Jewel, an infant orangutan, and a prized set of chimpanzee twins, Pete and Donna. When I say "frolicking," I do not mean that they were trotting around very fast. Like most games among apes, much of theirs went on with apparent slowness, varied by sudden rallies when a chimp ran up the bars. Chimps and gorilla wrestled a good deal in slow motion, pushing and panting and laughing wheezily.

Noell threw a large cardboard carton into the arena, and Otto grabbed it. The chimps hovered around waiting for their turn. Jewel was forgotten as Otto put the box over his head and blundered around blindly. Each chimp then took a turn with it, climbing in and out and slapping it around, while the Noells looked on proudly, like parents at a children's party—which, after all, was what they were. For a while, the silence was broken only by ape pants and wheezes. Then Otto, as if suddenly stung to effort, began really asserting himself, taking the box away from the chimps and climbing high on the bars.

Later on, Otto played with a sack, putting it down over himself first, then pulling it up over his legs. Trailing it like overlarge pajama bottoms, he went hand over hand along the top bar, in the manner of a chimpanzee. We agreed that if his wrists were still sore from arthritis he would not be able to do it.

"Otto sleeps with the big ones now," Mrs. Noell said. "He's just graduated from that little cage."

Standing in the middle of the arena, the little gorilla looked just away from me, with the familiar oblique gorilla expression, and beat his chest, *pok-pok-pok*. From the depths of the ape house came an echo in reply—*pok-pok-pok*. The Noells started collecting the young ones to put them away; playtime was over.

As it was getting dark, all the fairgrounds people, having had their supper, began to busy themselves turning on lights and starting up music. To one side of the Noells' porch door hung a slate with two names written on it in chalk; these, Mrs. Noell explained, were volunteers who were going to face the battling chimps that night. "We usually have more than we can take care of," she said. "Here at this place, for instance, we're near Camp Lejeune, where the Marines train, and they love to come down and try to beat the chimps."

"Do your animals box or wrestle?" I asked Noell.

He laughed. "Something of both, I guess," he said. "You'll see. That one on the poster is Joe. We're using three this year—Joe, Kongo, and Butch. Each one's got his own style. Kongo is Joe's son, and he's a lot bigger now than his daddy, but there's still a lot of fight in Joe."

A wind flapped the canvas, and it cracked sharply. Down the row, a barker, or perhaps a recorded voice, yelled repeatedly to the imaginary crowd that this was the greatest show on earth. On a stage near the voice, two young women did a little come-on dance full of bumps and grinds, then retired. One by one and two by two, the crowd began to arrive. In the middle of the grounds, a whirling machine, made to look like a number of planes, carried shrieking children up and down.

A large group of youths in Marine uniforms drifted up to stand before the Noells' pitch and shout encouragement to each other. Mrs. Noell stood on the porch answering questions. A tall, lanky young man presented himself to her. I gathered that he was one of the volunteers whose names were printed on the slate, but he did not behave at all like a volunteer. He argued with Mrs. Noell like a lawyer.

"But what guarantee do I get?" he demanded. "How do I know I get my money?"

Mrs. Noell retorted sharply that the Noells had never yet backed down on a bargain. She demanded a guarantee herself, presenting him with a paper and asking him to sign it.

"What's this? I don't like signing things," said the volunteer.

"It's a release. It says that you volunteered. You did, didn't you?" said Mrs. Noell. "If you don't want to go on with it, say so. There's others who do, waiting for a turn."

The young man's companions began shouting at him, making rude comments about being yellow, and he was stung to action. He signed the paper and climbed up the steps and stood there rather limply. One of the show's assistants beckoned me past the canvas and through the entry door in the fence leading to the hallowed ground that surrounded the arena, now brightly lit up, so that I heard only a last scrap of conversation between Mrs. Noell and the volunteer.

"I don't need no head guard," he was protesting.

She replied, "You got to wear one. It's one of the rules."

On my right, at the gate, people were buying tickets, two dollars each, and thronging in to join me. Soon our part of the enclosure was crowded, and the newcomers had to go around to the opposite side, where I could see their massed faces. They were young men for the most part, but here and there was a young woman, or a child whose father held it up to sit on the railing. All the Marines were shouting jokes calculated to scare the volunteer, who still lingered near the door, presumably preparing himself.

Noell now walked into the arena from the other end, where the apes lived. He held up his arms for silence, and immediately got it. Then, with surprising fluency for an ordinarily taciturn man, he gave a short talk about his chimpanzees and repeated the poster's pledge of five dollars a second, up to four seconds, to anyone who could hold an ape's shoulders on the floor. He told us Joe's battling weight, which I have forgotten, and, as a climax, repeated the story of his lost fingers. To prove it, he held up his right hand. His listeners murmured in awe. "Now I'll go get Joe ready," he said, and retired.

We could hear him exhorting somebody or something, then a sharp exclamation: "Oh! You would, would you?" Chains jangled; eyes in the audience shone. There was no doubt that Noell knew how to set his scene.

The apes' door opened. Joe walked in, rigged out just as he was in the picture. He held the same threatening stance, and must have been the first thing the volunteer saw when his door swung open and he stepped into the arena opposite Joe. Boxing gloves were on the volunteer's hands, and he wore a football helmet. He looked skinnier than ever up there just above eye level—a gangling, overgrown boy. But any tentative maternal sentiments I may have entertained were not shared by my neighbors, who whistled, catcalled, and generally shouted for bloody action.

For an endless moment, the antagonists just stood there staring at each other. Joe's masked face was really incredibly sinister, I thought. Then the volunteer assumed the classic position of the boxer, with fists at the ready, and took a tentative step forward—a shuffling sort of step. One arm came out as he made a swipe at Joe, but it never landed, for Joe ducked under it, launched himself through the air, and landed, as it were, all around the volunteer, like a vine. When he got bored with clinging to the youth, he dropped off and stepped back. The volunteer tried one more blow—a hopeless endeavor—and then turned and ran, Joe leaping after him. When they had circled the arena once, Joe easily caught his adversary and dragged him down, into the straw, so that his shoulders touched the floor. He released him then, and the volunteer sat against the bars, helmet askew, looking dazed. Joe jumped up and down in a victory dance, and the delighted spectators whooped, pounded each other on the back, and generally went crazy. Bob Noell held up Joe's arm in the customary sign of victory, and led him out while the volunteer collected himself and went out the other side. The show was over; everyone had to file out and buy another ticket for the next bout.

The Noells have retired from the carnival business now, but they still have the Ark, as readers of Mrs. Noell's book, "The History of Noell's Ark Gorilla Show," know.

IT occurred to me a short while ago that it was time to check up again on the gorilla population of American zoos. I had, of course, kept an eye on the apes at a distance, and sometimes not so far away. In Toronto's zoo, for example, I had an amazing glimpse, in 1976, of seven adolescent gorillas all at once, amiably sitting or moving about in the gorilla exhibit of the Africa Pavilion, in an enormous play yard of stone slabs and rope swings that had been provided for them. They were much of an age. What impressed me especially was not so much the dimensions of the yard, though these were unusually generous, as the fact that two or three young female keepers were in the enclosure with the animals, sharing lunch with them and playing with them. I thought about this display some years afterward, when I encountered the former zoo official who at that time had shown me around.

"Do you remember when I was in Toronto, in 1976?" I asked. "Remember all those young gorillas in the yard? The ones you said were sure to get out pretty soon?"

"Yes, of course," he said. "I think one did get out soon after you left, but we didn't have much trouble catching him."

I asked, "Do you happen to remember what gorillas were costing then? Lowland, of course."

"Well," he said slowly, "it's hard to be exact, we were buying so many different animals at the time, but as I remember it the going rate was anywhere from—oh, say, five thousand to eight, depending on age and condition. Why?"

"Do you know what a breeding gorilla costs now?" I demanded.

He shook his head.

"*Seventy-five thousand dollars*," I said.

If I had expected to shock him, I didn't succeed. He merely shrugged and said, "It follows. Population's shrinking in the wild."

IN April of 1982, I attended a regional meeting of the American Association of Zoological Parks and Aquariums, in Columbus, Ohio—what was called the Great Lakes Regional Conference. In recent years, the so-called national meetings have become so large as to be unwieldy; as the wild-animal population decreases, so, it seems, does zoo-related humanity increase. But my chief reason was that both Columbus and nearby Cincinnati have a particularly good breeding record for gorillas, as is fitting for the region that produced Colo. The day before the conference opened, I went to Cincinnati to see how they were getting on with their great apes. Very well, said the director, Edward J. Maruska. He showed me a Lowland Gorilla Genealogy Chart, which started in 1950, with the birth of their patriarch, Tut. Tut and his consort, Penelope, born in 1954, produced between them five infants, and Penelope had another offspring with a gorilla named Hatari (born in 1964), but this infant, a female, was stillborn. Of Tut and Penelope's children, the first was also stillborn, in 1967, but Samantha (1970), Ramases (1971), Gigi (1972), and Tara (1974) all survived, and some were later moved to other zoos. Hatari made up for his failure with Penelope by fathering seven infants with two other females. These infants in turn went on to produce more; 1980, for instance, saw the birth of one Cincinnati female, now living in the San Francisco Zoo, and 1981 the birth of two females and a male.

"Yes, we've got a pretty good lot," Maruska said, "but what we need now is to swap some more and get fresh blood into our families. Shall we go and look at the new Gorilla Center? I think it's been built since you were last here."

The new exhibit possessed a fine terrace, similar to the one at the San Diego Zoo, where the animals could stroll around out-of-doors or go into the bedroom areas, as they liked. They took turns, Maruska explained: one lot of gorillas had the run of the place in the morning, the other in the afternoon.

"That's our young male," he said, pointing to a handsome, vigorous-looking silverback. "He's sired four youngsters. That's Ramases over there in the doorway—and there's Kamari."

Kamari was a frisky female, who at sight of us came lolloping down to the edge of the terrace, her eyes fixed on Maruska most of the time. Still, she shot an occasional sidewise glance at the stranger.

"Come up here!" called Maruska. "Come up!"

She couldn't come any farther, being separated from us by a deep moat that ran the length of the terrace, but she continued to watch us alertly.

"She waves at me," Maruska said fondly. "She takes the hose away from the keepers when they're trying to clean the exhibit, and sprays the public. She makes snowballs in the winter and interacts with me a lot. She loves snow. Some of them don't like it at all. By the way, up there is Tut, who started this whole thing."

I saw the majestic silverback, whom I remembered well, sunning himself outside one of the dark openings at the top of the slope, but Kamari was impatiently clamoring for our attention. She waved her right hand, then went over to a patch of green grass and bushes at one corner of the terrace.

"Look at that," Maruska said proudly. "She uproots my grass, she throws stones—"

"How's her aim?"

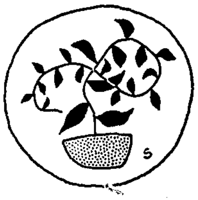
"Pretty good," Maruska admitted. "Come on, Kamari, wave to me. Come on, sweetheart."

After thinking it over and staring at us fixedly, she did wave again.

"When she's in the back and I go in to visit, she actually cries when I leave," said Maruska. "Come on, sugar, come over here. Leave the grass alone. No, she'd rather pull a little greenery. We try everything to save some of our grass. You can see how it's planted where the animals can't go. See that wire around the area? Up on the slope? Well, it's a charged wire —at least, it used to be. That's an interesting thing. We used to run a current through the wire to keep the animals from getting too close to the moat and falling in, or climbing up and pulling out the shrubbery, but a year ago we stopped charging it, I forget just why—probably to save energy. The odd thing is, they'd already been conditioned, and learned not to touch it, and ever since, even though it's not charged, they *haven't* touched it—not one of them."

Sure enough, Kamari was avoiding the electric wire.

"Well, goodbye, Kamari," Maruska said as we moved off. The gorilla, as if to induce us to stay longer, now began to wave frantically. Then, as we still moved off, she made an extraordinary gesture with both hands—an impatient, wash-my-hands-of-the-whole-thing gesture, lifting her hands in the air and bringing them down sharply.



At the meeting, held at the Columbus Zoo, people talked about other animals besides the great apes, but though I listened politely, I hope, to a lecture on "Cytological Changes Before, During, and Post Pregnancy in the South American Tapir" and other such topics, I did not really sit up and take notice until Dr. Richard McClead, Jr., a neonatologist, gave a lecture on "Neo-natal Care in Gorillas." It was mostly a sorrowful story about a little male named Roscoe who was born in the Columbus Zoo on July 31, 1980, and was apparently never a healthy infant. This state of affairs was not due to neglect on the part of his guardians, according to Dr. McClead. On the contrary, the doctor, veterinarians, and staff of the Columbus Children's Hospital Research Foundation seemed to have spent a great deal of time working to save the little ape—all, in the end, in vain. Roscoe died of congestive heart failure on July 29, 1981, at not quite one year of age. Dr. McClead emphasized the need for standardized infant primate care and early intervention, as well as strict isolation and excellent nutrition. I have since learned that two gorilla babies have been successfully delivered by Caesarean section in Los Angeles, and that a brain tumor has been removed from a young gorilla in Toronto.

That evening, there was a meeting called the Gorilla Workshop, where we first heard a series of papers designed to bring a lot of information on captive gorillas up to date. I learned that in 1981 there were twelve live births in North America, and five deaths (including Roscoe's). Twelve animals had been "translocated," or moved: Alvila had gone from Fresno to San Diego, Emmy from Columbus to Cleveland, and so on. I noted that Bridgette, whom I had seen in Omaha, was now in Columbus.

Included among the papers was a list of total populations from 1968 to 1981 inclusive. It showed a steady improvement, though not a staggeringly large one. In 1968, the total zoo population of gorillas in the United States was a hundred and forty-seven, and by a slow increase the figure reached a hundred and ninety-one in 1981. And in 1981 the number of gorillas in American zoos who had been born in captivity was a hundred and thirty-one, while in 1980 the number, including three imported captive-bred animals, was only a hundred and nineteen. If the zoos and the gorillas could keep it up, I reflected, things would not be too bad.

The Gorilla Workshop itself was an informal gathering of zoo people comparing notes. As always, they were totally absorbed in their subject. Hovering over us was a constant preoccupation with conservation, and it seemed fitting that one man with a lot to say on the subject was Lee Simmons, whose gorillas at the Henry Doorly Zoo in Omaha had lately done well, and who had begun his career at Columbus. He said he found it helpful to train his keepers in a special way whenever they had a gorilla birth. "If she hasn't cleaned up the infant and let it nurse within twenty-four hours, we go into the enclosure in a group of four or five, but five is better," he said. "Two of the men take hold of the female's hands, so she can't interfere, and the others make up a task force to distract her attention and hold the youngster up to her nipple, so it will begin to suck. That way, she can't pull it off, as so many females do—and then are called bad mothers. The idea is that if we teach her how to be a good mother and she has a long enough time to get used to it, she'll let the youngster suckle once we let her go."

He went on to say that a lot of times a great ape is condemned as a bad mother when she really hasn't had a chance to become a good one. Such a case needs careful management, but until all hope is gone one should not pull the infant and hand-rear it.

To pull or not to pull? It is a delicate question that has occupied many zoo people, since a young gorilla's life can depend on the answer. Jodie Kiser, infant-care coördinator of the Franklin Park Zoo, in Boston—she was not at the meeting—had done a survey of this in March of 1981. Her survey results showed that "examples of inadequate maternal care included: abandonment, no nursing, gradual loss of interest, inappropriate ventral-ventral support"—i.e., carrying the baby upside down, or in some other position where it cannot reach the nipple—"intolerance of suckling, etc.," and added, "It should also be mentioned that in at least three cases infants were removed for medical care and successfully reintroduced for mother-rearing."

Now, in Columbus, Mark Rosenthal, curator of mammals at the Lincoln Park Zoo, in Chicago, repeated the old question, about whether or not to pull. Sometimes, he said, it is a matter of whether or not the infant is a first birth; sometimes a first-time mother exhibits indifference, probably the result of inexperience, toward the little creature. The first-birth procedure at Lincoln Park is that, usually, the people in charge can safely wait for twenty-four hours, hoping that a rejecting mother may think better of it, but watchfulness is stepped up during the next twenty-four hours if she is still indifferent; and if at the end of seventy-two hours she has still not accepted the baby it is no longer safe to leave the infant with her. Better to pull it, put it on the bottle, and rear it in a human house or in the animal nursery. Everyone agreed that it was better for the gorilla baby to become a member of the troop at birth, if possible, but that there seemed to be no hard-and-fast rule.

Don Davis, the director of the Cheyenne Mountain Zoo—he, too, had his beginnings at Columbus, where his father was the zoo's director—told of an indifferent gorilla mother at his zoo who after delivering her baby put it down without cleaning it. When the male in the exhibit threatened her, she claimed the baby and began looking after it. Another director commented that we should not overlook the influence of the silverback in the troop. If he happens to be there, he often has some say in the matter. Silverbacks have been known to insist that the females meet their maternal responsibilities. The trouble is that one cannot rely on the silverback's reactions. Sometimes they make exemplary fathers, but sometimes they do not.

Simmons reminded us that a good

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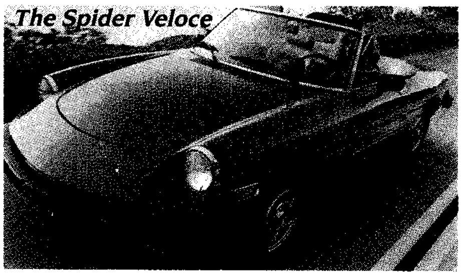

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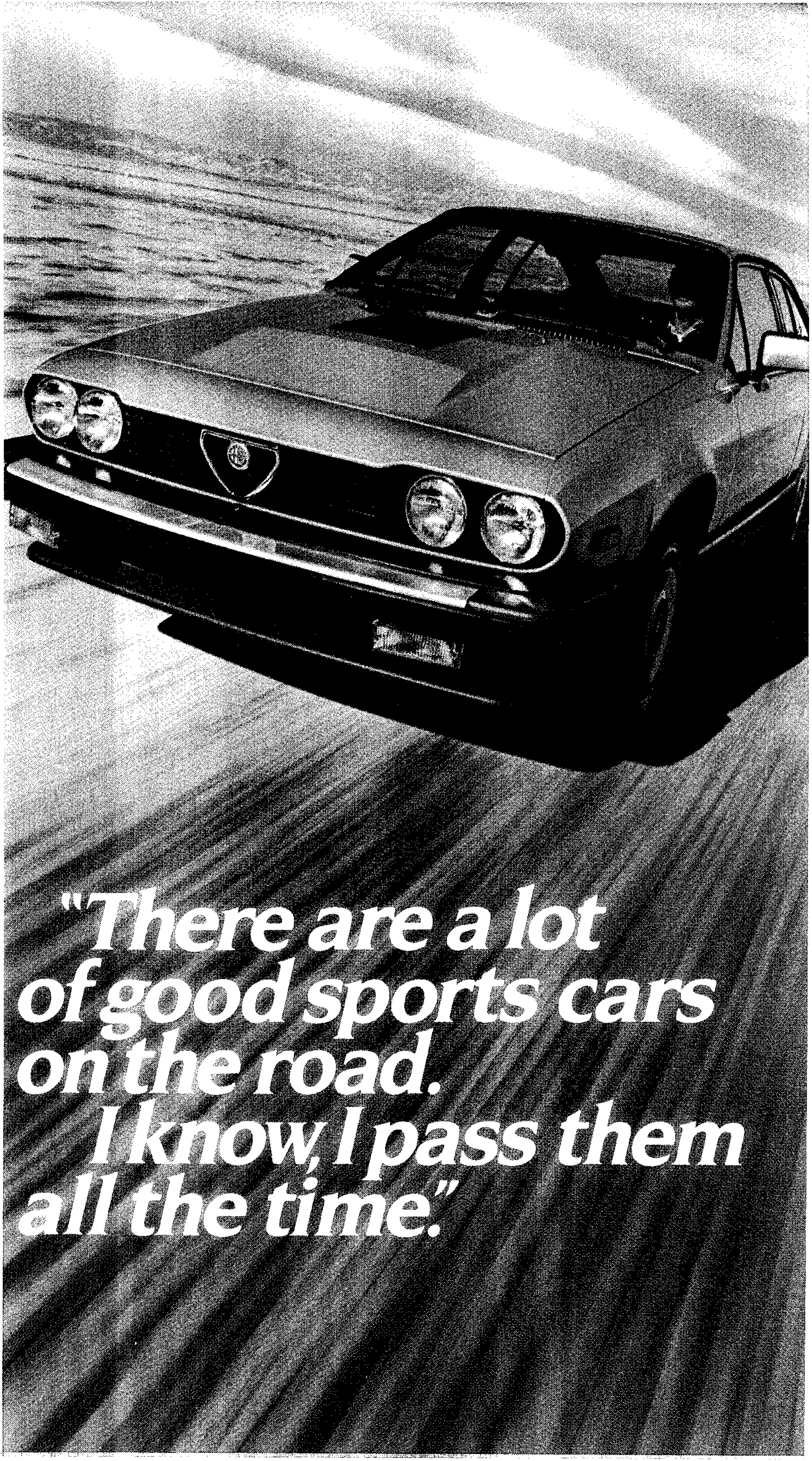
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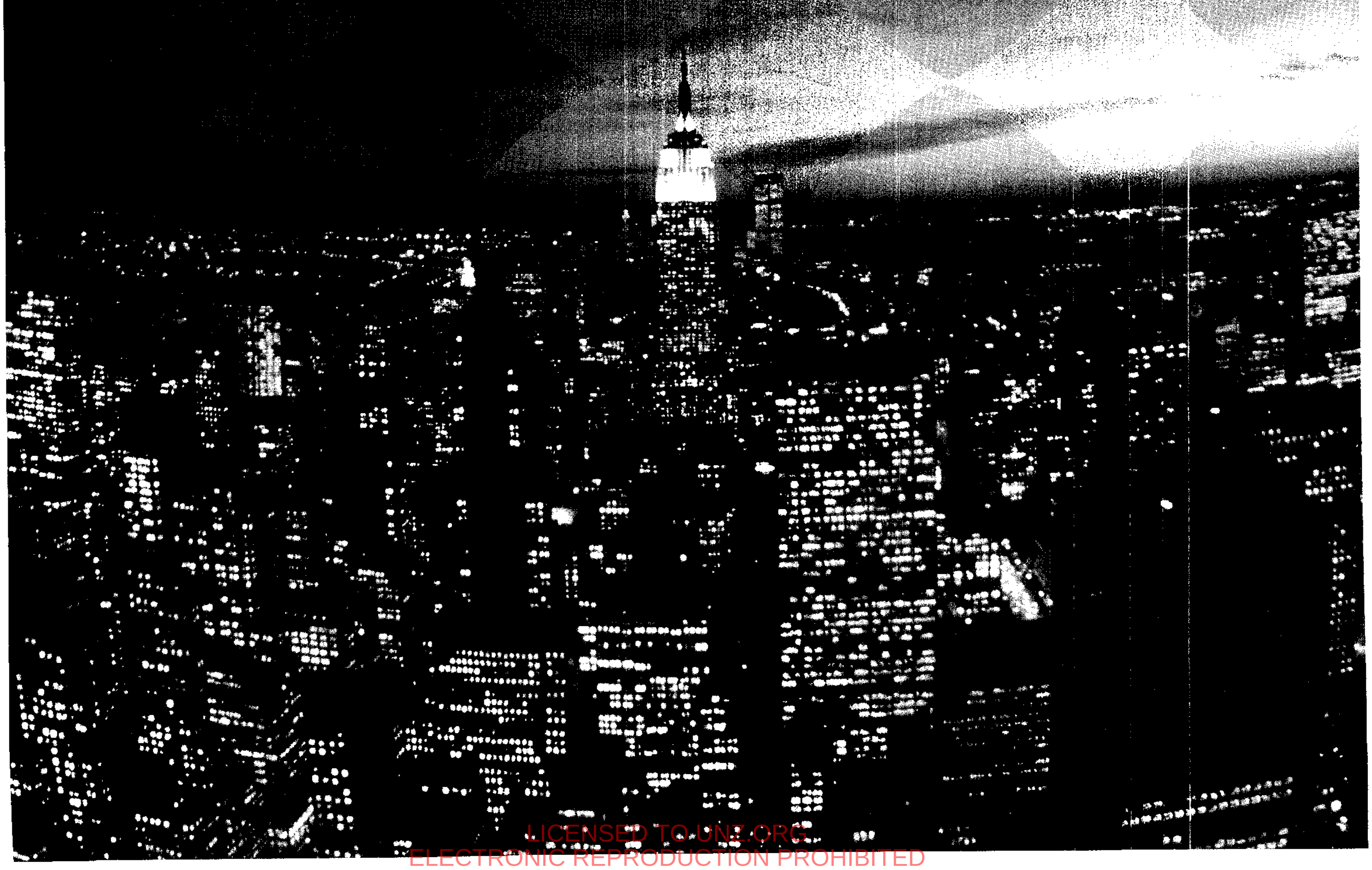

deal depends on the mother's background. One cannot absolutely predict it, but as a general rule a gorilla mother who has herself enjoyed a normal childhood complete with dutiful mother will probably be a good parent herself, whereas a gorilla with a hand-raised, human-style childhood may not be. Harking back not to gorillas but to orangutans, he spoke of a female he knew who had not enjoyed a mother's love and didn't have the slightest idea of how to treat her offspring. Her first infant had to be pulled. Her second, too, was pulled, but with the third, though she gave no signs of a change of behavior, the keepers brought in a change of management: they left the infant with her, though they supplemented his diet with bottle feedings. For a week or so, all seemed to go well with this somewhat unorthodox procedure, but then the keepers reported one morning that the infant was not well—he had lost his appetite. But by noon he was taking the bottle as before. The same thing happened for several days. Again he was bottle-fed, while being held by his mother. At last, they solved the puzzle. The baby orangutan waited until his mother was asleep, then helped himself to her milk without waking her. "Little by little, she found out," said Simmons, "and she seems to have thought, Oh, well, might as well give in. After that, she was what you would call a perfectly good mother, and when she had her fourth youngster she raised it totally on her own."

"WE have seven gorillas in all, and hopes of another on the way," said Hugh B. House, who at the time we spoke in 1972 was curator of mammalogy at the Bronx Zoo. "But I'm afraid you're a year too late to see our mountain gorilla, Pilipili. He was a beauty. And more than that, he was a gentleman. Everybody will tell you so. He had dignity. He was *benign*. He won the respect of everybody around here. No, it wasn't old age that killed him—Pilipili was in the prime of life. We aren't sure just what it was. One day, he was all right, and the next he wasn't—Tuesday, we saw him lying on his stomach, and the next day he was dead. There were no recognizable symptoms. Some of us had the idea he might have overeaten on Sunday, which is the worst time for public feeding, but the autopsy didn't show it. He was just getting adjusted to the enlarged gorilla grotto, too. Do you see that thick hedge? It keeps people

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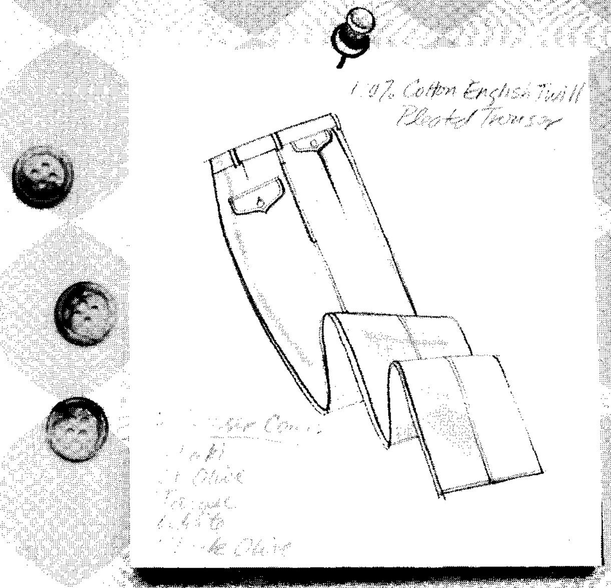

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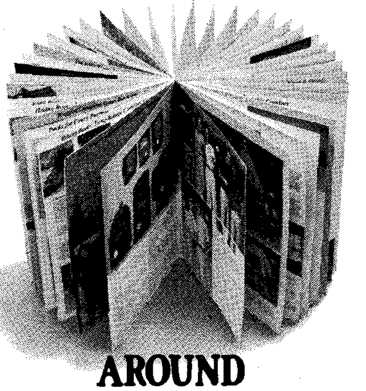

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from throwing things in—popcorn, especially, because popcorn is too light to travel through the air. And not many people are foolish enough to throw a whole box of the stuff across the hedge. It was a real tragedy. We had hopes of breeding him, too—we had this mountain female, Sumaili, who was still apparently fertile, though she was twenty-four. Some years ago, Pilipili showed interest in her, but Sumaili was terrified of him, and that created problems. She'd scream and scream until he lost his temper and knocked hell out of her, so we gave up and separated them. We didn't completely cut them off, though; we left a window between their cages. Then we had a talk with Dian Fossey, who'd been watching mountain gorillas in the wild in Africa, and as a result we decided to *let* Pilipili knock Sumaili around, never mind how she screamed. We girded ourselves and got ready for fireworks, and opened the door and put them together again, and—no problem!" He paused to laugh. "She strutted up backward to him, and he just beamed. He beat his chest, showing off to us. She could pull his hair; she could do whatever she wanted and get away with it. There was a little trouble at feeding time, so we separated them for that; otherwise they stayed together. And there was definitely some breeding activity. This makes it all the more tragic that he died. It was marvellous while it lasted, though. They would groom each other, and Pilipili seemed defensive about her."

He sighed, and I changed the subject by asking the old question: "Why do gorillas stand on people?"

House had something new to say about that. Gorillas stand on each other, he reminded me. One male at the zoo always stood on his mate when he wanted to reach something that would otherwise be unattainable—usually decorative plastic plants that were draped over his cage in what the authorities wrongly thought was an unreachable position. Standing on the female, the male gorilla had no trouble at all getting at them. "He did the same thing when he wanted to get out of the moat," House said. "On the whole, I think it must be a juvenile trait. I don't recall mature gorillas doing it as a regular thing."

"Well, they'd seldom get the chance, would they?" I said.

"As a matter of fact, one of our keepers is out right now with an injured back," House said. "A gorilla youngster dropped on him from the rear."

With such a generous number of gorillas, he said, the keepers at the Bronx found it unnecessary to spend much time themselves with the apes. "The gorillas interact with each other, and that keeps them from getting too humanized," he explained. Now he handed me over to James G. Doherty, then the assistant curator, who took me back to see the animals in their sleeping quarters. One by one, the gorillas were named to me, and they accepted the ceremony with the usual pleasant offside gaze until we reached a cage separate from the others. Here sat a lady well along in years, who seemed especially glad to see my companion.

"This is Oka, believed to be the second-oldest gorilla in captivity," said Doherty. "She's probably thirty-two or thirty-three. Very gentle, as you can see. Would you like to feed her?"

A keeper produced an open can of fruit salad and a spoon. I fed Oka, spoonful by spoonful, through the bars of the cage. She watched anxiously whenever I spilled a drop or two, but she never complained, and at the end she sucked the spoon. She was a very appealing animal.

"It's been fun," I said as we walked toward the zoo gate. "Especially because it was here, years ago, that I met my first gorilla."

"How was that?" Doherty asked politely, so I told him the story of my visit to the hospital and the romp with the little wild-caught ape.

"Just when was that?" he asked.

"Oh, it must have been early in '44, if not late in '43," I said.

He was silent for a moment, as befitted a man who could not himself look back so far. Then he said, "That was Oka."

And, of course, it was. I was particularly glad that I had seen her on this visit, because, some while afterward, I read that she had died.

—Emily Hahn

(*This is the second part of a two-part article.*)

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MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the San Francisco Chronicle*]

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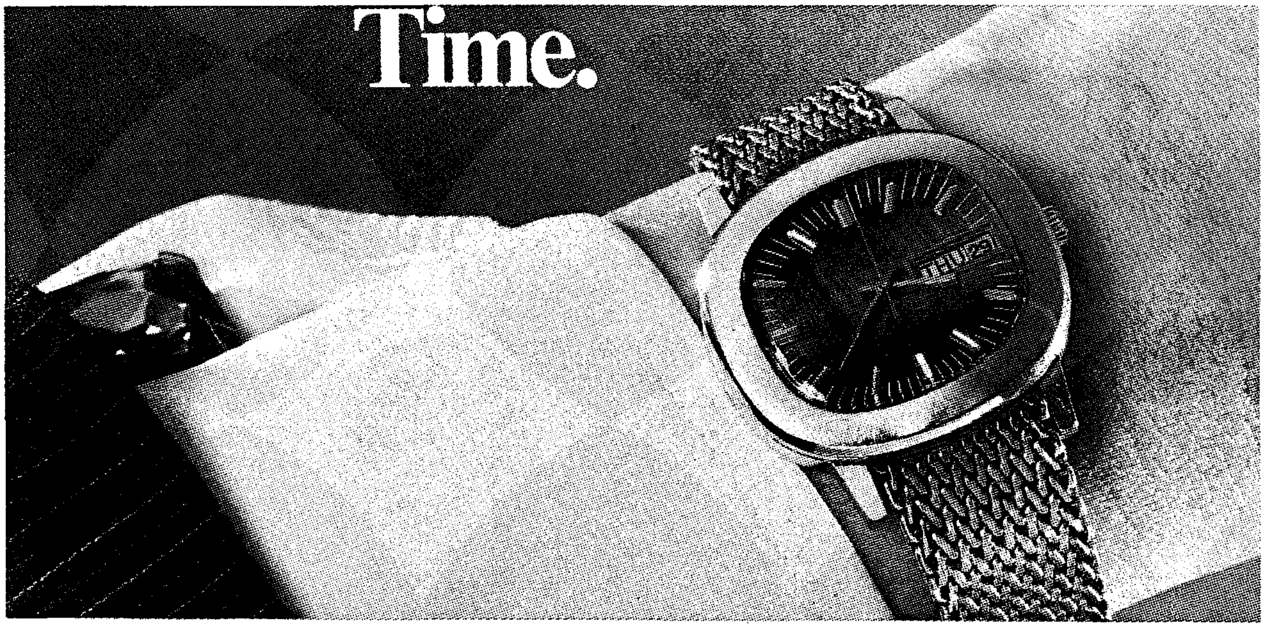

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MUSICAL EVENTS

A Frail Bark

Reflecting on Melville in these pages a few months ago, John Updike called the last novel, "The Confidence-Man," a "crabbed and inert work," "suffocatingly difficult to read," and one that "has the texture of gnashing teeth." I gritted my teeth and read it, in preparation for George Rochberg's first opera, "The Confidence Man," which had its première at Santa Fe last month. After a while, the going proved not too hard. Melville's networks of motif, allusion, delayed development, and varied restatement soon fascinate anyone accustomed to tracing such things in Wagner or Berg. The transformation of sources to serve new ends also has operatic analogues. The progress once made by Bunyan's Pilgrim and, in a later age, by Hawthorne on "The Celestial Railroad" evidently suggested Melville's metaphor of an April 1st journey down the Mississippi from St. Louis. In the first scene of his book, a mild, lamblike, mute figure joins the embarking throng, bearing a slate on which he proclaims texts from I Corinthians: "Charity believeth all things," "Charity never faileth." Meanwhile, the boat's barber starts the day by hanging over the door of his shop a sign that reads "No Trust." In various motleys—but settling at last into the role of a cosmopolitan—the Confidence Man converses with one passenger after another. That he is an incarnation of the Devil, moving among the men on this bright, busy Ship of Fools, is made plain by the imagery that clusters around him. But what he preaches is, in effect, from a famous sermon: "Give to every man that asketh of thee; and of him that taketh away thy goods ask them not again." No wonder the harder-headed passengers scorn his counsel and close their purses; they are tuned to a Benjamin Franklin text, "In the affairs of this world men are saved, not by faith, but by the want of it." In the final scene, the Confidence Man accosts a good, pious, robed old Christian, his snowy head haloed by the glow of a "solar lamp" as he reads the Bible; wins his confidence (with the help of a glittery, smoky imp accomplice, an urchin peddler); replaces the Bible in the believer's hands with a closestool as an infallible life preserver; extinguishes the light; and "kindly" leads him out into the darkness. It is a charged, powerful, and moving scene—black, blasphemous, yet also comic and curiously tender.

Even the closest student of "The Confidence-Man," Elizabeth Foster, whose 1954 edition of the novel clarifies connections, identifies sources, analyzes allegory and satire, and solves many riddles, remarked that the book "still keeps many, or most, of its secrets." Much critical and analytical study has been made of it; an extended bibliography appears in the Norton Critical Edition. It has long been recognized that the book is more than—as Hershel Parker, the editor of that Norton edition, put it—"merely a picaresque satire on the hazards of Western travel and the peculiarities of American manners and morals." The protagonist has been variously identified: as Uncle Sam, Orpheus, Christ, the Devil. "Emerson is the confidence man," Carl Van Vechten said in 1922, "Emerson who preached being good, not doing good," and Melville's book is "the great transcendental satire." But a contemptuous limning of Emerson has more plausibly been discerned in Mark Winsome, the "mystical master" of Chapters 36 and 37. Winsome's disciple Egbert is presumably Thoreau. Poe makes a fleeting appearance. Fanny Kemble is unkindly parodied in one of the tales told during the journey. "The Confidence-Man" is a work rich and dense; it moves on many levels, some of them deep. It is as carefully and consciously—though not nearly as well—written as "Billy Budd," or as Thomas Mann's "Death in Venice," both of which yielded librettos that then needed music for their completion. Those two novellas, like "The Confidence-Man," are allegorical and allusive, and are composed with recurrent motifs and imagery in ways that musicians respond to. Unlike "The Confidence-Man," they also have what an opera needs: characters and a plot. "The Confidence-Man" is made of discourse punctuated by description. One was curious to discover what the Rochbergs—the composer's wife, Gene, is the librettist of his opera—could possibly do with it.

What they did was to choose as their main matter one of the tales during the trip: Chapter 40, "The Story of China Aster." It is told to, not by, the Confidence Man, and is told by Egbert-Thoreau, but in the manner of Emerson (or perhaps Franklin). In fact, it is rather more complicated than that: the Confidence Man and Egbert are, for the purposes of argument, here assuming the roles of Frank and Charlie, bosom friends since childhood—Frank seeking a loan, and rich Charlie refusing to grant it. (To make things yet more complicated, in an earlier chapter the Confidence Man, calling himself Frank Goodman, has sought a loan from another Charlie, whom Winsome-Emerson then denounces to the Confidence Man as a confidence man. This stretch of the book is one of dizzying sudden "modulations.") Well, Egbert-Thoreau-Charlie, after apologies for sliding into the diction of the master who has "tyrannized" over him, tells the story to illustrate why he will not even accept loans, let alone offer them. China Aster, a poor candlemaker, accepted a loan from a rich friend, Orchis, became destitute trying to repay it, and died in misery, having prepared his epitaph: "He was ruined by allowing himself to be persuaded, against his better sense, into the free indulgence of confidence." (Another "level" may be found in the possibility that China Aster, the light-bringer, and Orchis, the successful friend who gives bad counsel, are reflections of Melville himself and Hawthorne, and that the tale parodies Melville's own disastrous literary career.)

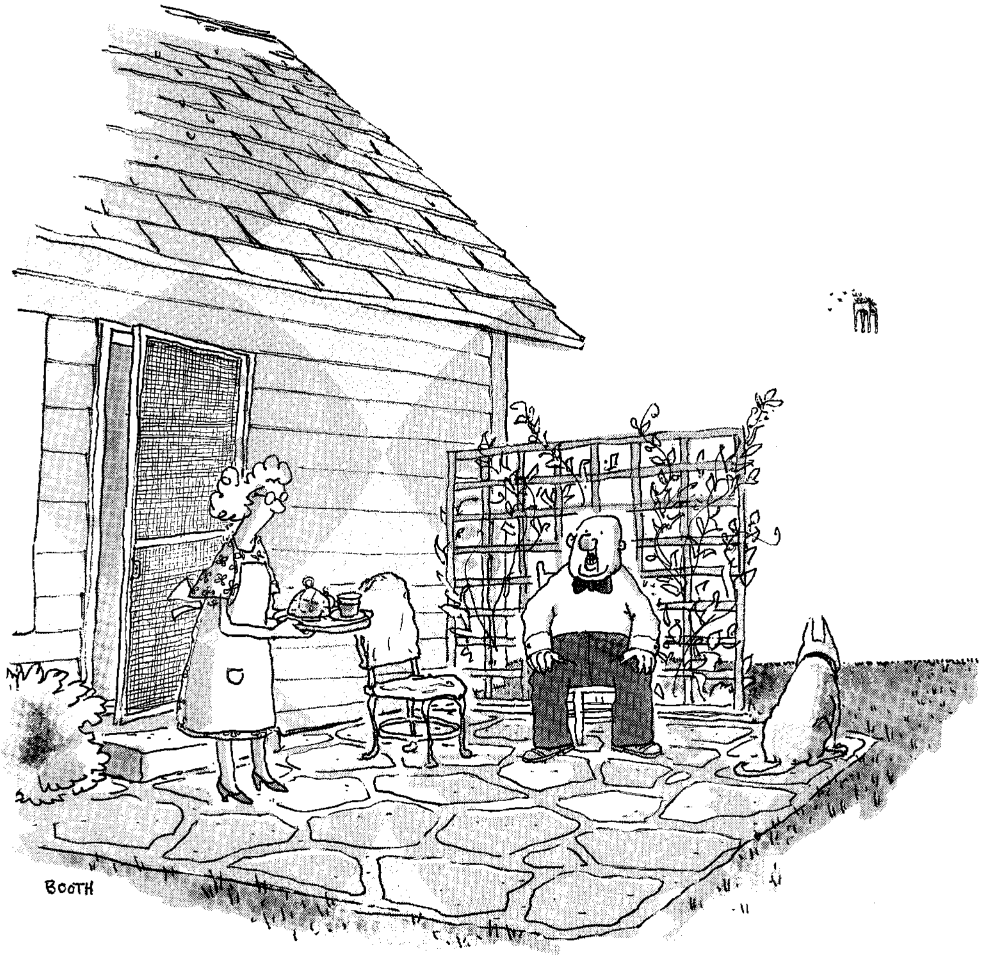
It's a slender plot for an opera. The Rochbergs have made the Confidence Man himself its teller (even though it is a tale against confidence), dramatized it, and padded it out with a long prologue and some other episodes drawn (out of context) from the book, and with an irrelevant minstrel show as a divertissement. After China Aster's epitaph has been sung, the entire cast assembles to pronounce an envoy:

> Trust! Trust!
> What trust can you put in men?
> Why, what else
> But the trust of perfect
> CONFIDENCE!

One assumes at first that it is intended as a wryly ironical moral. But no, the musical setting proves to be perfectly straight, and in program notes the creators say that "the theme of our work" is indeed "faith and trust in mankind," "the idea that trust in each other is essential to life." An odd moral to draw from the tale of China Aster, who trusted and was destroyed by his trust! The opera doesn't make sense. It seems to me an amateurish piece of dramaturgy, intellectually weak and theatrically inept. The complaint is not that the authors have altered Melville. Effective operas—Tchaikovsky's "Eugene Onegin" and "Queen of Spades," Puccini's "Madama Butterfly" in its familiar, revised version—have been composed to librettos that keep the incidents of an original source but drastically alter the tone. In this opera, the Rochbergs have altered Melville's "The Confidence-Man" without putting anything coherent or effective in its place.

The music is all but worthless. (The orchestration is adept, and the vocal lines sing freely.) Lest that seem too harsh a judgment, let me admit to prejudice: against music that deliberately aims low, music that encourages the bourgeois middlebrow who "knows what he likes and likes what he knows" to turn that apologetic disclaimer into a proud assertion. Prejudice, too, against the glib trivialization of a strenuously earnest, aspirant work of art. Rochberg has adopted eclecticism and pastiche as an article of faith. At a Santa Fe symposium on "Historical Issues in Twentieth-Century Music," he declared that modern music had died in 1965, dismissing by implication all that Roger Sessions, Elliott Carter, Milton Babbitt, Peter Maxwell Davies—to name but four, very different modern composers—have achieved since then. When his three "Concord Quartets"—a survey of musical styles from Pachelbel to Schoenberg, now available on an RCA album—appeared, in 1979, I heard them with a sympathetic ear and was not bored: they contained much that I knew and liked. They seemed to ask, and to search for answers to, urgent questions: What do the varied musics of the past mean to a modern listener? And what the varied musics of the present? Is that listener being promiscuous or healthily "pluralistic" when he can respond with enthusiasm to many discrete manners? But the seriousness and urgency have in "The Confidence Man" degenerated into mannerism and routine. Rochberg has settled for easy answers. Plainly, he has a retentive memory, and the music of the opera is largely a reworking of ideas that other, better composers—Walton, Britten, Kurt Weill, Stephen Foster, Mozart, Menotti, Mahler, Sigmund Romberg, Pierre Boulez—have put to more effective and, generally, more responsible use. (Romberg, laced with accompaniment from Walton's "Façade," appears in an irrelevant waltz drinking song; Boulez's manner of high-soprano writing is crudely caricatured in two apparitions of an Angel of Bright Future.) The result is at once vulgar and very boring. Sometimes the music is short-breathed: a nifty little ensemble in the minstrel show which would bear repetition was heard only once; the protagonist's mock-Italian arias in Act II petered out soon after they had started. Sometimes it is garrulous: short motifs are played over and over again—worked to death. The first act lasted about eighty-five minutes, the second about seventy-five, and they seemed interminable. Some cuts had been made before the première. More could easily have been made, anywhere, since nothing seemed necessary.

The Santa Fe execution was admirable. William Harwood, conducting, had the chance to show his mastery of a wide variety of operatic styles, and he did all he could to invest the proceedings with life, color, and continuity. The orchestra played well. The choral sound was excellent. Richard Pearlman's direction and John Scheffler's décor were conventional but lavish and competent. As the protagonist, China Aster, Neil Rosenshein sang in clear, true, telling tones; he is moving into the front line of young American tenors. Brent Ellis gave a strong performance in the title role, which loses importance once the long prologue is done. Among the others were Sunny Joy Langton, as Aster's wife; Deborah Cook, as the Angel; Michael Fiacco, as Orchis; Carolyne James, as Mrs. Orchis; and Joseph Frank, as the Barber. The cast list is long. There were solo opportunities for seventeen young artists in Santa Fe's apprentice program, which has been as abundant a supplier of America's operatic artists as the Glyndebourne Chorus has been of Britain's. Santa Fe, having undertaken "The Confidence Man," did it proud. Sad that much talent and en-



"The bugs got your little drop-leaf table."

ergy were expended on undeserving material.

AT a concert of the Santa Fe Chamber Music Festival, three days before the opera's première, Rochberg's String Quintet was played by the Concord String Quartet and Nathaniel Rosen, cello. Composed last year, it draws some of its material from "The Confidence Man." The concert began with Dvořák's F-Major Quartet, of which the Concord gave a vigorous, ill-tuned, and unshapely performance. It ended with Shostakovich's Piano Quintet, played with conviction by five of the young artists who gather to form Santa Fe's resident chamber ensemble during the festival: Daniel Phillips and Ani Kavafian, violins; Geraldine Walther, viola; Carter Brey, cello; and Edward Auer, piano. An extraordinary program note accused Shostakovich of insincerity in the opening movements. In fact, his passionate, powerful, and individual Quintet, heard after Rochberg's piece, made that work seem like a fake exposed by confrontation with "the real thing." No one questions Rochberg's sincerity. After the "Concord Quartets," I wrote that I could "respect a creator who genuinely feels that clothes of the past are more comfortable and more expressive garments than those of today." And now? In the recent works, the borrowed plumes seem to be more complacently, less modestly worn. The sense of exploration, of testing a new-old style, is gone. Of course, the composer's pronouncements—such things as his reference to "the cultural pathology of my own time"—must not be allowed to color appraisal of his music. It's the music itself that I found distasteful. Moreover, the effect of this music can perhaps be pernicious. It was disturbing to hear Mr. Phillips, one of our abler young violinists, remark at a symposium that he would rather play good Amy Beach than bad Elliott Carter. (Is there any bad Elliott Carter?) Rochberg writes reactionary stuff—music whose appeal is to closed, unadventurous minds. I know nothing of his extra-musical beliefs, but his works could become cultural fodder for the New Right: Down with progressive thought! Down with progressive music!

TEN years ago, Rochberg wrote—in a note accompanying the Nonesuch recording of his Third String Quartet—of "an effort to rediscover the larger and more sweeping gestures of the past, to reconcile my love for that past and its traditions with my relation to the present and its often-destructive pressures." Many composers have made that effort, and it has led the best of them to write not pastiche but vital new music rooted firmly in and drawing rich sustenance from the past. Roger Sessions comes to mind. And Peter Maxwell Davies—by Rochberg reckoning surely a "modernist"?—who in many radiant, uncompromisingly "modern" compositions has not found it "virtually impossible to express serenity, tranquillity, grace, wit, energy." In Davies' two recent symphonies, plainchant and Sibelius both play a part. Between the symphonies, he composed the ballet "Salome" (1978), his longest and one of his most important orchestral scores. It contains about two hours and twenty minutes of music. It has been recorded (on three Danish EMI discs), and a study score is published by Boosey & Hawkes. "Salome" was written for Flemming Flindt's Circus Company (named after the Circus Building in Copenhagen, where it played) and was given there with sensational success for a two-month run. (The fact that Salome's long dance before Herod was performed naked, by Vivi Flindt, did nothing to hurt the publicity.) In Copenhagen, the score was tape-recorded. Flindt is now the artistic director of the Dallas Ballet, which brought "Salome" to Santa Fe and there gave the piece its American première, its hundredth performance, and the first to be danced to more or less live music.

The scenario, essentially Flindt's—according to a remark in Paul Griffiths' valuable little monograph on Davies, now distributed in this country by Universe Books—is a rather naïvely politicized transformation of the Salome tale. Salome "is portrayed as the overindulged daughter of rich materialistic parents, who is driven to revolutionary desperation by their power-hunger and crassness." And "the parallel with the modern girl terrorists should be made quite clear . . . the same morass of opportunism and degradation which is their social background, the same clash with a deformed and corrupt petit-bourgeois that is the element of power, the adolescents in conflict with the parents, the erotic attraction to the men who will be the tools for their revenge." John the Baptist is a pacifist leader. The ballet opens with the

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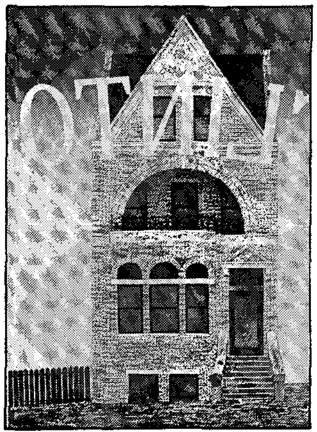

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greening of Israel by John and his followers: a folksy work dance; a "liberty theme." Then Roman invaders march on and enslave the Jews; the land becomes desolate again. The brothers Philip and Herod struggle for the crown of the puppet state. Philip's wife, Herodias, helps Herod to murder Philip; Salome, her daughter, watches with revulsion. And so on, until—after the dance with no veils (but in Santa Fe Mrs. Flindt was chastely sheathed in a body stocking), the beheading, and the kissing of the head—Salome and John achieve an apotheosis, dancing on a field of pure white. "United, they step up toward the stars . . . and during the transformed liberty theme, John's disciples follow from earth this rising to an inalienable freedom."

It might be stirring were Flindt's choreography (Bournonville polluted by Béjart) not pretty trashy. What matters is the music—rich, colorful, and eloquent. It is based, often audibly so, on a plainchant for the Feast of St. John the Baptist; the chant is closer to the surface than in many Davies pieces, recognizable through the dance rhythms it assumes. Not with simple schematicism but subtly and eloquently, the contrast between innocent, industrious, pastoral mildness and fierce, jewelled, chromatic corruption is made. There is fervor in the score. There are bright, entertaining divertissements: an Arabian dance and a tumbling display at Herod's feast. Above all, perhaps, there is a sense of joy, energy, and exuberance in creating free, copious theatre music. For Santa Fe, the composer had prepared a "version for small theatre orchestra." Not very small: double woodwinds, double brasses, four percussion players, harp, celesta, and strings (a reduction of two horns and two percussion players on the original). So far as one could judge, the musical performance—some of the players came from Dallas, others were members of the New Mexico Symphony, and Anshel Brusilow conducted—was less than fully assured. But it was hard to judge, since the sound was loudly amplified, in a gym-type auditorium with a noisy ventilation system. Davies has devised a fifty-four-minute concert suite of dances from the ballet. It was acclaimed at its London première, in 1979. May we soon hear it.

—ANDREW PORTER

• •

THE LAKE

The water is the color of Chinese green tea,
And thick, as I slide in. You are standing on the shore
Looking past me. Behind you is the summer house.
Through encrusted screens comes the clatter
Of silverware and plates being washed in the tin tub.
Small children run quietly
In and out of the bushes at the side of the house.

I think back to this morning—
In the wet heat, we picked the blueberries
Among the scuff of bushes lining the dirt road . . .

As I swim farther,
I can see the other small docks.
There are still a few lone figures
Winding up lines, securing small boats.

My chin slides down into the water.
I am eye-level with the lake.
There are pines on the opposite shore.
You yell out; I cannot make out what you say.
You turn and walk into the house.
The screen door snaps shut.

It is dusk and everything has lost its color.
I hang in the water next to the diving platform.
The air is too cool to pull myself out
And onto the water-soaked wood.
Instead, I hang there, my legs slowly drifting,
Drifting away, underneath the dock.

—KAREN FISH

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THE AIR

The Falklands, Vietnam, and Our Collective Memory

THOUGH Vietnam, that strange war, slipped off our viewing screens some ten years ago, it never seems to be completely out of mind. Now it's the British, fresh (probably not the right word for it) from their Falklands scuffle with the Argentines, who invoke its ghostly memory. British war correspondents, back home from their tossing aircraft carriers and soggy airstrips, have been criticizing their government's traditional penchant for wartime censorship, press controls, and other hallowed United Kingdom methods of keeping journalists in the kitchen, and comparing their lot unfavorably with the seemingly free-floating experience of buccaneer American TV-news crews in Vietnam. At the same time, doyens of the British Ministry of Defence have claimed a similarly keen interest in American journalism in Vietnam—particularly in the effects of the combat coverage broadcast by the networks on the nightly news, whose introduction of the horrors of battle into the American living room is now widely perceived as the chief motivation for the American electorate's having turned against the war.

To tell the truth, one can't very well blame the British journalists, confined to weeks of seasick quasi house arrest aboard the Hermes or the Invincible or the Dogmatic, for looking with a certain envy back in time toward the greener journalistic grass of Vietnam, where Jack Laurence, Dean Brelis, Morley Safer, and how many other safari-suited buckoes roamed (according to legend) like free spirits through the Indo-Chinese veldt. There's little doubt that American journalists in Vietnam had a freer hand than their British colleagues with the South Atlantic task force, who for the most part were required to report their war by means of still photographs accompanied by awkward, crackly telephoned commentary, as if their reports were proceeding not merely from another hemisphere but from another century. Still, this much said, there are other truths to be told and comparisons to be made, and the most interesting of the comparisons, I think, are not so much between the Falklands and Vietnam as between Vietnam and what is apparently now our collective memory of it.

In terms of a press role in war, two initial differences between the Falklands and Vietnam stand out—in addition to the obviously different military approaches involved in the two operations, one being preponderantly naval, the other mainly ground-based. To begin with, I believe it's fair to say that the American press in Vietnam was given its relative freedom for a variety of reasons, most of which had little or nothing to do with any overweening regard on the part of the American military establishment for the First Amendment. One of the reasons that American journalists moved about as they did was that Vietnam was not only an undeclared war (even more undeclared than the Falklands) but also a war in which the United States was theoretically not one of the key participants; our troops and our correspondents both got shot at, but each remained a "guest presence" in the country, amenable to controls and regulations often issued from very far away. But a more important reason for the wide-ranging presence of the American press in Vietnam was not simply the "need to know" on the part of the American electorate or American news organizations (a "need to know" that was kept mightily muted during most of the war) but was one of the great truths learned by the American military establishment in the Second World War; namely, the value of media exposure to high-ranking officers in wartime. In the Second World War, the generals and admirals learned to love the press; their pictures on the covers of *Life* and *Time* and *Collier's* were stepping stones out of the postwar military into defense contracting or senior government service—even into the Presidency. Of course, by the time of Korea the press had grown cool toward generals and admirals (with the exception of the national swoon over General MacArthur), and by the later stages of the Vietnam War the love

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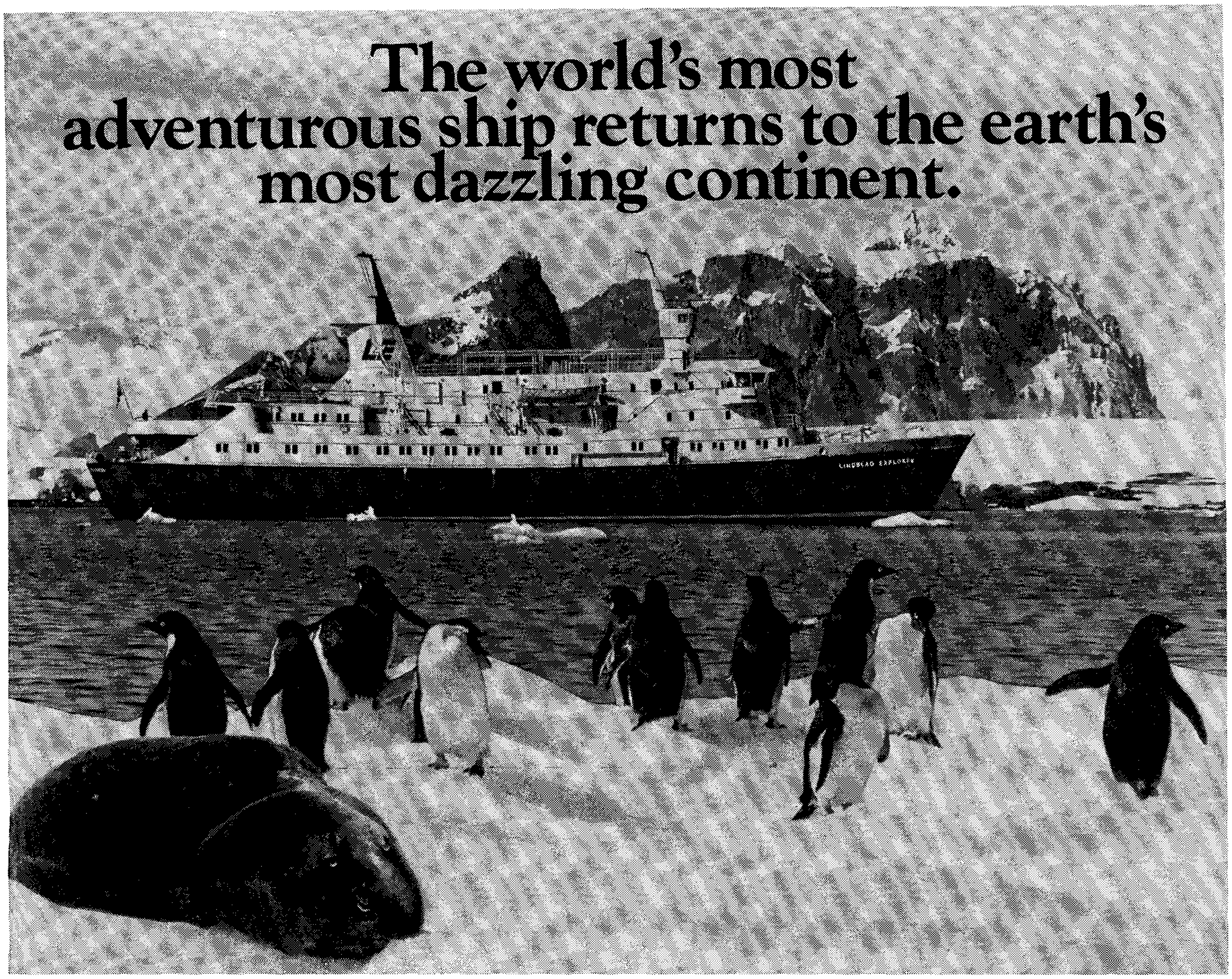

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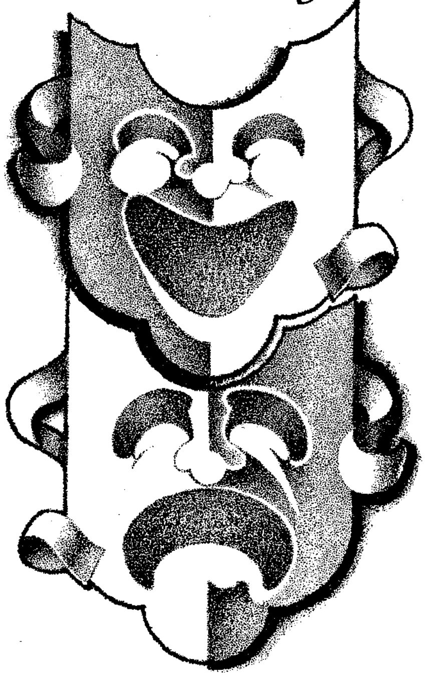

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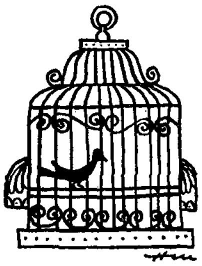
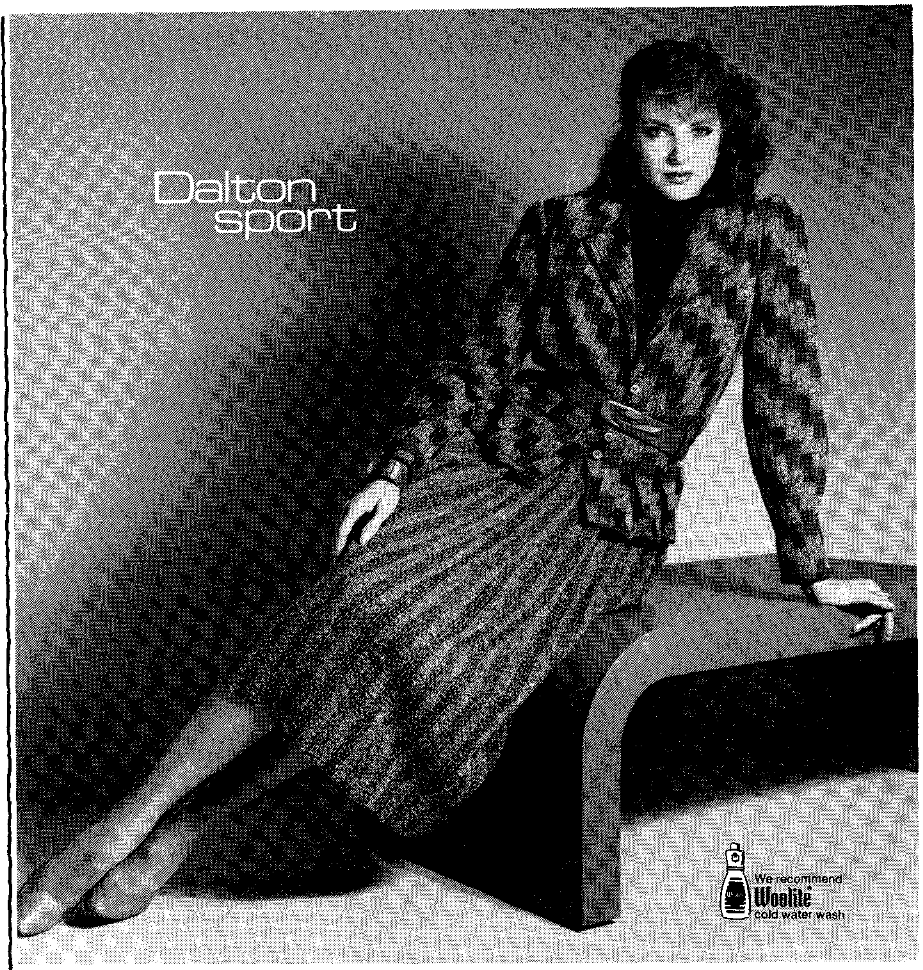
affair was definitely over; military commanders were learning to duck for cover whenever a journalist came by. For the most part, though, in the year-by-year unfolding of our Vietnam involvement press wariness came slowly to the military—as slowly, perhaps, as a critical perspective came to our major news organizations. Originally, the American commanders not only allowed the press in; they welcomed it—especially the TV correspondents—the way all of us welcome anyone that we somehow instinctively assume will do something for *us*. And originally, and for many years, the press repaid the good will of its military hosts. For example, if General Paul D. Harkins did not grace as many news-magazine covers as the doughty Patton or the valorous Halsey, there he was at least (and not infrequently) in *Life* and *Time* and *Newsweek*, and on the nightly news, discoursing on the merits of his Pacification (or was it Vietnamization? or was it Strategic Hamlets?) program. Thus, from the outset in Vietnam the relative freedom enjoyed by American newsmen was colored by a certain element of trade-off in their relationship with the military; whether the newsmen on the scene accepted the trade-off or not (and most did not), American military commanders who had been tutored in the traditions of Second World War press coverage assumed that the press was there to give them a boost—and not merely in a patriotic sense but in a more contemporarily American sense of being an aid to their careers. (I suspect that it's less a matter of superior morals and more a result of a different class structure—or, at least, of a different national approach to career advancement—that has sustained the British military establishment in giving a fairly steadfast cold shoulder to the art of public relations.)

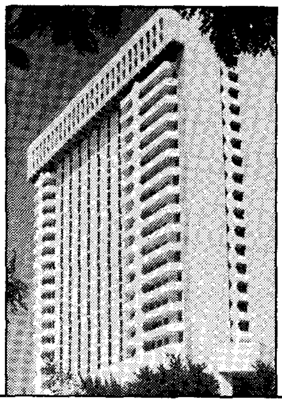
There was also a much more explicit form of interdependence in Vietnam between the press and the military—especially between the military and the television networks—which took the form sometimes of routine military-press coöperation and sometimes of powerful constraints on the supposedly freewheeling journalists. The fact of the matter is that the type of press coverage that the military most wanted and was most in awe of—the network television news reports—was also, by virtue of its technology and its impedimenta, the type of coverage that most needed military support and transportation. Military commanders couldn't control what TV correspondents might say about their operations, but they could sure as hell control where the correspondents went, and especially where they didn't go. In other words, though Ernie Pyle in the Second World War may have bummed around the Salerno beachhead with a notebook and pencil, CBS's Dave Schoumacher and his Australian cameraman and his Vietnamese sound man, with their seventy pounds of equipment, composed a troika that was neither mobile nor particularly self-effacing. If a network camera crew wanted to cover something in Vietnam—say a battle that might or might not be going well for United States forces—a military officer ordinarily had to make it possible for them to get where it was going on. Thus, while the audience watching the evening news back home might assume that the scenes of the war that it was seeing were the important stories that had occurred that day (or the day before), the stories on the evening news—though technically uncensored—were in fact usually stories to which elaborate and expensive helicopter access had been knowingly made possible by the military command. Clever or aggressive correspondents could sometimes talk their way past guard-dog colonels and wheedle or push their cumbersome crews and equipment into a temporarily empty Medevac helicopter. But often they couldn't. Often no helicopters were "available" to television crews trying to report an independent story; the same helicopters, however, always seemed in plentiful supply when the Army public-information office mounted press coverage of one of the Army's famous sweeps of "suspected Vietcong positions."

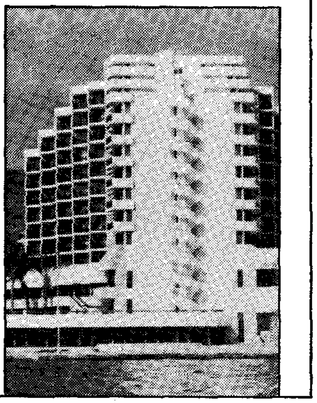


IN short, while I think that the British correspondents in the Falklands have good reason to complain about the nursemaid attitude that the military establishment took toward them (especially the retentive attitude of the high command toward TV transmission), I don't think they should waste time envying their American colleagues in Vietnam; a paradise of journalistic independence it was not. But more to the point, I believe, is the question of what it is that everyone (not only the British Defence Ministry) now seems to remember about the actual war footage that came out of Vietnam, and what the effects of this war footage were on our body politic, our citizen audience. Time and again, when I read accounts or reminiscences of the TV coverage of this period I note the phrase "horrors of war" or its equivalent. People generally, it seems to me, and maybe young people especially (many of whom were probably too young to have watched the news in those days), appear to remember having had to face almost Goyaesque images in their living rooms as the Vietnam War ran its course. "I can still remember all that shooting and killing," a young friend said to me recently. "I guess we had to look at it, but it was awful stuff."

This seems strange to me and makes me wonder what it is that many of us are keeping in our memory banks on the subject of Vietnam. Beginning in the summer of 1966, I watched television news of Vietnam, if not every night of the year for the next six years, then pretty close to every night of the year for the next six years, and what I remember most clearly about most of that time is the nearly total absence on the nightly network news broadcasts of any explicit reality of the war—certainly of any of the blood and gore, or even the pain of combat. In fact, it seems to me that what a television viewer of the Vietnam War saw—at least for the first two-thirds of its duration—was a nightly stylized, generally distanced overview of a disjointed conflict which was composed mainly of scenes of helicopters landing, tall grasses blowing in the helicopter wind, American soldiers fanning out across a hillside on foot, rifles at the ready, with now and then (on the soundtrack) a far-off ping or two, and now and then (as the visual grand finale) a column of dark, billowing smoke a half mile away, invariably described as a burning Vietcong ammo dump. In 1966, I remember, for lack of any other human sense of the war, I wrote a column about Morley Safer (then CBS correspondent in Saigon) and how he was actually willing to be shown on camera a little scared and out of breath, in the field with some Marines after a brief firefight. Three Marines had been killed in the encounter, he said, but we didn't see any of them; the only human point of reference to combat in the story was Safer's own lack of composure at the time—a refreshing and quite unusual situation. On the Vietnam news, one







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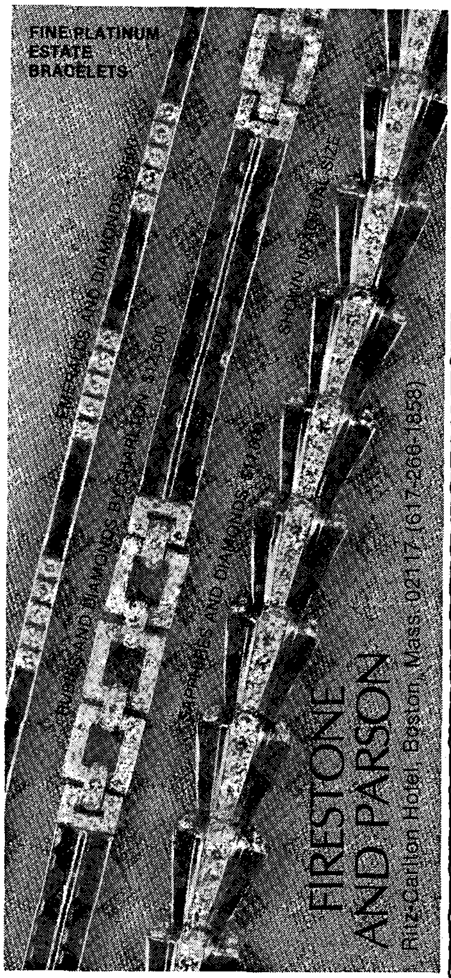
almost never saw the dead or the dying, or even the wounded. In fact, on another occasion, in the spring of 1967, I remember writing about a brief Vietnam film clip that appeared on NBC one night—a routine story of another distanced American patrol but a story in which one could actually hear (though not see) a young infantryman who had been shot in the leg and was calling for help. So rare was this stark note on the nightly news that it seemed to warrant special mention.

By the last years of the war—by the time a majority of the country had come to realize, if not war's ghastliness, then at least the inefficacy of our Vietnam involvement—network news had become freer in its depictions of the ravages and miseries of war, as if to underscore the new irony in the tone of its correspondents' voice-overs. But during most of the war little shooting, little killing, and little death appeared on the home television screen. To put it another way, the "body counts" were usually announced each evening on the news, like eerie stock-market quotations or macabre baseball scores, but the bodies were almost never shown. Had somebody said *not* to show the bodies? For that matter, did a network president ever direct his senior news executive to tell his correspondents not to file negative stories about the war? It's possible, since all things are possible, but also unimportant; there was enough nervous self-editing and cautious auto-censorship afoot in the major TV news organizations so that no official fiats were needed.

Received opinion today seems to hold that America's TV coverage of Vietnam was filled with harsh, unpleasant truths, and that these turned the country against the war. For what it's worth, when I set about trying to retrieve my own memory of those times I come up with a different recollection. Television's role was neither as inconclusive as some then claimed it to be nor as kinetic (or certainly one-sidedly kinetic) as some now claim it to have been. In the main, I think, television's role in our Vietnam experience was true to its own nature—a paradoxical nature, and therefore a paradoxical role. Granted, television helped get us out of Vietnam, but it also helped march us in. On the one hand, it projected for many years a determinedly bullish and enthusiastic—even, at times, a militaristic—tone; on the other hand, it showed us (or at



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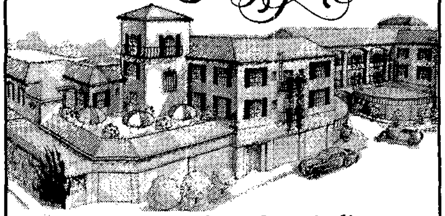

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least suggested) the chaos and destruction we were causing. The scenes it gave us were sometimes boyish (those swooping silvery Phantoms and their napalm strikes) and sometimes sanctimonious and bombastic (General Whatsisname reviews the ARVN), but mostly, in the end, I think, the Vietnam news was a crowded, overtalked, overfilmed, almost banal jumble, which was hugely difficult for people to relate to in any coherent fashion. But relate to it they finally did, and in more ways than received opinion now takes into account. In any case, the British Defence Ministry shouldn't have been so afraid, in its Falklands episode, of duplicating such untidy, basically circumscribed, essentially cautious (though perhaps ultimately democratic) news transmissions as were broadcast in this country during the Vietnam period. It wasn't scenes of bloody combat that turned Americans against their war; it was the war itself. One hopes there will not soon be a next time when both our countries can learn to handle such press coverage better. —MICHAEL J. ARLEN

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dic•tion•ar•y (dik'shən·er'i), *n.*, *pl.* **-ar·ies.** book containing a selection of the words of a language or of some special subject, arranged alphabetically, with explanations of their meanings and other information about them. -> **dictionaries.** The most useful tool for a writer, in or out of a composition course, is a good dictionary. Nowhere else can he find so much information about words and their use and nowhere else, if he is really interested in his language, can he find so much curious, incidental, and even amusing information about words. The more he refers to his dictionary and browses in it, the more his powers of communication can grow. But dictionaries are primarily for reference. They answer questions about the meaning of words so that the student can read with more understanding. They settle doubts (or arguments) over single words. And they help a writer decide on the most accurate and effective word or phrase to use. A writer will use his dictionary most in the revision state and should get the habit of turning to it frequently while revising a paper and preparing the final copy. Obviously to get the most out of a dictionary, its owner needs to know what various matters it includes. He should look through its table of contents to see what units of material there are besides the main alphabetical list of words. He should read a page or two consecutively to see how words and phrases are handled, and he should try pronouncing some familiar words to see how the pronunciation key works. A few pains taken to learn a particular dictionary will be more than repaid by its increased usefulness.—*Thorndike Barnhart Comprehensive Desk Dictionary.*

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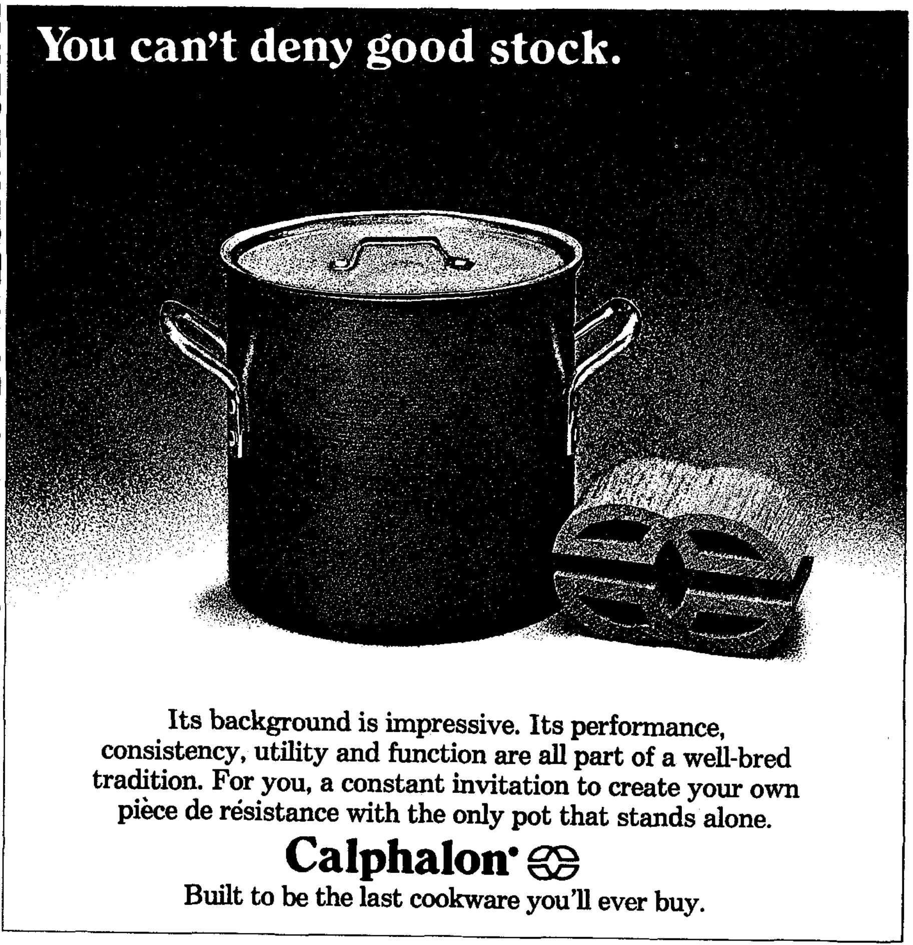
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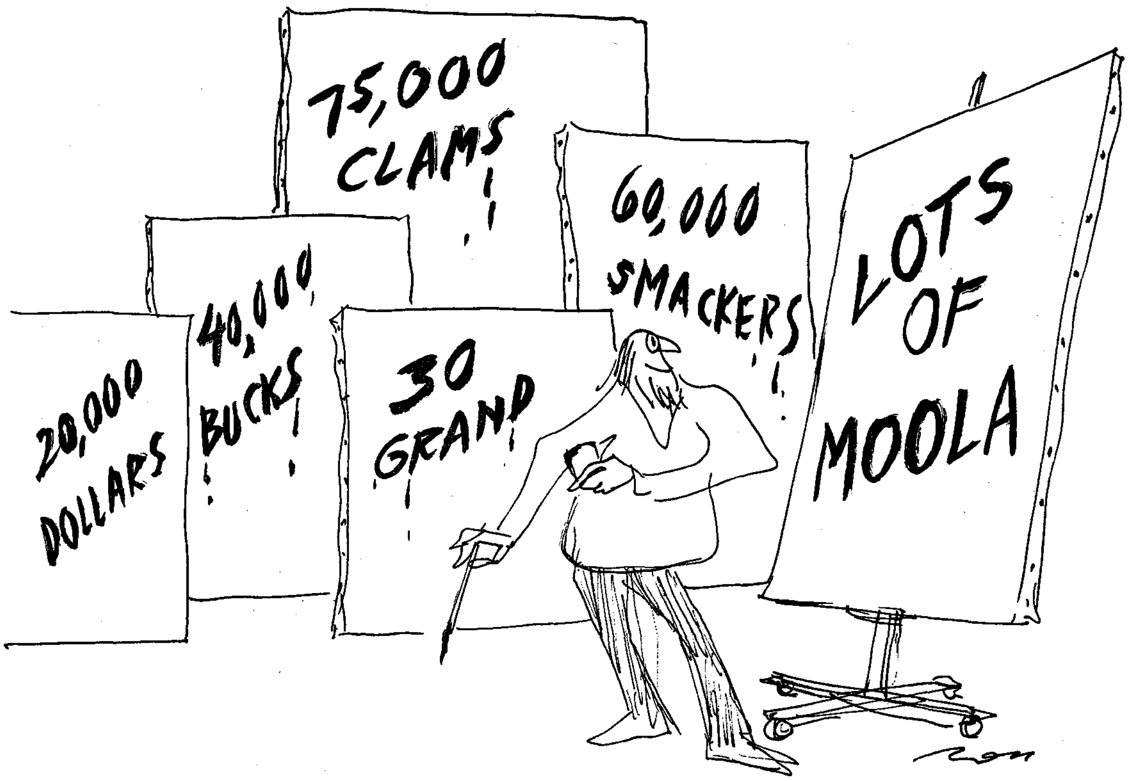
All bebop players were influenced by Parker, but the fifty-four-year-old alto saxophonist Lee Konitz absorbed his Parker in careful doses. In the beginning, he listened to Benny Carter and Johnny Hodges and Pete Brown, and after that to Lester Young. His first recorded solo, on Gil Evans' arrangement of Parker's "Anthropology," done by Claude Thornhill's big band in 1947, is a sliding, angular blend of Carter and Young, with Carter's peculiar step phrasing and Young's aluminum tone. Young took over increasingly in the early fifties (the late Paul Desmond listened to Konitz in this period); then streaks of Parker began to show. "I started listening to Charlie Parker records in the late forties," Konitz has said, "but he was too strong for me. It took me at least a year to hear him. People said then that Lee Konitz was the only young alto player around who didn't sound like Charlie Parker. Well, later Lee Konitz did sound like Charlie Parker. I often tell my students to learn this or that Charlie Parker solo. He created our études, and to learn a Charlie Parker solo can change your life."

Lester Young's sound and his horizontal attack and Parker's fluidity and bite can still be heard at the back of Konitz' playing, but his style is his own. It has great gentleness and subtlety. At one time, he and Paul Desmond sounded almost identical. Desmond never changed: his tone remained perfumed and ivory. Konitz' sound has taken on weight and authority. He has always been free of clichés. He surprises you no matter how many times you hear him play "All the Things You Are" and "You Go to My Head" and "These Foolish Things." His attack is a shrewd mixture of short phrases, often compounded of repeated notes, and long horizontal utterances capped by his barely perceptible vibrato. His solos are full of secrets. Clear, boldface passages are followed by shadowy turns, made up of half a dozen ascending notes or of quick bent notes or of skidding Charlie Parker runs. These mysterious, always soft insertions give the impression that he is talking in two voices at once—to us and to himself. It is as if he were continually cautioning himself. Konitz likes silence, and sometimes at the start of a set he will play a short phrase, repeat it, and fall silent for two or three measures. He may start a new idea, discard it, and fall silent again. He is an excellent slow-ballad player, who savors the melody, lingering over a note here, eliminating a note there, but never getting in the composer's way. He has in recent years taken up the soprano saxophone, and he plays it with a bright, piping sound but without the rotund Bechet authority, which only Bob Wilber seems able to summon up. Konitz played the tenor saxophone before the alto, and once in a while he goes back to it. He even recorded on it several years ago, with Jimmy Rowles and Michael Moore. His playing sounded slow and muffled, as if the tone of the instrument were simply too heavy for a nimble alto saxo-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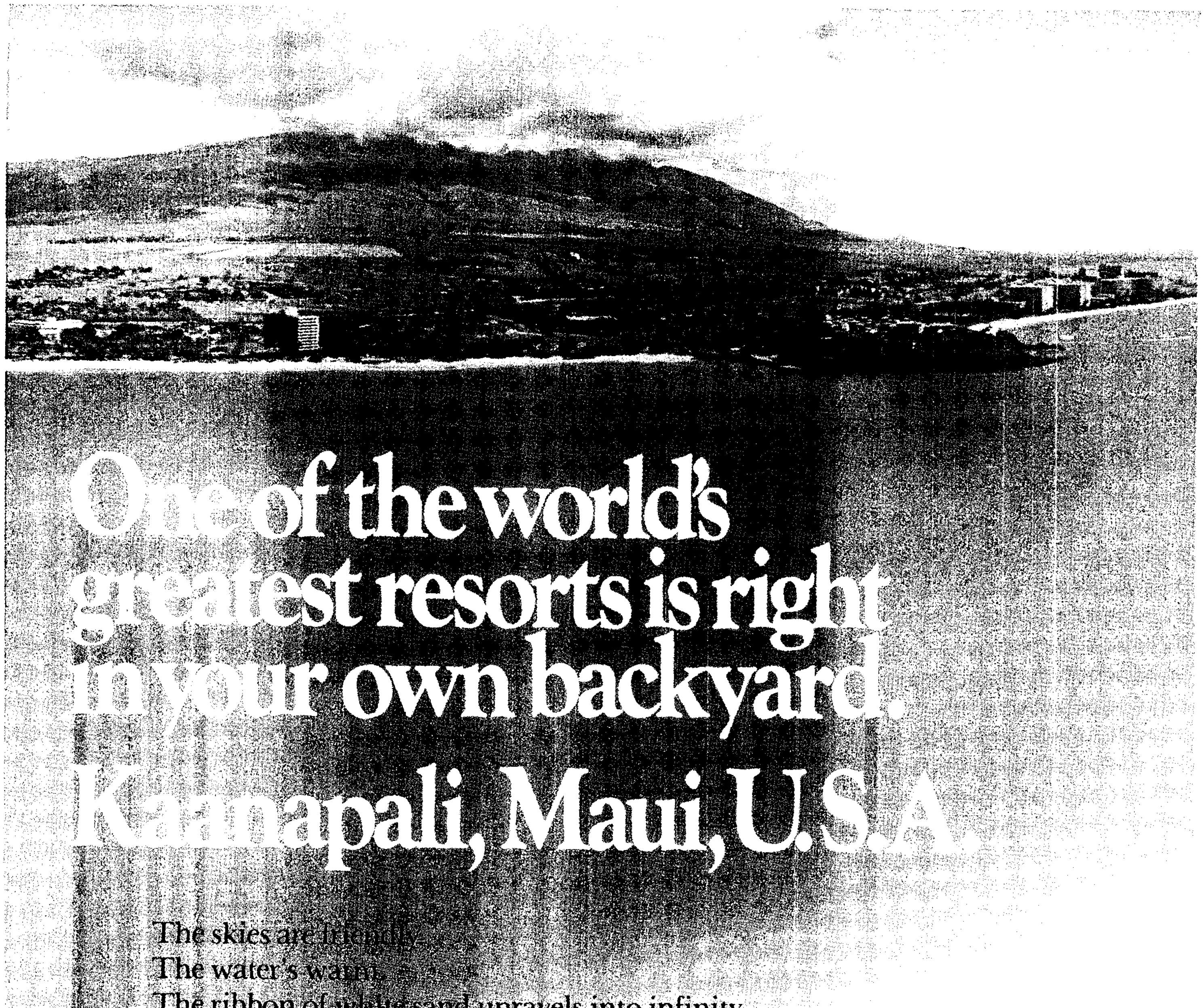
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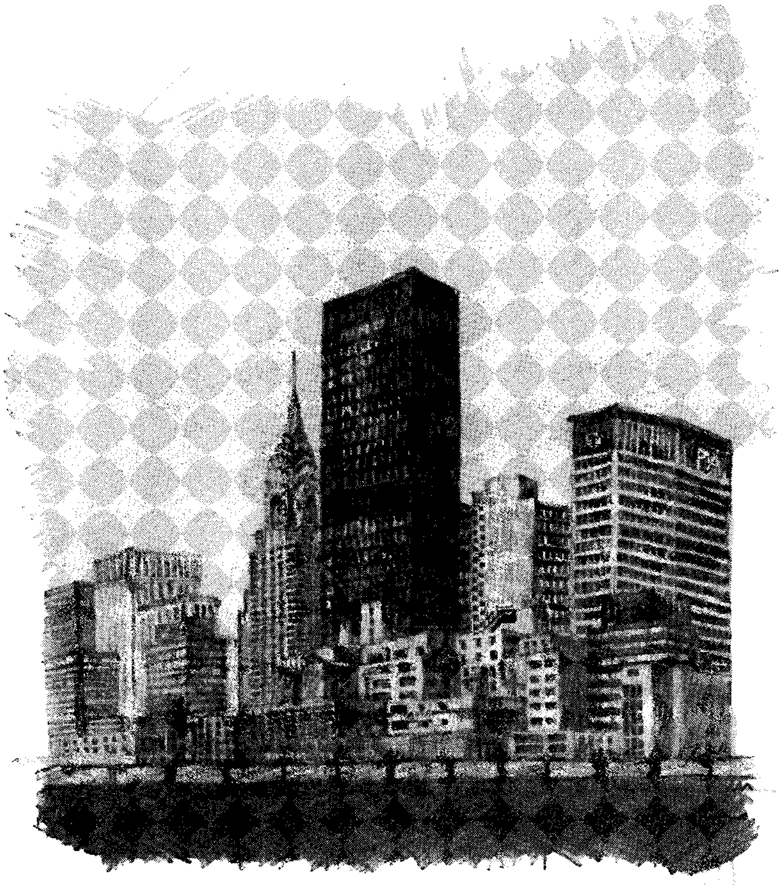
phonist to move around. Konitz will try anything. During the past decade, he has recorded with traditional bebop groups, with his own nine-piece band, in a jam-session setting, in duos, with free-jazz groups, and, stepping onto Olympus, all by himself.

Konitz got off to a unique start. Between 1947 and 1953, he recorded with four groups that were among the most eccentric and/or modern outposts in jazz: Claude Thornhill, the Miles Davis nonet, Lennie Tristano's sextet, and Stan Kenton. He had a rare talent for being in the odd place at the right time. Thornhill was an easygoing pianist and arranger who had done studio work, led his own groups, and recorded with Bunny Berigan, Benny Goodman, and Billie Holiday. This Thornhill band, put together in 1946, lasted about three years, and there was no other dance band like it. Gil Evans did many of its arrangements, and his scores called for an instrumentation of three trumpets, two trombones, two horns, tuba, clarinet, alto saxophone, two tenor saxophones, baritone saxophone, and piano, guitar, bass, and drums. Evans had already found his swanlike sound. Poised somewhere between Debussy and Duke Ellington, it converted a dance band into a Turner sunset. "I joined Thornhill in Chicago, and I stayed with him ten months," Konitz said not long ago. "It was my first big-time situation. I was nervous and impetuous, and I had wise-guy tendencies, like wearing brown suède shoes and yellow socks with a tuxedo. A lot of the musicians—like Billy Exiner, the drummer, and Danny Polo, the clarinettist, and Barry Galbraith, the guitarist—were older, so I thought I was hipper, when actually they were hipper than I was. Danny Polo was a great influence. He cooled me off, and I had to learn. I gave up pot a while ago, but I had started smoking in that band. I guess it was a tranquillizing factor. So much so that one night when I walked out to the microphone to solo I simply stood there and dug Exiner and Galbraith and the bassist Joe Shulman, who were cooking like the Basie rhythm section. I stood there and listened for a chorus and then walked back to my seat without playing a note. It was a ballad band with a luxurious instrumentation, and Gil Evans gave it an extraordinary tonal palette. He also taught the band how to phrase bebop. It's a very specific discipline, and I'm still working at it. A lot of musicians avoided its difficulties and went on tangents. I believe Ornette Coleman was one. I don't believe he ever quite learned his Charlie Parker before he took off on his own. Thornhill himself was a shy man, and all our contacts were good-natured. I suspect the music was a little ahead of him. Gil Evans and I keep in touch, and we have even worked as a duo. A couple of years ago, we went to Italy and played concerts. One was in Potenza, in the south. I think it was the first time they'd heard a jazz concert, or maybe even jazz. They were polite, but they couldn't quite sit still. So I walked out into the audience and played, and I could feel Gil back at the piano opening one eye to see where the hell I'd gone. But it worked and they loved it. It was hard, just the two of us. I went out bloody every night, but I always felt like doing it again the next night."



Konitz' next recording adventures involved the famous Miles Davis "Birth of the Cool" sessions for Capitol Records, in 1949 and 1950, and Konitz' first sessions with the blind pianist and teacher Lennie Tristano, in 1949. The Davis records grew directly out of Evans' Thornhill arrangements. They also grew out of the commingling in Evans' West Fifty-fifth Street basement salon of Konitz and other Thornhill alumni and such young movers and shakers as John Carisi, Gerry Mulligan, John Lewis, Max Roach, and Davis. The nonet was made up of trumpet, trombone, horn, tuba, alto saxophone, baritone saxophone, piano, bass, and drums. It had one brief gig in New York, recorded twelve numbers, and disbanded. Evans arranged two numbers ("Boplicity," "Moon Dreams"), Mulligan five ("Godchild," "Venus de Milo," "Rocker," "Jeru," "Darn That Dream"), Carisi one ("Israel"), Lewis three ("Move," "Budo," "Rouge"), and Davis one ("Deception"). Davis, Mulligan, Konitz, and Thornhill's tubist, Bill Barber, were on all the numbers; Roach and Kenny Clarke, Lewis and Al Haig, and J. J. Johnson and Kai Winding alternated. The Capitol nonet is the Thornhill band in miniature. It seethes with harmony and indirect melody. Sounds die away, and reënter by the side door. No voice is raised, and the soloists are less important than the ensembles. It is a curled, begloved music, and the principal effect it had on jazz was the West Coast movement of the fifties—a pale, swinging white small-band jazz that eventually faded away when its main players went into the studios. Konitz' part in the nonet was largely decorative, although he had several brief solos. He once told Ira Gitler, "As much as I enjoyed sitting there and playing with the band and as lucky as I was to get a couple of good licks on the records, I felt I wasn't as completely involved as I would like to have been. If it existed again, I would enjoy it that much more because I would know what a musical potential there was."

A year and a half ago, Konitz was given another chance, and he recently explained how it happened: "Martin Williams, at the Smithsonian, asked if the nine-piece group I had had in the seventies could re-create the old Miles Davis 'Cool' records, and I said we could. He wanted us to play the material at a couple of concerts in Washington. I didn't know where the arrangements were, so I called Miles. I hadn't had any communication with him in years, and he wasn't interested. He didn't want to hear about it. I told Martin we might have to transcribe the recordings. I started listening, but there were lots of passages in the ensembles I simply couldn't decipher. Like in 'Godchild,' which was written by George Wallington and arranged by Gerry Mulligan, who had been the aggressive force behind the Capitol dates. I called up Gerry and went out to his house in Connecticut. We played the record, and he couldn't hear it, either. So he rewrote 'Godchild'—in four hours. It was just wonderful to see him work. And he rewrote 'Jeru' and 'Rocker,' too. Beautiful-looking scores, with delicate, spidery notation sprouting on the paper. Johnny Carisi had his score of 'Israel,' and John Lewis helped me sketch out 'Move,' although he wasn't as interested as Mulligan. When I'd taken all the arrangements to the copyist, I called Miles, because I was on my way to Pittsburgh to do a school clinic on cool jazz and I wanted to know if he had any words for the kiddies. He had a quick response: 'I don't give a —— what you tell them,' in that guttural way he has of talking. So I said, 'Miles, remember my asking you for the arrangements to the "Cool" sessions? Well, we've transcribed them and rewritten them and put them together again.' He said, 'Man, you should have asked me. Those —— are all in my basement.' I told Gil Evans about the conversation, and he said, 'Miles wouldn't have told you he had everything in the basement if you hadn't first told him you'd gone to the trouble to transcribe the records.' Miles is a bona-fide eccentric."

Konitz had met Lennie Tristano in Chicago in the early forties, and he was not to be free of him for twenty years. Tristano died in 1978, at the age of fifty-nine. He was a mysterious, autocratic semi-recluse who attracted disciples and cultivated his own messianic tendencies. He rarely played in

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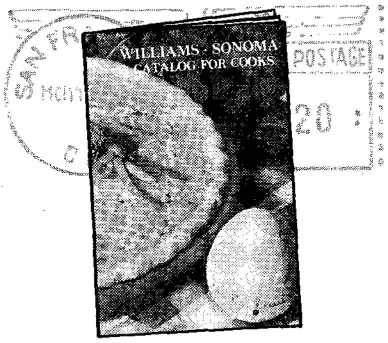

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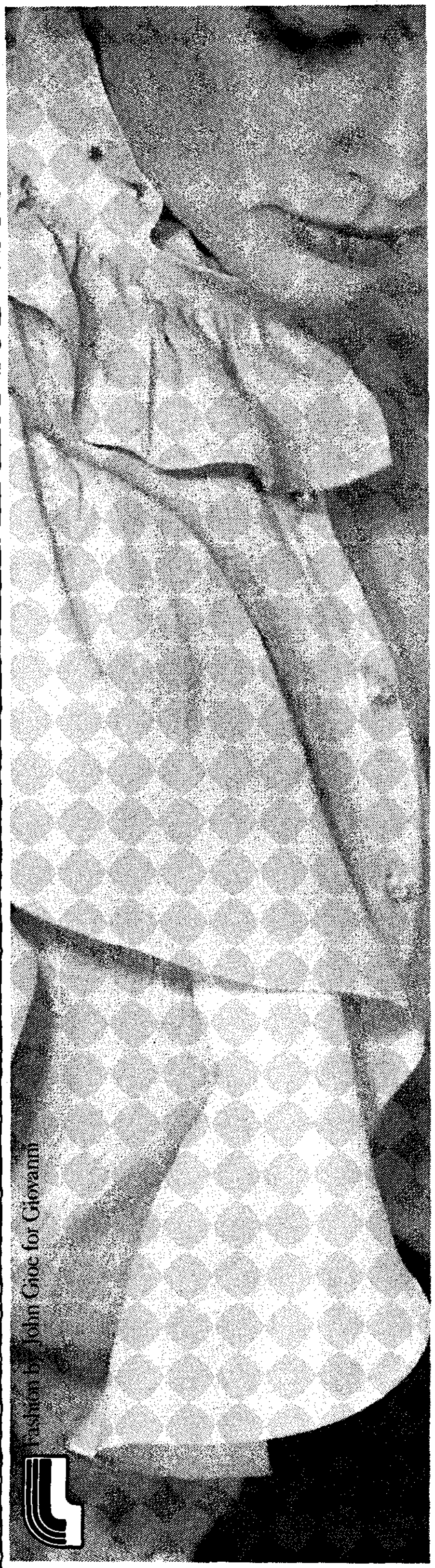
public, and he made relatively few records. His energy went into teaching—in a studio on East Thirty-second Street and in a house in Queens. He was an exceptional Art Tatum pianist who liked to experiment with tricky time signatures (5/4 or 3/8 against a steady 4/4), with shifting keys, and with free improvisation. His 1949 recordings "Intuition" and "Digression" preceded the first official free-jazz efforts by at least a dozen years. His restless single-note melodic lines can be heard sometimes in Dave McKenna and in the work of the late Eddie Costa, but his influence has never been wide. "I first heard Lennie Tristano in Chicago when I was fifteen or sixteen," Konitz said the other day. "I was with Emil Flint, and I heard Tristano playing with a Mexican rumba band. I could hear all these fantastic locked-hands chords over the music. I sat in, and he didn't say anything. Years later, in an interview, he said I had sounded rotten. Anyway, I asked him if we could get together, and I started studying with him. We eventually worked together in some of the Chicago cocktail lounges. You can trace Lennie Tristano through Roy Eldridge and Lester Young and Charlie Parker and Art Tatum and Earl Hines and Nat Cole and also through Paul Hindemith and Bartók and Bach. He was already doing what he became famous for—the long, long melodic lines, the counterpoint, the continually changing time signatures. It was fast company for me, and I always felt in way over my head. In fact, I still don't feel I've mastered Tristano's discipline. His dedication to his music was infectious, and he changed everyone who came in contact with him. He was at his best when he was teaching and playing. Otherwise, he got stranger and stranger. He generally refused to play in public after the fifties, and he took to staying in his pajamas all day. Once you were a part of Tristano's school, you were regarded as a traitor if you left, as I was when I joined Stan Kenton in 1952, even though I needed the work. I left Tristano for good in 1964, and we never communicated again. He had a big old house in Queens in the late fifties, and I lived there two years. I remember sitting on a glassed-in porch and reading 'War and Peace' and feeling like some kind of landowner, while everything around me was actually like a loony bin.

"I studied with Lennie four or five years in all. It's hard to say exactly what I learned. I mean, you learn the major scales, the minor scales, the triads, but beyond that it's the things you talk about when you're not playing or studying. I once asked him about a large concern of mine, which was to eliminate what was making me play mechanically at the time. 'The hippest thing you can do is not play at all,' he said. 'Just listen.' Since then, I have been very concerned about not playing unless it means something. 'Are you contributing?' I keep asking myself. 'Are you a vital part of the situation?' "

Konitz has little to say of his time in Stan Kenton's huge, gleaming Art Deco band. "Conte Candoli and Richie Kamuca and Sal Salvador and Frank Rosolino and Bill Russo were in that band," Konitz has said. "It had ten brass, and the reeds served mainly as padding. Every once in a while, one of the saxophonists would remove the reed, take the neck off his horn, and look deep into the bell to see if he could find a way to make more noise, to be heard better. But Kenton—that great giant of a man—was always very pleasant to work for. I left the band in 1954. I had married in 1947, and I had five kids. I moved out to Long Island and worked as a single and taught and tried to raise my family, and things were rough for me."

KONITZ is a short, rounded man with scholarly hands and small feet. He has a helmet of curly hair, he affects aviator glasses, and his face is longer than it looks. His close-set eyes resemble headlights on a small car. He likes to talk in bursts, which he punctuates with whistles, *phews*, and polite Bronx cheers. An autobiographical paragraph might sound like this:

"I was born in Chicago October 13, 1927. I grew up on the North Side, in the Rogers Park area. I had two brothers, who were six and nine years older. My father, Abe, was in the dry-cleaning business, and he was good-natured, and I think of myself as being like that. I have a recollection of him working *all* the time [whistles]. We never starved, but it was hard going, and sometimes we lived in rooms behind the shop. My father was born in Poland, and my mother in Russia. She was five feet tall, but she was the strong one [*phew*]. I was the outsider in the family. I was light, and everyone else was dark. I was musical, and they weren't. I was, as the joke went, the milkman's son. I became a sort of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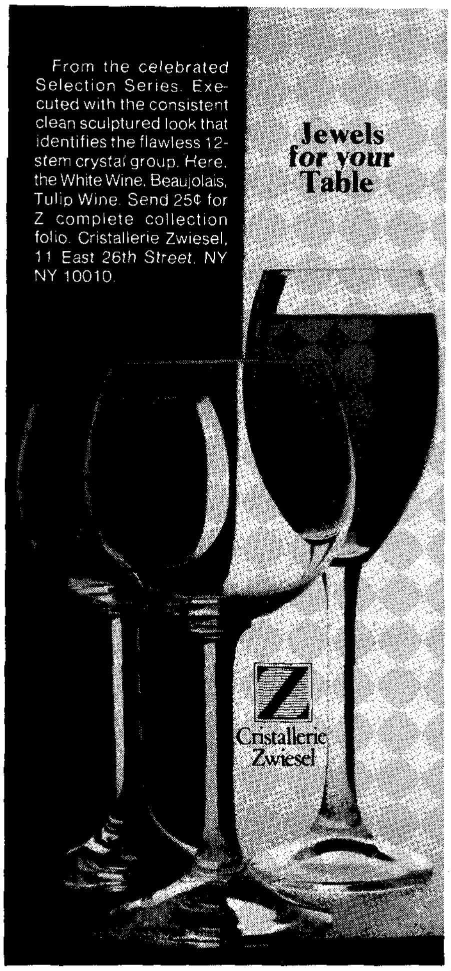
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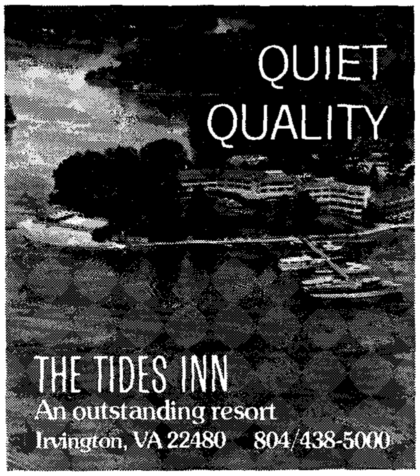

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prima donna early, and they went along with it. When I wanted a clarinet, which I took up at eleven, they got me one. I studied four years, mostly with Lou Honig, who's still teaching [*phhht*]. I've often thought I'd like to take all those lessons over again, because there were so many things that I misunderstood, like proper breathing. I thought for years that I had air going directly into my stomach [whistles]. I played with a little band in grammar school, and I played Ravel's 'Boléro' in a recital—just with a drummer. I played with a dance band in high school, and I sang Tex Beneke vocals and things like ''Round the Clock Blues'—this little Jewish kid with horn-rims singing black blues [*phew*]. When I was seventeen, I replaced Charlie Ventura in Teddy Powell's band. Then I went with Jerry Wald, and took up alto saxophone, but Wald never let me take any solos, which was just as well because improvisation was still a mystery to me [whistles]."

Konitz talked about his playing: "Joe Dixon, the clarinettist and teacher, told me once, 'You sound like you're not thinking when you're soloing,' and he's right. He has a scientific attitude, and he puts these melodies together he's worked out. But I don't have a surefire musical vocabulary. I'm riveted to where I am when I play—to the people around me. I hear everything the piano and bass and drums are doing, and I lay the right notes on them, and each of those notes has to affect the following one. It's a lovely experience when it works out with a rhythm section. It's reaching out and touching one another. It's a nice place to be, and you can go anywhere from there.

"I think of improvisation as coming in ten levels, each one more intense than the one before. On the first level, you play the melody, and you should sound as if you were playing it for the very first time. Freshly. If it doesn't sound that way, you're not ready to go to the second level. Playing the melody properly gives you the license to vary it, to embellish it, which is what you do on the second level. The melody is still foremost, but you add little things to it on the third level. Variation—displacing certain notes in the melody—comes in around the fourth level, and by the time you get to five, six, and seven you are more than halfway to creating a new song. Eight, nine, and ten are just that—the creation of wholly new melodies. Moving

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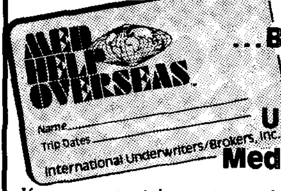

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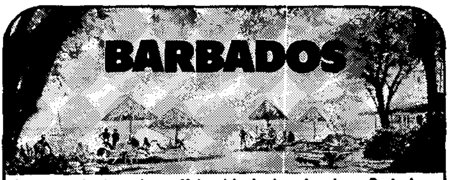

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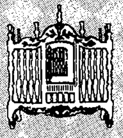
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through these ten levels can take place during a set or over the course of an evening. Sometimes, though, you never get past three or four or five, but that's O.K., because no one level is more important than any other. Lately, I've been trying to play with my eyes open—only because I as a listener feel like an eavesdropper when I see a guy playing with his eyes shut. I opened my eyes in Toronto recently and looked right at someone yawning.

"When things got bad in the sixties, I still had little gigs and I always practiced, so I never felt I was falling behind. In the seventies, I married my second wife, Tavia. I worked a lot at Stryker's, which was just down the street from where I live, on West Eighty-sixth. And I worked a lot at Gregory's, on the East Side. Then a man from Italy asked me if I would put together nine bodies for a group. The idea appealed to me, and I got advice and some arrangements, and we played off and on at Stryker's and in Europe. We also play at the Village Vanguard a couple of times a year. At the age of fifty-four, I'm still tooting on my tooter, and I see no end to it. It's still a severe challenge—never a cup of tea. It's some sort of gift to me, and I feel very fortunate to be able to earn my bread doing it. I have plans of really getting active. I'm learning to play the piano. The last few years, I've had some degree of solvency. It begins to seem possible to rent a studio. As I see it, I'll play as long as I feel good and then become an artist-in-residence. You get to the point where you have to start listening to younger players, and that's difficult. I took a couple of piano lessons from a kid who has worked for me, so am I going to be afraid he'll talk around—'Hey, Lee Konitz studied with *me*'? You have to keep playing with younger people. I hate to deny being moved by something new." —WHITNEY BALLIETT

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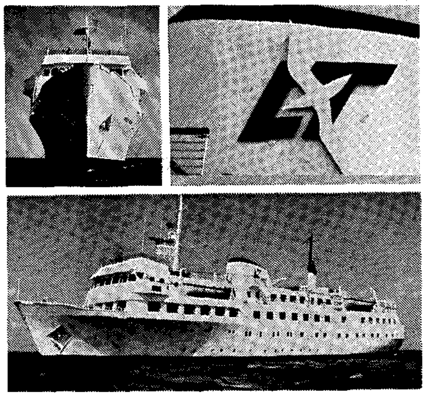

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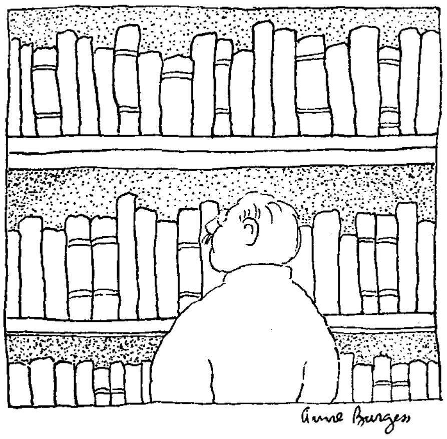
BOOKS

Female Pilgrims

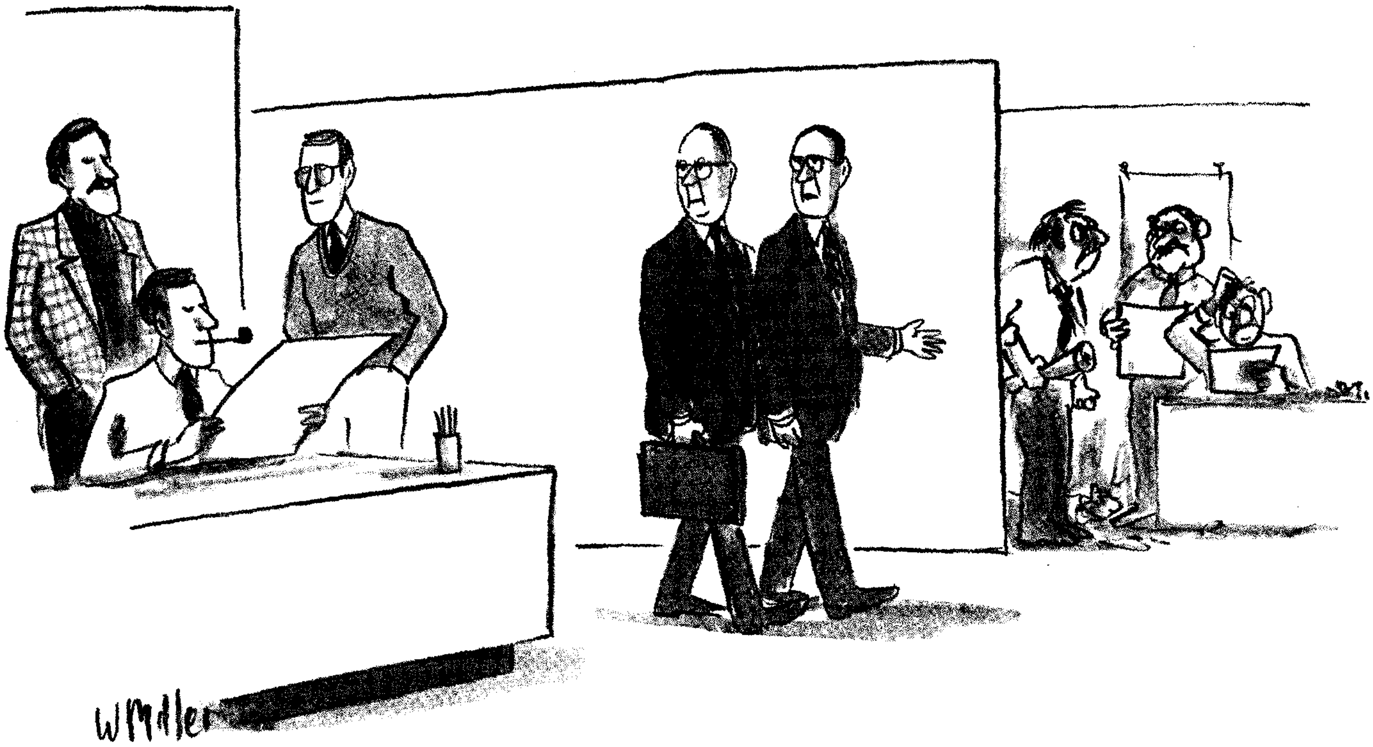
Louise Brooks was a film actress of surpassing vividness and glow, and her elegant little book "Lulu in Hollywood" (Knopf; $15) does not lack these qualities. A closet reader, she tells us more than once, during her years in the limelight as a dancer and silent-screen star, she began to write professionally, on a modest scale, after her move in 1956 to Rochester, "where," she says, "I could study old films and write about bits of my rediscovered past." Of the seven essays collected in this volume—beautifully produced, with a stunning jacket and abundant photographs—portions appeared in *London Magazine*, *Film Culture*, *Image*, and *Sight & Sound*. One would like to know more about them, bibliographically, and how much more of the œuvre there is. Readers of Kenneth Tynan's Profile of Miss Brooks in this magazine three years ago may recall a number of breathtakingly blithe personal recollections that are not confided here, and a quotation from an arresting homage to Chaplin—published in *Film Culture*—also disappointingly absent. But a certain firm reticence, mixed with spicy dashes of frankness, gives "Lulu in Hollywood" its flavor, which is somewhat tart, or sweet and sour. We learn in an afterword by Lotte H. Eisner, a German film historian who met the actress in Berlin in 1929, that Miss Brooks' writing career is over: on a Christmas card from Rochester she told Miss Eisner, "I shall write no more. Writing the truth for readers nourished on publicity rubbish is a useless exercise." Her life, she tells the reader of her quasi memoirs, has been spent "in cruel pursuit of truth and excellence . . . an abomination to all but those few who have overcome their aversion to truth in order to free whatever is good in them."

The central mystery of this volume, hanging over its prose and its photographs alike, is why Louise Brooks, with her magical screen presence, fine intelligence, and by all accounts "marvellous" voice, failed or refused to make the transition to talkies and saw her film career essentially end in 1930, when she was only twenty-four. Her essays do not ignore this mystery. The first and most autobiographical one, "Kansas to New York," blames the "established habit of truthfulness" and "early autonomy" bred into her by her parents, an independent, bookish Wichita lawyer and his musically gifted, also independent-minded wife. "My parents' resolute pursuit of their own interests . . . accounted for my own early autonomy and my later inability, when I went to work in the Hollywood film factories, to submit to slavery." A few sentences on, however, she mentions another mystery: "The unsolved mystery of my mother's character was why, although she was such a talented pianist, she never played as a soloist in public." No connection is made with her daughter's own career; but some inherited trait, some genetic reluctance to perform on demand, may have dimmed Louise Brooks' star as much as her love of truth and aversion to slavery. She admits to "temper tantrums," willful and mischievous behavior, and to being so unpopular with her fellow-chorines in the "Ziegfeld Follies" of 1925 that none of them would dress with her. The crucial refusal of her professional life—to do the retakes for a Paramount film, "The Canary Murder Case," which was being remade from a silent to a talkie in 1930—did her incalculable harm in Hollywood and is essentially unexplained. She claims, in the volume's last essay, "Pabst and Lulu," that working with the great German director G. W. Pabst ("In Hollywood, I was a pretty flibbertigibbet whose charm for the executive department decreased with every increase in her fan mail. In Berlin, I stepped onto the station platform to meet Pabst and became an actress") altered her beyond accommodation with the American film world. But she had declined Pabst's invitation to stay in Germany and become "a serious actress" and had dismissed his warnings that she might go the way of that imaginary flibbertigibbet Lulu; she had returned to America, and her filmography includes a number of post-1930 studio movies ending with an early John Wayne oater, "Overland Stage Riders," in 1938. She stopped trying in Hollywood only in 1940.



Looking through the stills bound into "Lulu in Hollywood," one feels an impatience with whatever the forces were that prevented such an exquisite and winning apparition from getting more of herself onto film. In Pabst's "Pandora's Box," she indeed was amazing—a presence so fluent and urgent in motion, so intense and enigmatic in repose that she forms, now, a kind of three-dimensional bubble on the surface of the cinematic melodrama. Her Lulu has a lovable solidity that incites a love of life in the viewer, or at least this viewer as he sat in Rochester's Eastman House staring at the murky, flickering print kindly made available. The back of Miss Brooks' wide white neck—"that unique imperious neck of hers," Christopher Isherwood once wrote—seemed especially a site of power and seductiveness, and, of course, the long dark eyes bracketed by the points of her famous "shiny black helmet" of hair, and her dancer's athletic lightness. Such vitality leaps free of cinema history altogether, toward a naturalism that did not arrive until the sixties. How odd, how regretful, that its possessor and embodiment saw her career stumble and virtually halt at the outset of the thirties. Miss Eisner, in 1929, was fascinated by the young actress's "curious mixture of passivity and *presence*." The passivity, one feels, in some form of playfulness or distraction or reckless judgment, undid the presence.

The explanation Louise Brooks gave Tynan for her career's halt was blunt and simple: she would not sleep with Harry Cohn, the head of Columbia Pictures. No love is lost between her and Hollywood; and no gratitude or nostalgia softens her portrait of the film industry's workings. "I can state categorically that in Bogart's time there was no other occupation in the world that so closely resembled enslavement as the career of a film star." Her chapter on Bogart traces his



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• •

transformation of himself, at fearful price, from "a slim boy with charming manners" and a handsomeness centered on his "very full, rosy, and perfectly modelled" mouth into "a rebellious tough known as Bogey." Originally an actor "speaking his lines with a well-projected baritone and good diction," he observed "how much an unusual feature, such as Clark Gable's prominent ears, added to the publicity value of a star [and] decided to exploit his mouth." So he practiced, over the years, "all kinds of lip gymnastics, accompanied by nasal tones, snarls, lisps, and slurs. . . . Only Erich von Stroheim was his superior in lip-twitching." And he "allowed himself to be presented to the world by journalists as a coarse and drunken bully, and as a puppet Iago who fomented evil without a motive." His own motive, of course, was to achieve stardom, and in this he is like the character he played in "The Treasure of Sierra Madre":

> He lies in the dirt, about to drag himself to the waterhole. He had endured everything to get his gold—and now must he give it up? Wide open, the tragic eyes are raised to heaven in a terrible, beseeching look. In the agony of that beautiful face I see the face of my St. Bogart.

In her essay on "Gish and Garbo," Miss Brooks praises the talent of both women but sardonically locates the fall of the one and the rise of the other at the moment, in 1925, when the movie industry "suddenly found itself in subjection to Wall Street" and when "Will Hays succeeded in killing censorship in twenty-four states." The result of the first was that producers no longer had their financial books, with all their padding, to themselves, and their cavalier maltreatment of stars—"their customary way of making up their losses and refreshing their prestige"—was forced to become covert. Instead of simply firing stars or cutting their salaries, the studio heads now had to destroy them at the box office; Louise Brooks traces with some care this procedure as it was used against Lillian Gish. James Quirk, the editor of *Photoplay*, led the critical hounds while M-G-M maneuvered to trap their expensive star into a truly bad movie. "With Gish, it was a question of how to get her to make a real stinker. Under her supervision, *La Boheme* and *The Scarlet Letter* were fine pictures. So when she was called away to bring her sick mother home from London, the studio carefully framed a picture postcard called *Annie Laurie* . . . Back in charge, she next made *The Wind*, which was so loaded with sex and violence [good things, according to the *Photoplay* line] that M-G-M held up its release until the first Academy Award had been safely dealt to Janet Gaynor. And then Gish's strength failed, and she accepted a dreary studio property, *The Enemy*. She could go now, M-G-M said; she needn't make the sixth picture."

Meanwhile, Hays' victory over censorship meant the oncoming of "adult pictures of sexual realism," meaning pictures wherein the heroine had affairs without being married. Unfortunately, no star existed "with youth, beauty, and personality enough to make free love sympathetic." Then Louis B. Mayer found her, in the spring of 1925, in a Swedish film being shown in Berlin. She was Greta Garbo. "Here was a face as purely beautiful as Michelangelo's Mary of the *Pietà*, yet glowing with passion. The suffering of her soul was such that the American public would forgive her many affairs in *The Torrent*, Garbo's first American picture. At last, marriage—the obstacle standing between sex and pleasure—could be done away with!" The last laugh, however, was on the studios, for Garbo, after a long holdout, won for herself a salary nearly as big as Gish's. The war of the greedy moguls against the lovely stars continued nevertheless:

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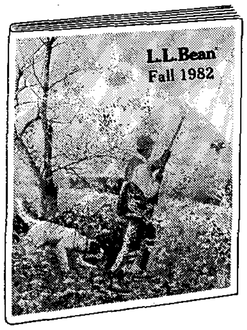

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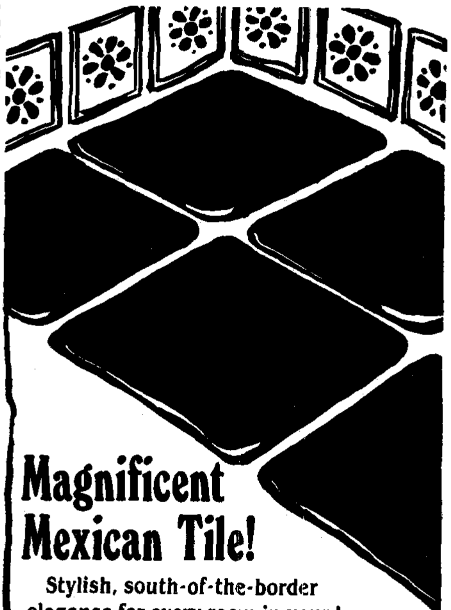
tween the public execution of Lillian Gish and the bloodless exile of Greta Garbo. Hollywood producers were left with their babes and a backwash of old-men stars, watching the lights go out in one picture house after another across the country.

Louise Brooks' sense, sharpened by her own experiences, of Hollywood as a nest of evil makes for lively reading. She has an impressive deftness at evoking acting style: We read of "Cagney's swift dialogue and his swift movements, which had the glitter and precision of a meat slicer" and of "the emotional Bette Davis, who could fire up on the word 'camera.' " W. C. Fields, it turns out, was largely wasted on film. "Long shot, medium shot, two-shot, or closeup, Bill performed as if he were standing whole before an audience that could appreciate every detail of his costume and follow the dainty disposition of his hands and feet. Every time the camera drew closer, it cut off another piece of him and deprived him of some comic effect." Her two essays "On Location with Billy Wellman" and "Pabst and Lulu" are among the best descriptions of moviemaking I have ever read. In the first, she tells of how a beautiful young actress can come, out of admiration for his heroism and physical grace, to sleep with her stunt man and then be publicly humiliated (by the caddish stunt man) for it; the uneasy camaraderie of the crew on location, where personnel loom in such different proportions from what they do on the screen, and where crude pranks are the order of the day, comes across forcefully. In the second, she shows a spirited, spoiled young woman being tamed by a masterful European director. The director's function and difficulties have rarely been as well explained as here:

> In order to see things from the film director's viewpoint, one might think how difficult it is to get a true smile in a single snapshot of a person we know. Then think of a director who faces a group of strangers, all of them certain about how they want to play their parts, some of them antagonistic, all of them full of a thousand secrets of pain and humiliation which, accidentally touched upon, may defeat the director in an utterly baffling way. . . . Pabst's genius lay in getting to the heart of a person, banishing fear, and releasing the clean impact of personality which jolts an audience to life.

He shielded Louise Brooks from the hostility felt toward an American who had usurped the lead in a German movie, pried her loose from her rich American friends and late-night habits, and explained as little as possible. "With an intelligent actor, he would



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sit in exhaustive explanation; with an old ham, he would speak the language of the theatre. But in my case, by some magic, he would saturate me with one clear emotion and turn me loose." They shared, at least as she remembers it, a certain sameness of approach: "That I was a dancer and Pabst essentially a choreographer in his direction came as a wonderful surprise to both of us on the first day of shooting *Pandora's Box*." She had come to film acting from dancing, having drifted from Broadway shows into bit parts when some moviemaking remained in New York; and after her career was washed up she returned, for a while in the thirties, to professional dancing. In the brief interval of her successful Hollywood years, she was an insider who thought like an outsider. Her marriage there to the director Edward Sutherland was blighted because "he belonged heart and soul to Hollywood; I was an alien there. He loved parties; I loved solitude." In her later years, rich in solitude, she has written these essays as an outsider who thinks like an insider. They are good enough to make one wish there were more. Whether as autobiography, film criticism, or Hollywood sociology, they offer precious and amusing information about the workings of a world that has talked mostly nonsense about itself. Their literacy, insight, candor, and strict conscience make for sharp-edged reading on a usually soft-focussed subject. Yet we are drawn to read them because their author was a beautiful woman who played hard in a fabled milieu. Some passages have the exact crowded, confiding cadence of a gossip column:

> Waiting for us in the Ritz Tower were the comedienne Beatrice Lillie, the actor Roger Davis, and the beautiful Gloria Morgan Vanderbilt. I sat down with Gloria so that I could listen to her alluring soft Spanish lisp. (Her mother, Mrs. Harry Hays Morgan, was half Chilean, born in Santiago.) As sweetly as if she were reciting "The Owl and the Pussycat," she began telling me her story of how her ex-husband's sister, Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, had obtained custody of both her daughter, little Gloria, and her five-million-dollar trust fund by charging big Gloria with an "ambiguous relationship" with Nada, Lady Milford Haven.

For all her hard-earned scribal robes—she quotes Samuel Johnson, John Ruskin, and Marcel Proust appositely—Miss Brooks has not left totally behind that underdressed teen-ager who, having obtained instruction in speech, manners, and dress from a soda jerk, a waiter, and a shopgirl, tripped from the "Follies" into the champagne dusk of the silent films. A diaphanous memory of merriment floats above her strictures. The moon may be a cinder, but it still casts moonlight.

M. F. K. FISHER has had her good times, too. They tend to occur in kitchens and restaurants, and often in her collection of memoiristic essays "As They Were" (Knopf; $13.95) meals consumed decades ago leap into full, precise, savored recollection:

> I ate a plate of the famous *saucisson d'Arles*, which really I do not like any more than I like salami, except perhaps on a picnic. But it was served with a pile of delicious chilled radishes and a pat of butter marked *Forum*, and the waiter set a tall black jar of olives on my table. The long spoon had a little twig of fresh olive leaves tied to its handle. Then I ate some good braised endive. Then I ate a large wedge of apple tart, one of the three or four best of my life. I drank a half-bottle of Tavel.

This is in Arles, a place where Mrs. Fisher was not especially happy, or particularly well-fed. When she recalls the two kitchens she had in Provence, or three prewar Swiss inns where the food was memorable ("All I can remember now is hot unsalted butter, herbs left in for a few seconds, cream, a shallot flicked over, the fish laid in, the cover put on. I can almost see it, smell it, taste it now"), or a "mad waitress" who, in northern Burgundy fifty years ago, forced upon the susceptible author a prodigious and delicious lunch, then pages pour by that would make even a proofreader's mouth water. Mrs. Fisher, a versatile and sensitive writer best known for her gastronomical books ("Serve It Forth," "Consider the Oyster," "How to Cook a Wolf," "An Alphabet for Gourmets"), evokes the first café she visited, in Los Angeles in 1914, at the age of six:

> It seemed almost unbearable that a little fire should burn there at our table so dangerously, under a silver pan, and that the man could lean over it without going up in flames, and put the plates so tenderly before us with a napkin over his fingers, while candles flared in the middle of the day and people we had never seen before ate in the same room, as if we were invisible.

And she makes vivid for us, in "Young Hunger," the lowly but intense agonies of adolescent appetite, when the "guts are howling for meat-bread-candy-fruit-cheese-milkmilkmilk—ANYTHING IN THE WORLD TO EAT."

Mrs. Fisher is, indeed, a poet of the

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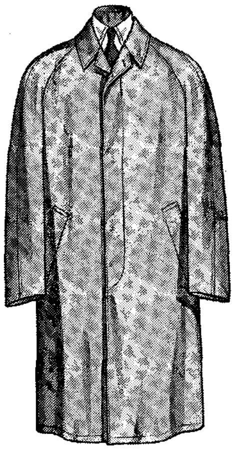

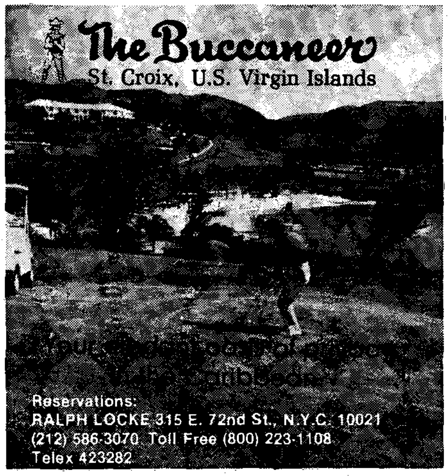

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appetites—what she calls "our three basic needs for protection, food, love." Of the last, in her own life, she tells us little in this collection; we learn that she was married, and has daughters to care for and feed, but of how she comes to be where she is (Arles, Provence, a California ranch, a freighter plodding across the ocean) she tells us virtually nothing, and sometimes expresses satisfaction in her withholding—"Of course," she says of the contents of a note received, "I should talk more of it, to make this a well-rounded account instead of a straight report, but I prefer not to." Shelter and food, however, she renders with a sensational richness that transforms her tenuous autobiographical persona into a visceral Everywoman whose encounters with weather, landscapes, street noises, strangers, and loneliness take on an epic size. She can be, in one of her stylistic moods, a Rabelaisian pileron. Her acoustical account of the Rue Brueys in Aix-en-Provence, where she lived for some months, acquires a delirious relish worthy of Céline:

> At times, from about five-thirty to seven-thirty on week-nights, there was the feeling that I listened to a whole carnival, blurred, just off a cosmic Midway.... It was a kind of pulp, a huge sponge dripping with sound, drops splashing against the walls of the straight, tight street, falling into the sogged air. It was a dozen radios or TVs, a flute tweeting, someone practicing slow clumsy riffs on a one-man percussion set, two pianos with one heavy pedal adding to the blur; it was dozens of families banging pots and clinking forks against their plates; it was the new baby and an Algerian record wailing, and the quick clop of wooden shoes keeping unconscious time to them.

This is autobiography as a highly articulate animal would write it, crammed with sensual event and devoid of social rationale. Other people, as they figure in "As They Were," where they are not attendants bringing food or implementing shelter, are delicacies snatched from a tray by an eye greedy for perfection: "She was so dramatically a *Gypsy* that I almost laughed: slim, dark, dirty, beautiful. She wore her hair long and tangled. Her skirt had the full soft swing of any fancy-dress costumer's best offering. Her filthy beautiful feet were tiny and bare, in very high heels." When this piece of perfection touches the sensate narrator, however, it is with "icy little claws" that leave for minutes afterward "the bony coldness of her little crab-like hands on mine."

Animal, too, perhaps is the willingness to admit dislike. A chapter of

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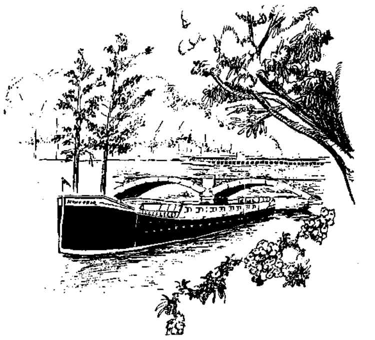

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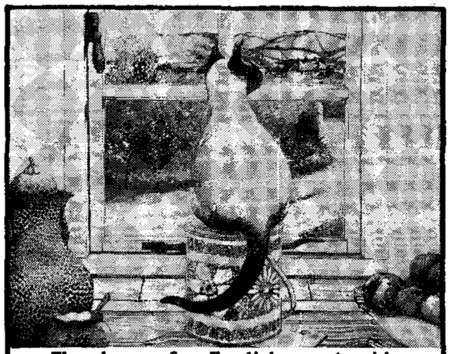

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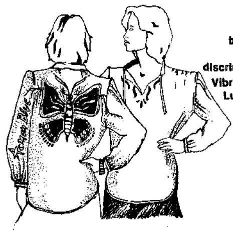

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childhood reminiscence, "Prejudice, Hate, and the First World War," says, "I was supposed to be a good friend of her little sister Josephine, but it never worked. Both of us tried for years to like each other . . . and remained consistently cold and disinterested." Years later, in a Swiss inn, the sister and the wife of the proprietor "grew to like us almost too much." Of a California beach community it is said that "artists dismiss with scornful ravings the dull bourgeois" and "bridge clubs knit the whole faction into a nightly knot of systems and four-sided animosities." In Arles, "the reception clerk was a tall youngish man, not hostile but not friendly, not offensive but not *in*offensive, in a veiled way." In general, the people of Arles "frown and scowl a lot," and the young people have a "natural cruelty in them." In a world so threaded with chill currents, the sensitive woman treads gingerly, and tightens around her the comforter of solitude. The incessant war of living entities relaxes in the presence of food, which has been already killed; but at an Arles fish market shivers remain: "There were millions of sea urchins slowly moving their spines. A man picked up a pale *supion* (a small, delicate cuttlefish), pulled out its bone with thumb and finger, tipped back his own head to let it slide down his throat, tentacles first, and he chewing as it went. It looked easy, but not enticing . . ."

The slightly harsh climate of these handsomely written reminiscences is somewhat akin to that of "Lulu in Hollywood." Miss Brooks is two years older than Mrs. Fisher; both emerged from comfortable families in comfortable cities (Wichita, Kansas; Whittier, California) into cosmopolitanism and independence. Both take pride in their truthfulness ("I still believe in both kindliness and justice," Mrs. Fisher writes in one of her prefatory notes, "but have no patience with self-deception") and possess level, frank voices that, while leaving much of their factual lives mysterious, disconcert and challenge us. Beyond the tropical tangle of experience and sensation which a woman endures, they seem to say, explorers come to an arctic zone that is and always has been home.

—JOHN UPDIKE

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

RICE IN SILVER BOWLS, by Alice Ekert-Rotholz, translated from the German by Catherine Hutter (Fromm International; $15.95). This melodrama (first published in Germany in 1954) about a German family living in Bangkok in the early nineteen-fifties evolves at a leisurely pace, giving the reader time to learn about one character before meeting the next, and giving the author (who lived in Bangkok from 1939 to 1952) time to describe a world poised between two cultures: a cynical city, doing business with the West while abiding by Siamese etiquette. As the story begins, a German businessman named Johannes Petersen, a nephew of the head of an ambitious import company, greets, at dockside, his wife and their two children, who stayed in Hamburg during the Second World War, and who plan to return to Germany, with or without him, in a year. Johannes expects to be as irritated by his wife's brusque, Northern manner as by her intolerance of Eastern luxury, but he underestimates her intelligence; instead, both of them are bothered by several local troublemakers (including his Eurasian ex-mistress), who quickly find the means to ruin their tentative reunion. The portrait of the wife is thoughtful, like a memoir, while the very involved plot—featuring a kidnapping that draws the family out of its palatial residence and down into Bangkok's steamy streets—expands steadily, with surprises at all the right places.

A FIELD FULL OF FOLK, by Iain Crichton Smith (Gollancz; $14.95). A Scottish minister stricken with cancer, and with panic, looks around at his patchy flock—including the mother of a soldier posted to Northern Ireland; a carpenter whose young wife has run off to Glasgow with a friend of his; a sharp-tongued crone full of crazy questions about the Book of Revelation; an addled veteran of the Great War; an aging postman and prize-winning gardener; and two misfits called Smelly Morrison and Kenny Foolish—and feels less like a shepherd than ever. He finds solace in stoical Old English poems rather than in the Bible. In the course of a few weeks, a few lives change—the young wife returns; the veteran's dear old cat dies; the crone discovers Buddhism; the soldier is killed—but the question of the minister's shaky faith remains unresolved until (appropriately) a church picnic, near the

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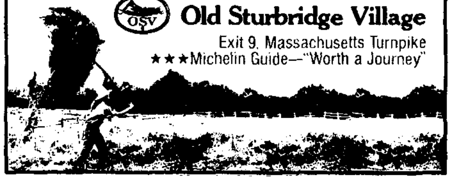

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end of the book. This slight plot bears a large burden of philosophy, but the burden is lightened by Mr. Smith's many graceful and precise phrases. The veteran, for instance, having just succumbed to one of his daydreams, "shook his head like a dog emerging from water with a stone in its mouth."

THE HEAD OF ALVISE, by Lina Wertmüller (Morrow; $12.50). This fable about evil and envy begins in Venice in 1939, when the narrator, named Sammy, is still a child (American and Jewish) but is already spiritually stunted and deformed. Sammy takes an instant loathing to a saintly young Italian (also Jewish, and the son of family friends) named Alvise. When Alvise explains to Sammy who Salome and John the Baptist were (his family owns a painting of the dancer, the platter, and the head), the story's theme begins to emerge. A short time later, both boys are taken to visit relatives in Poland but, instead, find themselves orphaned and interned in a concentration camp. Alvise cleverly plots their escape; once they are on Ellis Island and out of danger, Sammy (infuriated by his indebtedness) shakes off his "guardian angel." The story then shifts to New York forty years later, when the two meet again. Sammy, who has made his name as a mystery writer, resolves to do in Alvise, who has gained everything from a Nobel Prize (for poetry) to a beautiful wife, all without losing his modesty and grace. Sammy assembles the supplies for six perfect crimes, but each attempt backfires, in a crescendo of painful slapstick. Before Lina Wertmüller became a movie director, she wrote for travelling puppet shows; this story (her first novel), with its minimal cast, simple morals, manic chatter, and frenetic scenario, seems derived from such a stage, if also adaptable to the screen.

UN-AMERICAN ACTIVITIES, by Richard Kluger (Doubleday; $19.95). A vast and tiresome three-part novel about a young man of "incorrigible rectitude" who throughout his three-part experiences during the nineteen-thirties—as a poor, bright boy at Harvard, an educational adviser at a Civilian Conservation Corps camp, and a low-ranking reporter ("newspapering" is what he calls the business) in New York—ponders America's three-part promise, of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. The political left (from Liberal Club do-gooders to card-carrying Communists) and the political right (often employers and potential fathers-in-law) try to win him over with their interpretations of those three terms, but his ambitions rarely coincide with theirs for long. If these sometime allies were his worst enemies, his story would be tedious enough; but it is the author, with his incorrigibly garbled prose, who does him in. "There was something there, he could tell—there had to be," we read as a cool young heiress urges him not to join the Newspaper Guild. "Something in her that was responding in contained measure to the pull on him the very sight of her exerted."

GENERAL

THE SHABUNIN AFFAIR: AN EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF LEO TOLSTOY, by Walter Kerr (Cornell; $14.95). Turning to history, the noted journalist recounts a tragedy that contributed to the evolution of Tolstoy's writing—the novel "Resurrection"—and to his philosophy of nonviolence. In the summer of 1866, Tolstoy interrupted his work on "War and Peace" when two Army officers he knew asked him to serve as defense counsel for an enlisted man who faced trial before a military court for striking an officer—a capital crime. Presumably because Tolstoy had been an Army officer and had studied law, the court accepted him as an attorney. He argued that the defendant, Vasili Shabunin, was not guilty, because he was insane. The plea was rejected, but Tolstoy was confident that an appeal he dispatched to the Czar through his cousin Alexandra, a lady-in-waiting at the court, would bring a commutation of the sentence. Instead, the Minister of War rejected the petition on a technicality, and Shabunin was executed before a correction, which Tolstoy forwarded from his country estate, could be presented to the Czar at St. Petersburg. Tolstoy thought his inadequate argument had cost a life, and, out of remorse and shame, attempted to conceal the incident. But by the first decade of this century he had become so eminent that none of his doings could remain secret, and he at last responded to attacks and queries, in 1908, with a long letter

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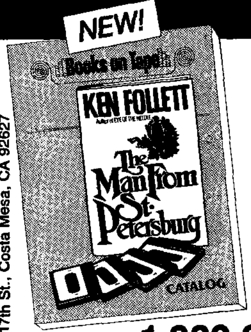

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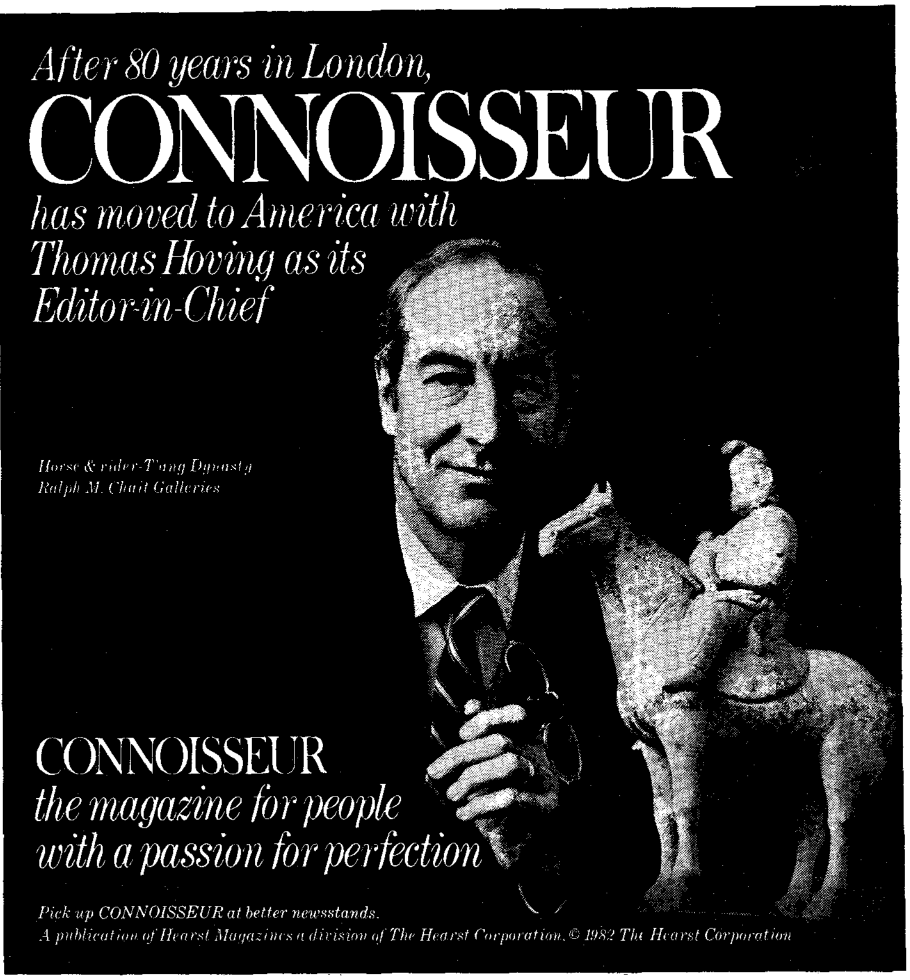
to one of his biographers in which he blamed his own poor performance for Shabunin's death. With the aid of the Soviet Embassy in Washington and the Novosti Press Agency in Moscow, Mr. Kerr was able to study the old War Department file on the case, and discovered—what Tolstoy, of course, never realized—that the Minister of War or the Adjutant General had falsified the record so as to make execution inevitable. Mr. Kerr believes that the government wished to signal a tightening of discipline throughout czarist Russia. Tolstoy's guilt and agony were needless, and his critique of his society was truer than he knew.

WINTER SEASON: A DANCER'S JOURNAL, by Toni Bentley (Random House; $11.95). By the time they are eighteen or nineteen, most ballet dancers have acquired enough skill to mount full-fledged professional careers, but unless they are among the chosen few who become stars they may go through their performing lives nagged by the uncertainty and self-doubt that young people feel everywhere. The author, a member of the corps of New York City Ballet, records a year of conflict in her life and in the life of the company (1980-81, when there was a threat of a dancers' strike). Her tone is sweet-tempered and unneurotic, but she can't help wondering about what she does and why she does it. She conveys the tension between hothouse fragility and stoic pride which dominates a dancer's sensibility, and although she doesn't press the point we come to understand the essentially religious dedication that binds her to her work. When she writes of the nakedness she feels onstage and of how much she loves being exposed to "three thousand pairs of eyes and one pair that sees more than all the others put together," we realize that she means Balanchine, not God, but that for her they may as well be one and the same.

ALBERT EINSTEIN: HISTORICAL AND CULTURAL PERSPECTIVES, edited by Gerald Holton and Yehuda Elkana (Princeton; $35). Among the many celebrations, in 1979, of the centennial of Albert Einstein's birth was one that was held in Jerusalem and dealt not only with Einstein's influence on science but with the cultural and humanistic aspects of his life and career. This book col-



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lects the texts of some of the talks that were given on that occasion. Einstein seems to have brought out the best in everyone there, and these papers are full of surprises and often delightful bits of humor. A few of them require some technical expertise to read, but most do not. They range from psychological insights into what may have formed the young Einstein's character, offered by Erik H. Erikson, to personal reminiscences by some of the people who worked with Einstein and played music with him.

PASSING THE TIME IN BALLYMENONE: CULTURE AND HISTORY OF AN ULSTER COMMUNITY, by Henry Glassie (University of Pennsylvania; $29.95). This huge work by an American folklorist, which was a decade in the making, portrays a rural neighborhood in County Fermanagh, in Northern Ireland. (The metropolis nearest Ballymenone is Enniskillen, pop. 6,553.) Folk architecture, furniture, tools, and artifacts are shown in excellent photographs and drawings, and are all straightforwardly handsome, but the arts that the people of Ballymenone cultivate and admire are poetry, storytelling, and song. Mr. Glassie's transcriptions of narratives, jokes, and verses are compelling and diverting. His sources, for the most part, are older people, not only because they are the keepers of tradition but because many of the young have left Ballymenone. Once an overpopulated farming community, it has seen small holdings consolidated for grazing as the farmers have turned to dairying. The physical traces of Ireland's past are mostly ruins, but Irish rebellions, famines, and rack-renting absentee landlords are still recalled in song and story—without, apparently, eliciting any particular ill will between Catholics and Protestants in Ballymenone. Everyone is concerned about terrorism and Ulster's future, however, and these anxieties add poignance to Mr. Glassie's idyll.

THE RED SMITH READER, edited by Dave Anderson (Random House; $15.95). A selection of a hundred and twenty-eight columns from the thousands that Red Smith did in his fifty-year career as a sportswriter. The pieces are mostly from the *Herald Tribune* and from the *Times*, where he worked for the last eleven years of his life. They have been chosen to convey Smith's qualities

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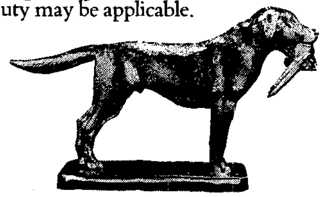

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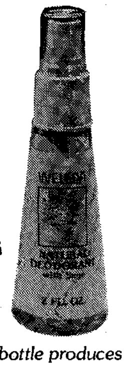

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as a reporter, a humorist and wit, and a craftsman whose style was always fresh. (Of Stanley Woodward, his formidable and admired editor on the *Tribune*, he wrote, "Mere truculence, of course, doesn't make a man great.") Mr. Anderson, a colleague of Smith's at the *Times*, says he preferred Smith's columns involving "big names, big events, big issues," but he has chosen enough off-the-beaten-track pieces—on a cockfight, on Leon Trotsky in Mexico, on Gorgeous George, the blond wrestler, and even on basketball, a game Smith abhorred—to show that Red Smith could write about anything and quicken it with life.

TO ABSENT FRIENDS FROM RED SMITH (Atheneum; $17.95). This book, which Smith was still putting into shape when he was struck down by a heart attack, last January, is a collection of columns written over the years on the death of friends. The friends in the world of sports include Joe Louis, Babe Ruth, William T. Tilden, Connie Mack, and Branch Rickey. Writers like John Lardner and Damon Runyon are also here, and a motley of other types, including some race horses Smith respected. The little essays—there are a hundred and seventy-nine of them—are not obituaries in the usual sense; they are subjective, and often sentimental in the gruff way of the patrons of the more masculine saloons, and they seek to evoke the departed friend and—for a while, at least—to preserve his essence.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE MAN FROM ST. PETERSBURG, by Ken Follett (Morrow; $14.50). Mr. Follett drops a little farther back in time with each new novel, and we here are in England on the eve of the First World War. The company is high-toned. There is the Earl of Walden; his Russian-born wife, Lydia; and their eighteen-year-old daughter, Charlotte. In London, ostensibly to visit the Waldens but actually to bring about a military treaty between Russia and Great Britain, is Lydia's nephew Prince Orlov. Also in England is one Feliks Kschessinsky. Nineteen years before, Feliks had been Lydia's student lover; now he is an anarchist assassin whose self-imposed assignment is to murder the Prince before the treaty is signed. Note the

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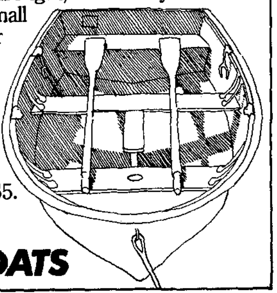

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date of the affair and the age of Lydia's daughter. Lord Walden learns of Feliks' mission, and so does Lydia: "And then Lydia knew that before this was over one of the two men she loved would surely kill the other." It should also be noted, however, that Mr. Follett, for all his soapy plotting, is a good, straightforward writer in the Maugham mode, with interesting ways and a firm hand with suspense, and he offers some interesting period lore. As has often been noted, it is the entertainers, rather than the "serious" novelists, who best provide us with the details of daily living.

FAMILY TRADE, by James Carroll (Little, Brown; $14.95). A spy story that opens in Washington in 1960, moves back to 1945 in Berlin, then on to 1980 and Berlin again, and involves a young (in 1960) American whose father and English uncle worked together as secret agents in the Second World War and are employed by, respectively, the C.I.A. and the British Foreign Office. Or so, of course, it seems. Mr. Carroll has pumped more ingredients into his novel than one is apt to find in a piece of junk food. His writing ranges from the god-awful ("Even from across the courtyard he impressed with his panache"), through the illiterate ("An NKVD agent . . . surveilling Nazis"), to the simply false ("He had never been more frightened in his life. But neither more in control"). A selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club.

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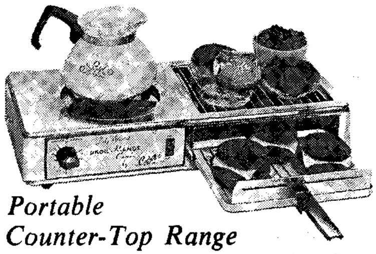

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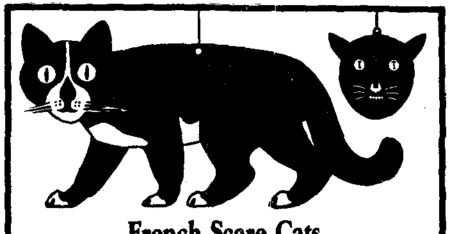

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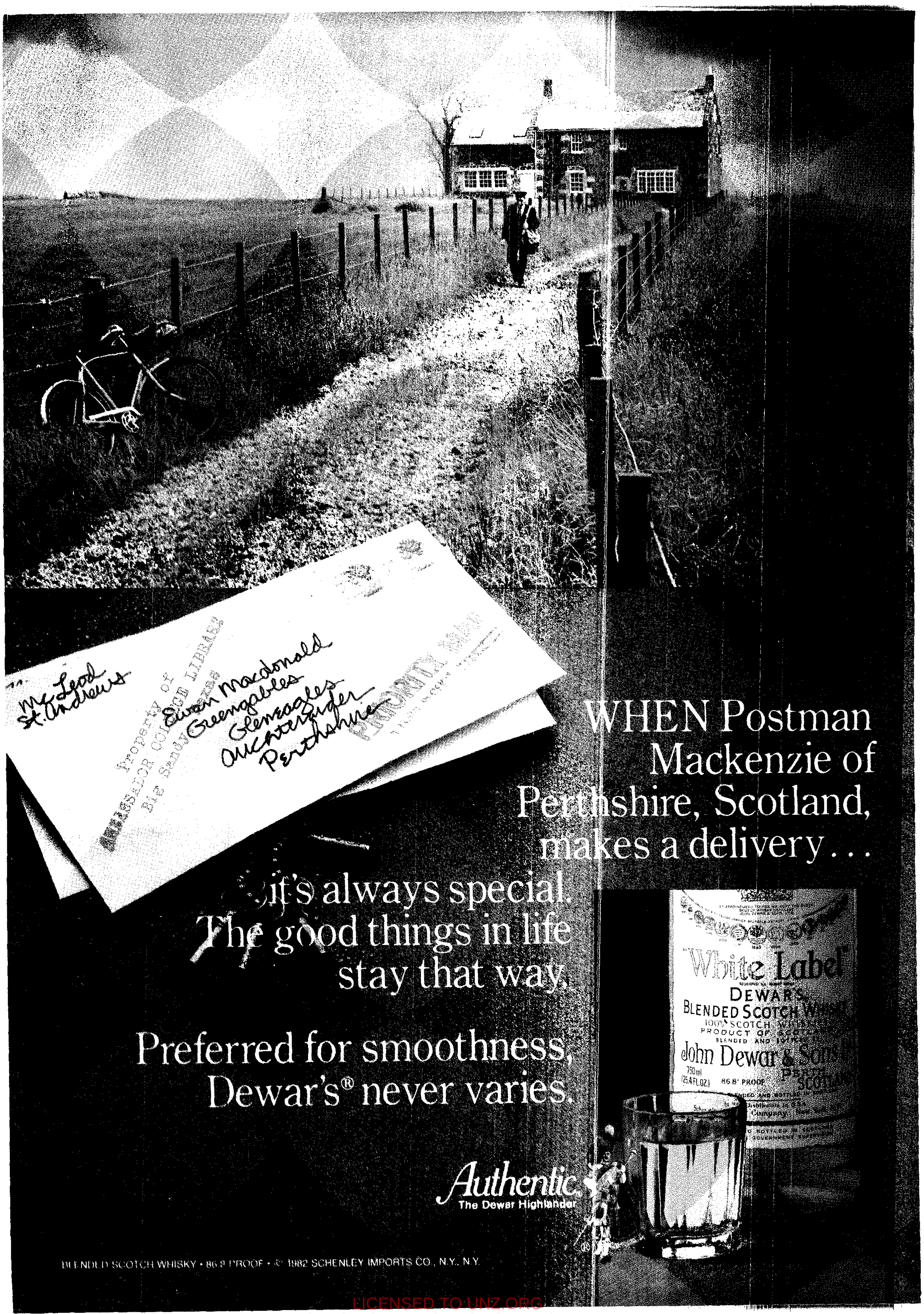
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